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LONDON: CHATTO & WINDUS

THE TOWN OF THOMAR.

LISBON & CINTRA

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF OTHER CITIES AND HISTORICAL SITES IN PORTUGAL. WRITTEN BY A. C. INCHBOLD. ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY INCHBOLD

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MCMVII

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CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

Lisbon—Its general aspect and happy situation—The chief squares—The beauty of its gardens—Modernity of buildings—The Great earthquake—Pombal—The enterprise of the Portuguese—The electric cable—The Ascensores—Fountains of Lisbon. 1

CHAPTER II

Relics of ancient architecture—The Sé or Cathedral of Lisbon—The Manuelino style of architecture—Vasco da Gama—The Castello of St George—A panoramic view—The old quarter of city—Local colour of narrow streets and hills—The Churches of S. Vicente da Fora and of Graça—Royal Pantheon—A Weekly Pilgrimage. 21

CHAPTER III

Avenida da Liberdade—Campo Grande—The Park of Edward VII—The Bull Ring, Colyseu and Theatres—Monuments and statues of note—The Botanical Gardens—Ruins of the Carmo—St Roques—Chapel of St John the Baptist—Lottery tickets and the Casa da Misericordia. 37

CHAPTER IV

Belem—Its Cathedral, Convent and historical tower—The Palace of Belem—Ajuda Palace and Park—The Cortes (Houses of Parliament)—The National Archives—The Jesuits in Lisbon, past and present—Transformation of monastic houses. 52

CHAPTER V

The Great Aqueduct—Ancient conduits—The Reservoir, or mother of waters—English Cemetery—Fielding's grave—Dos Prazères—The Estrella—Its famous Basilica and Gardens—The Cable Cars—Largo of Luiz de Camões—The Lusiad—The Academy of the Bellas Artas—Art in Portugal. 67

CHAPTER VI

The National Library—An Old Franciscan Convent—The Municipal building—The Pelourinho—Fish Market—The Quays—The women of the markets—The Tagus and its boats—Old landmarks—The King and Queen—Palace of the Necessidades—The Church of the Madre de Deus. 81

CHAPTER VII

Old House of the Bicos—The Church of San Domingo and the Inquisition—The Theatre on site of ancient Court of the Inquisition—The safety of streets—An excellent system of patrolling the outlying suburbs—Town dairies—The amiable disposition and humanity of the Portuguese—The cleanliness of the poor in Lisbon—General characteristics. 91

CHAPTER VIII

The Riviera of Portugal—Mont' Estoril—Cascaes the Trouville of Portugal—Almada and its ancient Fort—Royal Quinta of Alfeite—Setubal or St Ubes—The Castle of Palmella—Ancient City of Evora. 101

CHAPTER IX

Opposed opinions concerning Cintra—Its ancient reputation—Palace of Queluz—The Moors in Cintra—Castle of Cintra—Historic rooms—Manuel the Fortunate—Alfonso, the royal prisoner—Plans of rescue—Moorish tiles—Bathing grotto—Remarkable chimneys—The kitchen, ancient and modern—The Queen Dowager, D. Maria Pia—Trees and shrubs of Cintra—Monuments on the Roofs—Names of note: Beckford, Byron, Southey—The Convention of Cintra—The Palace of Seteais and its garden—The Marquis of Marialva. 132

CHAPTER X

The Pena Verde and its chapels—The giant—João de Castro—His tragic end—Bella Vista—Monserrate and its tropical glen—The Cork Convent—The Quinta and historic Church of Piedade—Collares and its wines—Praia das Maçãs, the shore of apples—Rocks of the Atlantic Coast—Old legend. 152

CHAPTER XI

The hills of Cintra—The Palace of Pena—An ancient Moorish Castle —The ruins of the mosque—Vasco da Gama's return—Unrivalled prospect from the dome of the palace—Park and villas or the slopes of the hills—São Pedro village—The historic villa of Ramalhão—The Prison—Soldiers on guard—The market—The peasants—Bullock teams and mules—Mafra—Its Church, Monastery and Palace—João V and his vow—The famous bells—The library. 168

CHAPTER XII

Valley of the Tagus—Santarem—Thomar—Roman Relics—Santa Irene—The River Nabão—Castle and Church of the Knights Templars—Gualdim Paes—The Moors—Prince Henry the Navigator—Convent of Christ—The famous Chapter House—The Cloisters—Torres Vedras—Historic Lines of fortification. 182

CHAPTER XIII

Vallado—The Valley of the Alcoa—A hermitage dating from 1182 —The Cistercian Abbey of Alcobaça—Alfonso Henriques, the founder—Peter I and Ignez de Castro—The cloisters—King Diniz —The Sala dos Reis—The Abbey sacked by the French—Batalha, the Battle Abbey of Portugal—The famous battlefield of August 14, 1385—The baker's wife, a Portuguese Jeanne d'Arc—Philippa of Lancaster—English builders—The Capellas Imperfeitas—Architectural comparisons. 199

CHAPTER XIV

Calippo of the Romans—A ruined castle of King Diniz—The first printing press in Portugal—A river sung by poets—Coimbra—The beauty of its situation—The University—The students—Upper and lower towns—The River of the Muses—The place of the Inquisition—The Old Cathedral—The Monastery of Santa Cruz—Quinta das Lagrimas. 217

CHAPTER XV

Bussaco—A national gift to a Crown Prince—Fertility of vegetation—The Cintra of the North —The vine country—English

wine merchants—Marquis of Pombal and the great Wine Company—The Passage of the Douro—Oporto—The French occupation—The Siege of 1832—The present Constitutional Monarchy—A result of Dom Miguel's defeat—A survey of the modern city and its environs—Braga, the Mecca of devout Portuguese—Bom Jesus and the Whitsuntide pilgrims. 233

ILLUSTRATIONS

The Town of Thomar	*Frontispiece*
Praça do Commercio	*To face p.* 6
Lisbon from the Castello of St George	20
The Castello of St George from the Graça	36
The Tower of Belem	54
The Estrella Gardens	70
The Basilica of the Estrella	78
Fishing Boats in the Tagus	84
Praça de Dom Pedro	92
The Portuguese Riviera	100
The Fort, Cascaes	108
The Temple of Diana, Evora	122
Winter in Cintra	132
The Moorish Palace, Cintra	136
Entrance to the Moorish Palace, Cintra	142
The Garden of the Quinta do Relogio	148
The Palace of Pena from Seteais	152
The Tropical Glen, Monserrate	156
General View of Cintra from the Plain	162
The Palace of Pena	168
A Road in Cintra	172
Largo da Rainha D. Amelia	176

A Street in Cintra *To face p.* 182
Evening, Cintra 188
The Convent of Christ, Thomar 194
The Cloisters of D. Diniz, Alcobaça 204
The Abbey of Batalha 215
The Castle Hill, Leiria 222
Coimbra and the River Mondego 230
The Monastery of Bussaco 238

LISBON AND CINTRA

E tu, nobre Lisboa, que no mundo
facilmente das outras és princeza.
Lus. cant. III, lvii.

CHAPTER I

LIGHT—sunshine—beauty—the atmosphere of these three gifts of Nature is conveyed in every name that has been given to Lisbon from ages so remote as to include its legendary origin to Ulysses.

Its oldest name of "Olisipo" became on Phœnician lips, "Alisubbo," or the friendly bay. The Romans sealed their appreciation of the happy situation of the town by the new name of "Felicitas Julia," which was dropped when the Moors came into possession of the coveted strong position for that of "Al Aschbuna"—merely a variant on the Phœnician title. From this Moorish name and "Alisubbo" seen in conjunction it becomes at once intelligible, whence, by the intermediate way of the later name of "Lissabona," was derived the Lisboa of to-day, which we English have converted into Lisbon.

The same ideas of light and sunshine, the first essentials for an ideal climate, strike one in the classical and poetical name of the country—Lusitania. Ancient geographers declare that the name *Lusos* united to another word which signifies *terra* in the Celtic language, form together the word Lusitania. Imagination inclines one to favour the poetic licence of a Camões, who is allowed to transfigure *lus* into *luz*, light, making of Lusitania, the land of light, a licence which emphasizes none too forcibly the wonderful atmosphere of this sunny little land.

Portugal of all countries in Europe is the one towards

which English people should feel most intimately drawn. For nearly eight centuries the two countries have been linked together in interests which have at critical junctures compelled the interchange of military aid to resist encroachment upon freedom and the rights of nations. These relations date themselves from the first days of the Monarchy.

An army of the early Crusaders bound for the Holy Land, composed of Englishmen, Normans and Flemings, some 14,000 men in all, who were embarked on two hundred sailing vessels, braved the bar of the Douro, and anchored in the river. Here they had to wait fourteen days for their commander, whose ship had been separated from the Fleet in the tempest. In this interval of waiting negotiations were made through the Bishop of Porto (Oporto) on behalf of D. Affonso Henriques, who was preparing a new attack upon Lisbon, which was even then a strong position fortified by a large army of Moors.

The squadron agreed to set sail for the Tagus, where they arrived on the eve of St Peter and St Paul. They accepted the propositions made by the same D. Affonso Henriques, afterwards proclaimed king by the people; they disembarked and contributed largely to the success of the undertaking. The Moorish spoil they gained by this help was considerable, in addition to privileges and guarantees of great value—a result, say Portuguese historians, which the skilled diplomacy of their "faithful allies," the English, has always been able to bring about. Many of these adventurers profited by the occurrence and the privileges conceded to settle in the kingdom. It is even stated historically that the towns of Almada and Saccavem, to which allusion will be made later, were first peopled by Englishmen of this expedition.

How strange, even remarkable, in these days of fiscal

agitation, to glance back to so early a date as February 17, 1294, and read of safe-conducts, or passports granted to Portuguese merchants by Edward I under the heading: *Conditions of reciprocity* with the English. A dispute followed, on account of the detention of an English ship on the coast of Portugal, which suspended the agreement for fifteen years. Then the government gave satisfactory explanations, a conference was held, and the safe conduct to Portuguese merchants confirmed, upon condition that they obeyed the Law of the Land—of England—to which they would be subject wherever they resided.

In 1344 the Sheriffs of London issued a proclamation ordering that the Portuguese be received everywhere as our friends and allies. Not to be to the rear in generosity D. Affonso IV guaranteed in the July of 1352 the same high protection to English merchants in his dominions. It is commonly stated that British merchants settled in Portugal three centuries ago, but the first mention of their residence in the country is made in a series of grievances brought before D. João II by the Cortes of Evora as early as 1482.

England's first Treaty with Portugal was signed respectively by Edward III and D. Fernando. These mutual pledges were the precursor of a continuity of relations between the two countries which had their culminating point in the Peninsular War. At a later date British forces supported the partisans of the young queen, D. Maria II, daughter of D. Pedro IV, against the Miguelites. British sailors have won naval victories for Portugal off its Atlantic-bound cliffs, and more than once a British admiral has marched his men inland to capture towns held by Portugal's foes with the same prompt daring that the blue-jackets of another day displayed in the relief of Pekin and the Boer War. There are not many acres of the rich soil of

Lusitania that have not been tramped over by British soldiers, many of whose descendants still live in the country.

The sentiment engendered by such a retrospect should be tinged with sympathy and magnanimity, the due prerogatives of a country which once outrivalled England as controller of the high seas, and the possessor of vast colonies comprising the fabled wealth of the two Indies. The English traveller who regards Portugal and its people from this point of view will enter readily into the spirit of past and present times in viewing the numerous objects of picturesque, historical and social interest.

Two cities in Portugal dominate the whole country—Lisbon and Oporto. They are the power houses from which emanates the movement carrying life and activity into the provinces. Both of them are seaports, but Lisbon is the seat of government, and possesses the superior advantage of offering navigation one of the finest natural havens of the world, an important bourne of the great Ocean in touch with the seas of the north and the Mediterranean.

Montesquieu, in speaking of the port of Marseilles, said: "Marseille où tous les vents commandent d'aborder." What a Frenchman remarked of the port of Lisbon a century ago can be repeated with even more justice today: "Lisbonne où tous les intérêts invitent à se rendre." He summed up the conditions evoking the enconium in these words: "Agreeable mooring places, sure anchorage, resources of all kinds for the use and convenience of man, for the needs of vessels, for the sale of merchandise, there is no advantage which is not offered by this port situated so happily, besides that it seems to be a natural point of repose on the ocean for ships setting out from Europe to all parts of the world, or returning."

General Aspect

The favourable site of the city is beyond dispute. Its beauty of aspect has been eulogized not only by poets, but by writers little given to fine descriptions. On the north bank of the Tagus, twelve miles from the open sea, Lisbon couched once like ancient Rome upon seven hills, but now overflows the slopes and ridges of eleven. The eye rests upon a succession of amphitheatres, built up with tier upon tier of houses, great and small, which the sorcery of Lusitanian sunlight transfigures into the semblance of a city of palaces and many mansions built up of marbles of delicate and varied hues.

It is a dazzling panorama, recalling to those who have seen both the City of the Golden Horn, which hides close to the water edge when spied from afar, but upon near approach rises with the indolent grace of the Oriental, until all its loveliness of matchless colour, minarets, domes, palaces and cypress trees reveals itself outspread between the blues of sea and sky. The site, colouring and atmosphere of both cities are very similar, but there is one notable distinction. The skyline of the Portuguese capital has few spires or prominent towers to break up the horizontal lines of the buildings. The undulating grounds gives a variety of planes, and the great Cupola of the Estrella Basilica on the western height of Buenos Ayres, and the ancient Cathedral to the east on the slope of St George's hill are distinctive features, but for the minarets of Stamboul are substituted in Lisbon the aerial tops of factory chimneys, for its domes the dwarf belfries of the Jesuit-built churches.

The enchantment of the picture is necessarily disturbed upon near view, for the city front is a long continuation of landing and business wharves, docks, sheds, timber, coaling and tanyards, while a railway runs from the Caes de Sodré along the river margin as far as Cascaes, a water-

ing place on the Atlantic coast. Yet these crowded slopes and hollows, the suggestions of hanging gardens and foliaged spaces all set in the pearly atmosphere against the pure, peerless blue of a Southern sky, still draw imagination like a magnet. Expectation is not deceived, for when the Marine Arsenal, a grim, long edifice of massive structure is passed, there comes a break in the barrier, and a deep, wide square opens out to view.

It is the famous Terreiro do Paço, or place of the palace, familiar to English ears as Black Horse Square, and to others under its modern name of Praça do Commercio. A fine quay, with flights of steps ascending from the water to a broad terrace flanked with parapets, forms the south side of the square. The other three façades are composed of Government buildings, such as the Palace of Justice, the War Office, the Chamber of Commerce, the Custom House, the General Post Office, the Exchange, the House of India, and so forth. The regular line of these fine, high edifices, with their colonnades beneath, give the aspect of a nobly-proportioned caravanserai to the whole area.

An equestrian statue shows high and important against a section of the old town, climbing the hill behind the north-east corner of the Praça. A triumphal arch forms the entrance to the chief street of the lower town. With isolated exceptions of recent erection the architecture of the government buildings and of the streets behind the square is a style which dates from the reconstruction era of the city after the earthquake of 1755. Lisbon owes her rebirth after the great catastrophe, not only structurally, but in political, commercial, social and religious issues, to the greatest statesman Portugal has possessed, Sebastião José de Carvalho e Mello, Marquez de Pombal. There are those who state that the man was as useful to his country as the earthquake was to Lisbon, inasmuch as the violent

PRAÇA DO COMMERCIO.

methods of both were productive of happy results. As allusion to the great Pombal and his period is constantly being made, whether one passes through Lisbon superficially or lingers to inquire into the history of things, interest is heightened by acquiring a certain knowledge of facts connected with the man and the terrible event.

Undoubtedly the earthquake of 1755 was the greatest catastrophe that Lisbon had experienced, not because it was more terrible than the earlier one of 1531, but because, say certain politicians, the capital was temporarily the most opulent and rich in all Europe. In 1531 the convulsion was so strong that the waters of the Tagus divided in the middle, showing the sandy bed, breaking up and engulfing the shipping anchored in that busiest and most crowded of contemporary havens. Many churches, palaces and fifteen hundred houses were destroyed. The disasters caused by this great upheaval seem to have disappeared in an extraordinarily short time. Portugal has shown in many extremities an active power of recuperation and the possession of strong sons who appear when the hour of need demands them.

About half-past nine in the morning of November 1, 1755, a subterranean noise was audible throughout Lisbon. The sound increased with a terrifying continuity, and violent earthquake shocks shook the city to its most solid foundations. They lasted for seven minutes. Part of the inhabitants were in their houses and numbers in the churches, for it was one of their chief festivals, All Saints' Day—Todos os Santos. Harrowing scenes akin to those related of recent earthquakes occurred on all sides. The river again rose from its bed, inundated the town, and threatened to submerge the whole of the lower part. The quay of the Terreiro do Paço, noted for its sumptuous construction, and considered the finest landing-stage in

the world, was swept away with the two marble columns, eight yards high, which stood at the point of embarkation. Their counterparts have only quite recently been placed in a similar position on the present quay.

People who had fled to the shore ran back to the city and to the suburbs. The abandoning of their houses by wailing, despairing multitudes, gave rise to the outbreak of fire which began three hours after the earthquake, and lasted for four days. The fruit of many centuries of industry disappeared in a few hours. Immense riches and innumerable articles of value were lost in the churches, the houses of the *fidalgos*, and the dwellings of the merchants; millions in money, and precious stones of great value, the rarest in the world.

No human help could lighten the great disaster at all. The people assembled on the heights and watched their city being converted into a new Troy. " All assisted with terror," said a contemporary writer, " in that agony of a superb city, and saw perishing in cinders, or dispersing in smoke, the magnificencies of D. João V, which he had intended to endure through all the ages." The flames respected the splendid palaces no more than the meanest dwelling.

Among the vanished buildings was the royal palace, which had been admired throughout Europe for its wealth of treasures as well as for being a chef d'œuvre of architecture. The construction was begun in the reign of D. Manuel, and was finished by Philip II, the first of the Spanish kings, who ruled Portugal for sixty years.

It was the palace which gave its name to the Terreiro do Paço, and on that famous terrace in the cool evenings of the warmer months it was the fashion, in the days of D. José and D. Maria, before the great disaster, to *fazer a lage*—to do the pavement—said in the same way as

Lisbon society speaks to-day of going " to do " the Campo Grande.

The opera house, reputed excellent of its kind, was burnt down; also the rich Patriarchal, innumerable churches, monasteries, palaces, the Caza da India, the Alfandega, and the original Government buildings. The Arsenal, with its valuable stores, was destroyed. It was counted one of the most renowned, well-ordered and wealthiest in Europe, and contained other departments with valuable books, manuscripts and important documents. What scholars, far and wide, chiefly lamented was the immense royal library, founded by D. João V, who had collected together the rarest books, richly coloured, at considerable cost and labour from other countries.

By a phenomenon, though the palaces of so many *fidalgos* were destroyed, that of Carvalho remained intact. D. José, the king, attributed this singular exemption to the protection of heaven, and retained a superstitious veneration for the incident to the end of his life.

Carvalho remained firm and impassible in the midst of a prostrate populace. The cataclysm to him was fortune spreading her wings to bear him to the heights, writes Luiz Gomes, who like other Portuguese writers, declares that Carvalho would never have become truly great if Lisbon had not been destroyed. But his reputation had already been established for tenacity in pushing his schemes to completion accompanied by an unusual vigour. After representing his court in London and Vienna, he had become Secretary of State to Foreign Affairs. An intrigue at Court banished him for a few weeks, but when the young King, D. José, formed a new Cabinet, he was recalled and made Minister of War and of Foreign Affairs. From that moment he filled his office so well that he

governed Portugal as if it had been his heritage instead of the King's, whose personality he entirely eclipsed.

This was the man who saved the people of Lisbon in their extremity, showing a zeal and intrepidity in grappling the gigantic task that is beyond comparison. His colleagues no longer disputed his supremacy. The King placed entire confidence in him, the people obeyed him as if he were a god. He assigned separate districts to the magistrates, putting all the troops in the city and the whole of the police at their disposition, to succour the victims and extinguish the fires. For this purpose also he ordered the commanding officers at Evora, Setubal, Peniche and Cascaes to bring up their regiments without delay.

By these prompt measures many streets escaped the general conflagration, the dead were buried and hospitals established in various points. Every one helped his neighbour; nobles worked like simple burghers, the priests and monks were indefatigable, the royal princesses prepared lint and bandages with their own hands. Disorders necessarily followed the ruin of all conditions of life. The rogues of the city set fire to buildings that had remained intact. Theft, assault, in a word, brigandage, spread in hideous shape amidst the dying and dead, as amidst the living.

Carvalho arrested these horrors by severe measures. Thirty thieves taken in the act were hung in the environs of the town. The evils were checked promptly. Stringent penalties were published for the crime of leaving Lisbon at this juncture. The commandants of the forts at the river mouth were given special orders to hinder vessels from quitting the port. The flight of the inhabitants, the basis of a capital's prosperity, would have created irreparable loss to the country. To a debate in the Council on the

subject of transferring the seat of Government to Coimbra, Carvalho made vigorous opposition, and happily for Lisbon his will prevailed.

Famine was the next foe to resist. The barns were all opened, provisions brought in from the provinces, and all was distributed equally by the State. Stalls and sheds were erected in the Praça do Commercio, whence the famishing people fetched their food. Duty was exempt on all articles necessary to life; ships were all unladen of their provisions.

The English Parliament voted unanimously no less a sum than £40,000 for the relief of her old ally. This generosity is a pleasing incident to recall in contrast to the attitude of the Parliament of to-day in the matter of Kingston's great catastrophe.

When the earthquake shocks, which repeated themselves at intervals for six months, had ceased, the Minister occupied himself with clearing the streets and then with rebuilding a city more beautiful than the one which had vanished. Building was encouraged by a crowd of new measures, privileges and special guarantees for loans made to that end. A perusal of the letters of the Marquis de Pombal—the title given later to Carvalho, by which he is ordinarily known—shows the exactitude and method with which he took infinite pains in every detail connected with the reconstruction of Lisbon.

Plans were made from his own draughts for the regulation and alignment of the streets. The new houses were to be uniform in symmetry and height, on a scale which he considered advantageous for the safety and pleasing aspect of the town. He demonstrated how the declivity of a thoroughfare like the Chiado could be lessened by utilizing the debris for levelling purposes. To resist the effects of future earthquake a method of construction was

adopted that is law to this day. A stone of a strong, white aspect was used for raising the walls of a house to the first story. Upon these was erected a wooden skeleton of the remaining stories. The interspaces of this framework were built up with mortar or rough-cast, as required. Lisbon houses, built even now with certain modifications and improvements upon similar methods, have the reputation of being earthquake proof. It is certainly true that at various intervals they have successfully weathered many severe shocks.

The story of the great earthquake and the reconstruction period throws a new light on the Praça do Commercio and the lay-out of the lower town. The general style of architecture seen in the square, and in the high houses with dormer windows of the streets beyond, is known as the Pombaline. In going over the city it is surprising to note the number of public buildings, institutions, open spaces, quays and markets that owe their existence to the Marquis de Pombal. The finest monument in the city was due to his desire to raise one that would worthily transmit his name to posterity. To bronze and not to man he wished to entrust his fame.

The statue was to be erected to the King, and Pombal's portrait in a medallion placed somewhere upon the monument. No foreigner was to put his hand to the work. Bartholomeu da Costa was given the work to do after the model of another Portuguese artist named Joaquim Machado de Castro. The casting of the statue was finished in eight minutes, and so successfully that it was reckoned a triumph for Bartholomeu da Costa by opinions abroad as well as at home. He was awarded military honours for his success, and became in due time Brigadier-General, Governor of the Arsenal, and director of the iron and coal mines, a rare example, says a noted com-

mentator, of a great fortune founded upon the recognition of talents.

The transport of the statue, when finished, to the great square of the Commercio, lasted several days, so great was the difficulty of moving it. Poised on a marble pedestal with an elliptical base the bronze effigy of King José on horseback still faces the Tagus. On the side turned to the city is an allegorical bas-relief symbolizing Virtue, Commerce, Agriculture and a humane Providence guiding the city of Lisbon, supported by the figure of the State. Fame and Triumph are symbolized in groups, sculptured in stone on the sides of the pedestal.

It was a great day for Lisbon when that statue was unveiled by the Marquis de Pombal. The inauguration took place on the King's birthday with great pomp. The people knelt and saluted their King's image with shouts of wonder and delight. Public rejoicings lasted for three days, illuminations, fire-works and triumphal arches making the city gay, while a feast was held for the nobility and diplomatic corps, in which the Marquis took prominent part.

Sunset approached as I tried to picture in imagination that festive day of the great Statesman's triumph. The vast square was half in shadow, the horse and rider of bronze showed a pallid grey-green colour. The remainder of the houses were flushed from the brilliant reflection of sunset as though built of pink marble. The piled buildings on the hill above showed strongly contrasted colouring of deep blue shadows surmounted by rose. The river was a broad lake of milky blue, with bands of white light edging both shores. The hills across the water were veiled in gold and rosy haze.

The shadows dropped quickly, as they always do in this Southern city after the culminating glory of the day. So after that heydey of acknowledged fame the deep shadow

of royal disfavour dropped swiftly upon Carvalho, Marquis de Pombal. The King died, and the Queen, D. Maria I, ordered the Minister's portrait to be removed from the front of the pedestal. The void remained until the reign of D. Pedro IV, who recognized that the medallion was as much the complement of the statue as the statesman had been of the reign of D. José. There are tardy subscriptions being raised to-day to erect a monument worthy of the great man's memory.

According to Pombal's scheme for the commercial area of the new town, every trade or craft was to be restricted to a separate street. The names survive popularly to remind one where once hung out the signs of the gold and silversmiths, the linen drapers, the gilders, the silk mercers and shoemakers. Such fine-sounding names as Rua da Princeza, Bella da Rainha and Rua Augusta have in several cases ousted the older significant names.

The Triumphal Arch was planned as an additional beauty to the square in 1775 on a more important scale than it was finally finished in about forty years ago. The group ornamenting the arch represents Glory crowning Virtue and Valour. The statues below and at the sides are of Viriato, Nuno Alvares Pereira, Vasco da Gama, and the Marquis of Pombal.

Straight as a line the streets run back from the Praça to the heart of the city. Through the streets which cut across them at an equal regularity are seen at both ends bright vistas of sunlit houses in terraces and blocks piled up at every conceivable angle on the steep hill sides and cliffs. The pavements are pleasant to walk upon and pretty to look at, composed as they are of a mosaic of black and grey stones carefully laid down. The value of time in Portugal can be measured by watching the repairing process of a piece of side walk. The workman—and per-

haps a companion or two—squats on the ground, mallet in hand, a pile of stones beside him. From these he selects now a black, now a grey stone with deliberation, and hammers each separately into the pattern for which, like an Eastern weaver, he seems to need no guide nor measurement.

The roads, on the other hand, are badly laid with cobble stones unevenly distributed, and with so many hollows and ridges that a drive in any part but the fashionable "Corso" of the city is an adventure to be remembered. At first sight of the hills mounting so closely from both sides of the lower town, the difficulty of exploring, or of penetrating to the suburbs, seems appalling. Here it is that Lisbon may be compared at every turn with the San Francisco of other days. Just as the famous cable-cars skimmed gaily up and down Nob Hill, and other famous hills of the Californian Paris, so the electric cars of Lisbon bring all parts of the city into touch with the centre and one another. The elaborate system of lines and wires spreading web-like in all directions seems to control the capital. How the Lisbon citizen contrived to exist before it was organized one is puzzled to imagine. The small omnibuses drawn by mules were apt to make unexpected halts on the long hills, halts which only ceased when the passengers alighted and literally put their shoulders to the wheel. The only survival of those days runs now for a few miles along the city front. It possesses the proud name of "Eduardo Jorge," and has a predilection for swaying perilously near the nose—otherwise cow-catcher—of the electric cars with the swagger of an Irish jaunting car, its two rows of high chairs placed back to back, filled with the most picturesque figures of the town—the market and fisher folk.

In every direction the electricos penetrate, bearing life

into the sleepy suburbs and beyond. Through leafy boulevards, up and down hill, or along the water front, they glide in straight or diagonal lines, now meandering through a tortuous web of narrow streets between high, quaint houses, with painted shutters and balconies, showing a trailing plant, or a parrot cage, or the gay-tinted garments of an inmate's washing; now emerging on a square or rotunda where stands an ancient monastery, or a church, a palace or a theatre, a fountain or an open garden planted out with trees and flower beds; now entering a straight street in some hollow, whence streets mount up on either side so steep that, as in San Francisco, steps breaks the declivity at intervals, and the houses are seen piled on the hills in severe yet irregular outlines, and masses of soft, tender colours, that give a curiously mediæval effect.

Back again by another route equally striking, equally novel, the same car bears one to the chief starting place of all, the Rocio, or Praça de Dom Pedro, the liveliest square in Lisbon. English sailors gave it the name of Turkey square after the flocks of turkeys congregated there for sale in days when, instead of the imposing monument erected as recently as 1870, there stood in the centre an ancient pile of cubiform stones, humorously nicknamed the Galheteiro, or Cruet-stand of the Rocio. Figures of every type and class are for ever strolling about, or crossing the bewildering waves of its mosaic pavement, or lounging on the seats under the trees which line the borders. The handsome fountains, one at each end, are brimming with the play of water over the upper basins into the spacious ones below, where bronze mermaids curled up on their tails, hold up tapering conches to catch the spray.

The sparkle of sunlight on the water, the colour and simple gaiety of the changing pictures on every side of the

busy square tempt one to linger. The eye again notes the regularity of the Pombaline buildings, glances to the southern end of the Rocio, and is arrested by the remarkable sight of the broken arches and shell of the once-beautiful church of the Carmo rising high above the houses. To the left in abrupt contrast to the stately ruins appears what, at first sight, looks like a square steel scaffolding mounting tower-like into the void.

It is one of the Ascensores, or giant lifts, another means by which the difficulties of high and low levels have been conquered in this city of many hills. This particular ascensore is entered from the Rua Santa Justa, just off the Rua do Ouro. From the lift you step out on an iron bridge, which conducts to the Largo do Carmo. It spans the gay Chiado, the Regent Street of Lisbon, and from a terrifying height affords an enchanting prospect over a great part of the city, looking across to the eastern heights, towards the river, and inland. The roofs of houses six and four stories high spread out below the eye; we can almost peer into the nearest dormer windows. An old-world, picturesque character these Lisbon roofs possess. They look as if they had been made with old oak tiles that time had first polished, then dimmed with grey, and touched up from a palette of russet browns and olive greens. The general effect imparts a more ancient aspect to the buildings than is warranted by the date of the earthquake.

The Rocio lies almost at our feet. The statue of D. Pedro stands out from this height as the distinguishing feature. The figure is of bronze standing on a half globe at the summit of a high, fluted column of marble. Justice, Temperance, Valour and Prudence, cardinal virtues most appropriate to the rule of the Liberating King, are symbolized in massive figures of feminine type which decorate the four corners of the pedestal.

D. Pedro IV had a short but brilliant career, marked by romantic contrasts that are unique even in the history of kings. Upon the death of his father, João VI in 1826, D. Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, found himself at the head of two nations of rival ambitions and opposed interests, and distant from each other three thousand miles. In despair of reconciling them, he resigned Portugal in favour of his daughter, D. Maria da Gloria, and anticipated her arrival in that country by a gift of the Constitutional Charter to the nation, by which the two Chambers of the representative government were established though later developments have introduced various changes. After renouncing a kingdom in the old world, D. Pedro's subjects in Brazil obliged him to abdicate the throne to his son, still a minor. He came back to Portugal, and devoted himself to fighting for the freedom of his country, and establishing the claims of D. Maria against her uncle, D. Miguel. A few months after he had restored the crown to the young Queen, D. Pedro died at the early age of thirty-five. It is no small debt of gratitude that Portugal owes to her Liberating King, but without the help of British soldiers and sailors he could not have released her from the despotic rule of D. Miguel.

A delightful feature of Lisbon is seen in the numerous fountains to be found everywhere. Here are figures of Neptunes or marble obelisks, there a sculptured Venus and Adonis, again as on the Largo do Carmo an original erection in the form of a temple, and elsewhere simply the hollowed shell and a facet with chained cup. Some of them are beautiful, and all interesting, by reason of the picturesque groups which collect around them to fetch and draw water. The women have as free and graceful a carriage in balancing their huge water-jars sideways on the head as the women of the East. In fact the same love of the

The Fountains of Lisbon

Olhos d'aguæ—eyes or springs of water—prevails in this country as in Egypt or Syria, and the old Moorish name for fountain still survives in the pretty word, Chafariz. To watch the unstinting flow of these public springs it might readily be imagined that water in Lisbon is never less plentiful than it is to-day. But that is a matter depending on the rainfall, and if a few dry seasons come in succession, alarm is raised lest the supply should become too limited for the needs of the city. The municipal authorities have been blamed for improvidence and for allowing the waters of several springs to run away unused into the Tagus. The Chafariz do Rei, a public fountain on the east city front was closed because the poor people washed their clothes in it and the stationary water instead of being cleared away, was declared insanitary, the outlet was stopped up, and the water allowed to flow into the river. There has lately been an agitation to procure the unseating of this and other springs, and for the storing of the precious water instead of its continual waste. Every drop has become valuable in the nation's eyes owing to a lack of sufficient rain for several seasons.

The lavish use of the water of Lisbon is also seen in the perfection of growth to which gardeners bring their plants and flowers. Few, if any, capitals can show such a number of public gardens and open spaces planted out with such a wealth of trees and shrubs as Lisbon. The nearness of Africa is brought constantly to mind. The tropical luxuriance of Brazil, the exotic flora of Madeira and the Azores are reproduced in the beauty of the palms, acacias, aloes and flowering trees and plants innumerable. The sites of these delicious oases of greenery and rare colour have been chiefly chosen on the high places of the city, whence the eye can feast on a variety of pictures in which the colours of the massed houses blend into an in-

imitable, delicate harmony, through graduating tones of rose to pale salmon, of buff to cream, of grey to lavender and dazzling white; where the wonderful purity of the atmosphere, the limpid azure, and at times the blue of the Tagus and beckoning hills of Alemtejo on the opposite shore, are a perpetual delight.

Verily this is still Felicitas Julia! The old Romans—travellers too experienced to misapply names of meaning—knew well that they had come to a fair spot.

LISBON FROM THE CASTELLO OF ST. GEORGE.

CHAPTER II

IN spite of nature's rough treatment, in spite of the spirit of progress, which, in giving Lisbon its air of modern prosperity and activity, draws obliterating fingers over the past, important relics still remain to evoke ancient memories, certain bits of the old city are still left almost intact.

The *Lisboa Antiga*, closely connected with sharply contrasting epochs of Portuguese history, is to be found on the steep slopes of the chief hill of the city, the hill of the Castello de S. Jorge—the Castle of St George. Here in bold outlook upon the friendly bay clustered the beginnings of primitive Lisbon. Here settled the Moorish conquerors of long ago, here grew and spread the Lisbon of D. Fernando the Handsome, of D. Manuel the Fortunate. Here was that labyrinth of mysterious streets and narrow alleys that have been sung in verse, and formed the scenic background of many a romantic episode of the days of João V and of tales of the type of a Harrison Ainsworth or Eugène Sue.

Here on a lower slope of the same hill were laid the foundations of the oldest church in Lisbon, the Sé or Cathedral of Santa Maria, so long ago that the true date cannot be fixed. One authority places it in the year 306, others predate the building to the second century when Christianity was spreading through the Peninusula in spite of its suppression by the Romans. According to the legend, S. Vicente, who became the patron saint of Lisbon, was put to death by orders received from Diocletion, and his body, attached to a millstone, flung into the sea. When the boatmen returned to shore, the Saint's body was discovered miraculously on the sands and buried secretly by the Christians. This martyrdom occurred in

336, and in the eighth century Christians of Valencia, the Saint's burial place, flying from the Moors, carried away with them the body of S. Vicente. A tempest drove their galley through the Pillars of Hercules, wrecking it on the west coast of Algarve at the cape which now bears his name. A raven had protected the body from wild beasts after the martyrdom, and ravens guarded the holy relics on Lusitanian soil. At this time the original Christian edifice on the site of the Sé, after being used in all probability for the pagan cult of the Romans, was converted into a mosque by the Moors. When D. Affonso Henriques took the town, the building was already aged and weather-worn. He had the structure rebuilt and enlarged under the name of the first cathedral possessed by Lisbon, and all the rights of the ancient ecclesiastical capital, Merida, were made over to the new diocese. A militant friar, named Gilbert, who had embarked with the squadron which on its way to Terra Santa stopped to help fight the infidels in Lusitania, was made the first Bishop of Lisbon. It is a curious and—to me—most interesting fact, found in an old, and apparently, trustworthy Portuguese book that Bishop Gilbert ordered the Breviary and Missal of the Anglican Church of Salzburg to be admitted for use into his diocese, and to find that this innovation was practised up to 1536—close upon four centuries—when the Latin liturgy was introduced for the first time. These are facts which make one think, for the circumstances fostered frequent interchange of letters on matters ecclesiastical between the two countries and may, indirectly, have strengthened other bonds.

The little praça of the Cathedral is reached by following the electrical lines which cross the Rua da Magdalena from the Rua da Conceicão, popularly Retrozeiros, or silk weavers. In the walls of a house on the left corner of the

street ascending to the Sé are several stones with Roman inscriptions. These are relics unearthed with others in excavations made for foundations, when the ruins of a Roman theatre became plainly evident; one inscription discovered gave the name of the founder and the theatre's dedication to Nero.

The Magdalena Church lies to the right of the steep, winding street, and in a few minutes you approach that of S. Antonio, a building of the Renaissance style erected after the earthquake on the site of the fallen church. Nearly every street in Lisbon has a church or two or even more, but in comparison with the number very few have architectural merit. The south wall of the Church of S. Antonio bounds the Largo da Sé on one side while the other, shadowed by a few trees stretches out to an iron railing high above the alley beneath, for the hill drops sharply towards the river, and the top stories of the poverty-stricken tenements opposite are nearly on a level with the Largo.

The Cathedral faces the ascending roadway that opens out upon the square, a tragic souvenir of the disasters of past centuries. The front exterior, formed of two towers connected by a massive portico above the large west door, was rebuilt by D. Fernando at the end of the fourteenth century in the primitive style of its erection. Scarcely a square yard of its surface but seems to have been held together by sheer efforts of the restorers in the various vicissitudes of its existence. Twenty-six years of labour were expended in repairing the havoc caused by the great earthquake. To-day restoration is still in process owing to the active influence of the Queen Dona Amelia, but its progress lacks the enthusiasm of former years, owing, it is said, to lack of funds. When one sees sumptuous new buildings in the town, the result of a greater outlay than would be incurred by a speedier restoration of this venerable relic,

one wonders at these evidences of a constructive enterprise that yet fails in appreciative guardianship of its most ancient Cathedral. Like some poor, scarred, suffering Cyclops, the old Sé looks dumbly over the town and the broad bay, a pathetic image of the tragedy of neglected age and a perverse fate. It is a spectacle to draw tears to the eyes.

A broad flight of steps mounts to the principal entrance and the dim solemnity of the old Romanesque nave calms that strained impression caused by the maimed exterior. Since the clustered marble pillars that support the round arches have been stripped of the stucco which covered them for years, much of the primitive grandeur of the old temple has been regained, though in exploring the whole area with its cloisters one finds at every step mutilations of art—the results of bygone restorations—side by side with historical mementoes of interest. The choir is Gothic with pointed arches, but the ceiling is painted. Handsome altars of granite stand on both sides of the choir decorated with pillars, costly in value, of the twisted cable form, which is one of the decorative features of the Manueline architecture. To the Portuguese this style is the ne plus ultra of architecture, and the sight of cable moulding as ornamentation for any piece of sculpture is guarantee to him of the correct taste of the sculpture.

The passion of D. Manuel, the Fortunate, for building was given full scope at a time when the nation was given up to maritime expeditions, when their ardour for discovery of unknown lands was justified by the successful enterprise of Vasco da Gama. The great sea captain and his bold sailors were regarded as men nobly sacrificing their lives for the glory and advantage of Portugal, and honour to navigation found national expression in the sculptured rope ornamentation of the period. The Manueline architecture is an extraordinary development of amalgamated

Gothic, Renaissance and Moorish forms, seen in its early purest style in the Cathedral of Belem, in a more elaborate stage in the cloisters at Batalha, and in its ultra-intricate and most exuberant state in the famous Capellas Imperfeitas.

In the ambulatory behind the choir is the Chapel of S. Vicente, whose remains D. Affonso Henriques had removed from the cliff in the south and brought to Lisbon, the ship which conveyed them being piloted by the martyr's guardian ravens, one at the prow, the other at the stern. This episode with various others in S. Vicente's history are pictorially represented in the blue and white tiles which line the walls of the Cathedral aisles. Through the gilded grating of the chapel gleam the gold and black of the reredos above the altar which conceals the ashes and one hand of the Saint contained in two costly caskets, one of silver and ivory, the other of silver richly embossed with the figures of S. Vicente, the galley and the ravens. The ravens, by the way, multiplied so numerously, says tradition, that a special fund for their support was assigned to the chapter.

The royal tombs of D. Affonso IV and his wife Rainha D. Brite sare worthy of note. It is that Affonso who was the " Brave," his device, an eagle with outstretched wings and the words, "Altiera peto," showing his character. Here is also an old seat or throne of stone in which the early kings are said to have administered justice. The arms of Affonso IV are upon the back; and it bears the date 1629, but this is considered to mark only the date of its removal to the Sé. Through iron grilles we peer at ancient tombs, figures, altars and the blue and white azulejos which to this day show the survival of Moorish art as an integral feature of Portuguese decoration. There is the Capella Sepulchre with sarcophagi on both sides, and one of them

showing a memorial inscription to English Gilbert on a background of the same blue and white tiles.

We pass out into the cloisters and observe an ancient painting representing the death of Elijah. There are two others in the side aisles, one of the " Ascension," and the other " The Saviour of the World " by Pedro Alexandrino, an artist whose name is honoured by the Portuguese. In a moment we pause reflectively before a small chapel, for within is seen a life-size image of the Christ with natural hair falling over the shoulders. It is called Senhor Jesus da Boa Sentenca, and is said to possess the virtue of performing miracles. Other chapels open out upon the cloisters, but the chaos within them was painful to look upon. With the restoration in process debris and evidence of workmen's litter were unavoidable, but there seemed a disregard for what was fitting in the way the ancient tiles, remnants of old mosaics and broken capitals were strewing the arcades, and the little courtyard enclosed was a wilderness, only redeemed by glint of gay foliage and flowers blooming at random among the rank herbage.

A Portuguese art critic writes very strongly on the way in which the restoration is being carried on:

" I fear the Sé is being rebuilt without any idea of doing so in the primitive Romanesque design, which may never have been completely carried out, as the work would have been done in pieces, at long intervals, after the fashion of nearly all the religious edifices of the land. Of the part in restoration all is so poor that little would be lost in leaving it as it was. The Capella of Bartholomew Joannes apse and cloisters, are miserable fragments which any college of a Galician town exceeds in structural elegance and graceful architecture."

The chapel he speaks of is near the west door and, from

its intensely modern aspect, must have been entirely rebuilt. The ancient sarcophagus of the founder of the original chapel, Bartholomew Joannes, a famous military name of the reign of King Diniz, was lying outside in the aisle when I first visited the Sé; a high-backed, elbow chair, that looked like a relic of early episcopal days, stood near the entrance in a state of neglect that showed no respect for its antiquity. On occasions of high festival, however, when the star-lights of the candles on the throne of the high altar cast their soft illumination over a crowd of kneeling worshippers, melancholy vanishes, and the historic fame resumes the aura of dignity and solemnity that is the prerogative of its immemorial traditions.

The street without mounts by the north side of the Sé. The handsome side porch is Manueline, the massive walls have small grated windows, and in the transept a splendid rose window. Across the narrow street frowns the gloomy building known as the Aljube, once a possession of a bishop of the historic family of the Castros, used as a prison for ecclesiastics and now serving as a prison for women. A few steps further and a large, irregular building, buff-coloured and with heavily-barred windows in every wing and story, stands out to the right higher up the hill. Though the chief prison of to-day, it is really an old palace of which the picturesque name, Limeiro—Lemon Tree—is still retained.

In the days when it was a fidalgo residence it was the scene of a tragedy leading to great events, when D. João I (then Grand Master of Aviz possessing no legitimate right to the royal succession beyond the people's good will) stabbed the Conde de Ourem, who was supporting the claim of the Castilian King to the throne of Portugal after D. Fernando's death. The regency was in the hands of D. Leonore, the dowager Queen, who favoured the

succession of the King of Castile. He was her son-in-law, and in every effort to make him acceptable to the people of Lisbon she was aided by her favourite, Andeiro, Conde de Ourem. To get rid of the Grand Master of Aviz she made him governor of Alemtejo, a position he pretended to accept and then left the city. He returned almost directly, appearing unexpectedly in the palace with some of his noble partisans, and a party of armed men. In explanation he told Queen Leonore that the King of Castile was entering Portuguese territory with a large army, and he desired her permission to levy troops in numbers proportionately great. The Queen appeared satisfied with his excuse for return, and D. João withdrew to another salon under pretext of speaking privately with the Conde de Ourem. He struck the first poignard blow in the embrasure of one of the windows, and the second stab by a confederate killed the victim. Meanwhile a frantic multitude had collected in the open place before the Limeiro, threatening to break into the palace, for rumour suggested that their favourite, the Grand Master of Aviz, was being assassinated. They were only appeased when D. João appeared to show that he was safe, but, infuriated with the idea of the Castilian invasion, the mob surged down upon the Cathedral, seized Bishop Martinho, a native of Castile, and threw him headlong from one of the western towers, afterwards dragging his body through the streets. From that day one event followed another up to the famous battle of Aljubarrota, which made the name of D. João I figure prominently in Portuguese history. A century later Dom Manuel established the Court of Appeal in this old palace. After the earthquake the portion destroyed was rebuilt by order of the Marquis de Pombal and converted into the civil prison of to-day.

Beyond the Limeiro the car winds through streets so narrow that pedestrians have to withdraw into the doorways of the small stores (boutequins), cafés, and wine shops lining the way. From the dim, low interiors peer out singly or in groups olive-skinned men and youths with broad-brimmed felt hats flapping over long-locked manes, and reaching to the nape of the neck, or wearing the familiar black or green woollen cap with the jaunty peak dangling over forehead or ear. Urchins in similar varicoloured caps, and girls with gaily-flowered kerchiefs tied round their hair, all black eyed and daring, dart across the track of the car which fills up the narrow street like some invading monster. In a low doorway crouches an aged crone—shrivelled and brown as the rind of a cocoa-nut, her white locks bound round by a black or coloured handkerchief—fanning gently the charcoal embers in a brazier of clay where she is roasting chestnuts for sale as her sole means of subsistence. Through the curious crescent-shaped windows above many of the little shops are seen women here and there, sewing or washing, or simply watching the passers-by. One of them wearing a rose-coloured cotton dress, with her thick waves of jet-black hair forming a halo for her pale, almost classical face, makes a picture that lingers in the mind.

Here a steep cul de sac, there a narrow alley, a broad calçada of curious steps, or little open spaces with lanes and stairways leading from them at grotesque or picturesque angles reveal glimpses of projecting terraces, overhanging balconies, verandahs, all forlornly dilapidated, with touches of greenery, a palm crest, or a neglected pateo glimpsed through a grilled doorway—suggestions of houses once important but now dwelt in by the poorest of the capital's populace.

The names of the streets strike notes reminiscent of the

past. The Largo do Contador Mor, or chief treasurer, excites curiosity in its origin. Upward winds the street called Saudade, that tender Portuguese word expressive of regret and longing for the absent as impossible to render in one English word as its German equivalent, *sehnsucht*. At a tiny square is read the name Portas do Sol; it is the Largo of the Gates of the Sun, a secluded little quadrant on the hill below the gateway of that name in the ancient fortress, or palace of Moorish caliphs, or perhaps going back to the days of those fervent sun worshippers, the Romans.

The Castello of S. Jorge is of no military value to-day, but its history and panoramic view from the height still draw attention to the spot. It was built apparently in the time of Julius Cæsar, and strengthened and greatly enlarged by the Moors who from its high walls offered the chief resistance to the besiegers under D. Affonso Henriques. Tradition has recorded the story that every effort made by the combined forces of Portuguese and Crusaders would have failed had it not been for the heroic self-sacrifice of a soldier named Martim Moniz whose bravery has been recited through the centuries. When the Moors withdrew through a gateway by which they had made a vigorous but bootless sally, this soldier placed himself in the entrance to prevent the total closing of the gate; the opening created by his crushed body was an ingress for the conquering hosts. Over the ancient archway of the closed gate still preserved in the thick walls is a rude bust with inscription and date, 1147, put there in 1646, by a descendant of the hero, Conde de Castel-Melhor. The fortress possessed three towers, of Ulysses, Albarram, and Managem, but every trace of them disappeared in 1755. The Castello was rebuilt and enlarged by Portuguese kings as far down as D. Sebastião, and it was the

first Spanish King of Portugal who removed the royal residence from it to the famous Paço do Terreiro. It was D. João I, the Grand Master of Aviz, who made St George its patron saint, and when it is remembered that he married an English princess, Philippa, daughter of John of Gaunt, the question of the name, Castello of S. Jorge is easily solved. The present walls enclose quite a small and very poor population, including the quarters of the soldiers, dwelling houses of their family, a military prison, and the Church of Santa Cruz in which is kept the image of St George which has figured in the annual procession of Corpus Christi from its earliest days.

This *festa* of Corpo de Deus, as held once in Lisbon, had the reputation of being the most brilliant of the kind in the whole Catholic Church. It is still held to-day, but with small ostentation compared with former celebrations. Preparations were made days in advance by decorating the principal streets with flags, canopies and hangings, all richly decorated with gold fringe and braid. Lanterns innumerable slung across the streets were lighted at night, drawing crowds to see the effect. The windows and verandahs would be filled with donas and senhoras of Lisbon society in gay attire making a brave show of glittering jewels and ear-rings. All the regiments of Lisbon used to march through the streets in gala uniform, with bands playing gaily, and draw up near the Church of S. Domingo by the Rocio. The procession began at ten and lasted for three hours, a time giving some idea of the number of people taking part in it. All the religious orders in their respective robes were embodied in it, the ordinary citizens wore red cloaks, and all carried wax tapers about five feet in height.

The image of S. Jorge, in armour, lance in hand, and helmet garnished with splendid plumes and jewels, was

on horseback, and personated for the day by a man robust enough and willing to bear the heavy armour in the blazing sun, for a gratuity of forty-eight milreis. The standard of the Saint was borne before him by another rider. The King himself with other members of the royal household in gala coaches, court functionaries, and superior officers all took part in the procession. Every one was bare-headed except the prelates who wore their cardinals' hats, purple stockings and shoes, and sumptuous mantles with their trains carried by sons and members of noble families. When the canopy, beneath which walked the Patriarch carrying the Host, approached, the troops all uncovered and knelt, the multitudes of spectators all prostrated themselves, the artillery of the Castello of St George thundered forth a royal salute.

The north gate of the Castello opens into the road circling the upper slope of the hill to the top of the Calçada of S. André. Spanning the street is a plain, deep arch of great antiquity; it is one of the gateways of the old city ramparts dating from the time of D. Fernando, and resisting a rigorous siege in the reign of D. João I. Alfama, the name given to the streets through which we passed on the south and west of the hill, and Mouraria the district on the north side, were both scarcely disturbed by the earthquake, and still show in many places an antique corner, an old arco (arch), old palace, or ancient quadrant, survivals of Joãonine, or Fernindine architecture. Both of these old quarters contain historical records which those who desire to imitate other great cities in the preservation of ancient buildings are trying to rescue from the zeal of another party whose one idea of the embellishment of Lisbon consists in pulling down all that is old. The intense interest demonstrated by recent royal visitors in the types of ancient architecture

still extant in Alfama and Mouraria has aided the cause of preservation.

On the other hand sneers are not lacking at the feeble intelligence of "pious archæologists who confuse the respect for artistic things with the idiotic monomania for preserving all that is old," and these same lovers of the intensely modern further support their opinions by virtuous outcries against the anti-hygienic condition of the decrepid, badly planned houses, the tortuous streets, the lack of light and air, the badly made steps and sidewalks, in a word they protest that the quarters of Alfama and Mouraria are veritable mediæval rubbish heaps which in the cause of humanity should be swept out of existence. There is certainly a miserable side of Lisbon to be seen in these districts, a shadowy, sad side, where as in some of the slums of Paris and London, policemen only enter in bands and fully armed. They are considered the danger spots of the city. In the labyrinths of narrow streets, secluded courts, in many a mouldering, senile habitation congregate whole families of the lowest types of the population. Order is wonderfully maintained by the well-organized service of Lisbon police. Regular battues made in the familiar haunts, in the taverns, coffee shops and doss houses by picked officials, well acquainted with every inch of their ground, guarantee an almost absolute tranquillity to the security of the city.

From the Arco of S. André the road climbs to a near hill called Almofale where the big cruciform church once named S. André, but now recognized as the Graça Church, gives its name to the prosperous new quarter on that northern height. The church stands behind the convent buildings (now a barracks), facing the whole vast panorama of the city. From the broad terrace I looked first towards the hill we had just left, and saw the dark grey wall of the

ancient fortification with its low tower, and another tower to the left showing its modern annex. The belfry of Santa Cruz was another landmark. Diagonal lines of wall broke up the steep slopes beneath the ramparts where the dull green of olive trees and spring-blossoming foliage were seen in distinct relief. New houses crowded on the lower slopes.

Beyond the outline of the whole hill, and filling the vast area between the many heights and spreading over them north and west, lay the lovely city with its tender greys, pinks and veined-marble hues, an old-world vision of inimitable beauty, or as a Portuguese writer of to-day puts it, "an immense city of hills, a queen in repose, lacking only the fitting crown of some great palace on one of her classic hills."

There is an image in the church representing the Christ drooping under the burden of the Cross in so life-like a manner that the superstitious have asserted that the figure is of real flesh and blood. Every Friday this image, celebrated under the name of Senhor dos Passos da Graça is exhibited, that the faithful may make their pilgrimage to the hill summit, for there is strong belief in the power of the image to perform miracles of healing and answer to prayer. The rich visit it as often as the poor.

Reluctantly one withdraws from that broad terrace overlooking the beautiful city. We pass by the pretty little garden with its palm trees and fountain, cross the road and a raised open space, and dip into the broad, well-made road descending from Graça to the Largo of S. Vicente, where stands perhaps the most imposing church of the city. The original building was founded by D. Affonso Henriques during the famous siege in honour of the German knights who fell fighting for his cause. From being erected outside the city wall it has always

been known as the Sé S. Vicente da Fora (without). Phillip II greatly enlarged and beautified the church; though gravely injured by the earthquake the original character has been preserved. The vaulted roof of marble strikes attention, also the artistic baldachino over the high altar, the work of Machado de Castro, the same sculptor whose name is attached to the statue of D. José and many other objects of art in the country. Annexed to the church is the old monastery once belonging to the Augustinians, but now the residence of the Cardinal Patriarch Archbishop of Mytilene.

The walls of the cloisters are lined with azulejos representing, curiously enough, the fables of La Fontaine. The entrance to a dim, low chapel stands at the further end, and here the kings of the House of Bragança, from the time of D. João IV have found a last resting-place. The bier of D. Luiz, the latest defunct monarch of Portugal, occupies the chief position in this Royal Pantheon, and until recently the silent faces of the embalmed bodies were visible to visitors through glass apertures in the coffins. The spirit of meditation and retrospection seems to hover over those solemn effigies resting in their eternal sleep, guarding in inimitable and awful silence secrets of the historic past that can never be solved. Here rest also the ashes of the great Constable, D. Nuno Alvares Pereira, to whom reference will be made more fully in his close connexion with the building of the Carmo.

Out on the Largo before the church and cloisters the Judas trees are in bloom, the purple-pink flowers standing out a blaze of colour against the blue of the river and sky seen through the steep descending streets. We pass in front of S. Vicente, and turn beneath an archway at the side into a lane which opens on the quadrangular square of

Santa Clara. Here every Tuesday morning is held that market of ancient origin called the Feira da Ladra, or woman-thief's fair, from the old popular idea that stolen goods were often offered for sale. It is a market that was first held in the lower town when the open space near the present Railway Terminus was called Campo de Valverde; it was then removed to the Campo de Santa Anna on the north side of the city, and finally set up its stalls on the present happy hunting grounds for searchers of old curiosities. Anything of value certainly needs some finding in the heterogeneous masses of old furniture, old clothes, old iron, old books, pottery, china and a thousand and one oddments that make up this characteristic rag-fair. From a curiosity view point it is certainly worth a visit if only to see the sharp bargaining between buyers and vendors, or on the chance of picking up a rare book, or a valuable bit of old china, pottery or brass.

THE HILL OF ST. GEORGE, LISBON.

CHAPTER III

THE Central Railway Station, a really fine building in which the Manueline architecture veers strongly to Mauresque forms, lies back from the Rocio on a small square called the Praça de Camões, not to be confounded with the Largo of that name on the hill above. Beyond the station is seen a noble monument in clear relief against the sky, and a park-like profusion of leafage; right and left are palms, and rows of Judas trees decorating the gardens of the Praça dos Restauradores. This pretty square is the beginning of the beautiful boulevard of the Avenida da Liberdade.

Restauradores, liberdade—liberty, the restorers—two words very precious to the heart of the Portuguese, who is fond of giving expression in nomenclature of streets or objects to that passion for liberty which has always been one of his strong characteristics. It is that noble sentiment of independence which has enabled this small country to stand apart from absorption into the bigger nation of the peninsula, which has ever spurred them on to break free from thraldom in any shape or form, and which is almost a sure guarantee, that, given time for development of national capabilities after so many stupendous obstacles in the struggle for existence they will still hold their own among the great nations of the world as in their golden age of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Lest they should forget, or lose sight of high aims in the maelstroms of workaday and social life, they set up this pyramidal monument as a perpetual commemoration of the victories which freed the land from Spanish rule, of the forty strong men—dos Restauradores—who dared to create the Portuguese Day of Independence on December 1, 1640. It consists of an obelisk, ninety

feet high, mounted upon a massive pedestal which bears on its south face an imposing bronze sculpture representing the Genius of Independence, on the north side a similar figure symbolizing Victory. On the four faces of the obelisk the names of the chief battles of the campaign are engraved in bronze, while sculptured wreaths, laurel leaves, war trophies and other symbols decorate the base.

The Avenida da Liberdade, though now the Champs Elysées of Lisbon, was once the Valverde of olden days, that green valley between the hills down which the country people made their way to the market in the Campo de Valverde, the site of the present Praça dos Restauradores. Under Pombaline administration a public garden was laid out at the lower end, enclosed first of all with a blank wall, and then with iron railings, a change which by inviting entrance to the shady walks and flowers within converted the spot into a favourite promenade of the townsfolk. Then entered the active spirit of progress into the municipal powers of Lisbon, and under the presidency of Rosa Araujo the new streets near the lower town, and the splendid Avenida sprang into being. A writer on All Souls' Day of last year reminded his fellow-citizens of their debt of gratitude to this former president by calling attention to the neglected tomb of one of "Lisbon's most worthy and illustrious public servitors."

Avenues of trees, flowering shrubs, palm trees, and many varieties of sub-tropical plants, with fountains, rockeries, kiosks, flower beds, decorate the continuous gardens which separate the three thoroughfares of the boulevard. For a mile and a half these extend constituting a fascinating promenade even in winter-time, for the exotics with their plumed crests, graceful fronds, or barbed spears, supply the verdure, and the deep blue and sunlight of cloudless skies the atmosphere of summer. In the spring the acacias

burst into flower, the rich massed blossom of the Judas trees glow pink and purple overhead, and in their passing away drift into rose-hued carpets covering the paths and trottoirs. When autumn tints burn on the leaf-shedding trees, thousands of small birds, absent during the summer, return to their old haunts. At sunset the united chorus of the tiny songsters darting in myriads from bough to bough has the curious effect to a listener's ear of the prolonged tones of a strong, shrill steam whistle. All day and far into the night the electric cars pass swiftly up the left of the three roads, and descend by the right, while the broad central road is chiefly used by carriages and automobiles.

Some of the houses standing back on either side of the Avenida are as fine as any in Lisbon, but there is a preponderance of blocks of flats, plain, high buildings, with nothing but their balconies and their setting of clear sunlight to redeem them from sheer ugliness. Right and left of the upper end of the Avenida are new avenues laid out with trees, and showing everywhere the energy of the modern building spirit, which seems to be a strong force not yet duly regulated and controlled in the output of the ambitious projects it set out to accomplish, but giving promise of a splendid future. At the extreme end of the Avenida is the Praça de Pombal, a large rotunda, scantily built around, newly laid out with plants and trees, waiting for its central statue of the great Minister and for the time when it will worthily mark the entrance to the new Park of Edward VII into which the rolling wooded ground beyond is to be converted at no distant date. "Made for the heart of new Lisbon, the Lisbon of the co-operative and collectivist period in which those associations aspired, though lacking the power, to establish a prerogative of justice, this Praça ought to be the socialistic Terreiro do Paço of a socialist Lisbon," daringly writes

Senhor Fialho d'Almeida, " the appropriate heart of the new civic life as the other praça was of the bureaucratic."

In the vast new suburb of this new Lisbon stretching out to the north-east the Municipal Camara laid out a number of fine avenues, all lined with trees, but again failed to regulate architectural enterprise. Palatial residences stand almost cheek and jowl with small mean-looking tenements which have not the saving grace of age to sanction their intrusion in these spacious roads. The critic must bear in mind, however, that twenty years ago this whole district—a little town in itself—did not exist, that in the ardour of improving and extending the city overbuilding has necessarily occurred. Time will adjust the balance of proportion with future opportunity. From the Praça Saldanha, where the bare pedestal in the centre still lacks the statue of the great General of the Miguelite Campaign, the immense new avenue Ressano Garcia goes in direct line to the Campo Grande, while the old road, taking a wider course to the same point, passes by the Campo Pequeno (little), where the Bull Ring stands. This approach is through a poor district harking back to times when reviews were held on the small common, and English officers played cricket there such times as the fleet was in the Tagus.

A deserted mansion marks the entrance to the Campo Pequeno, the old courtyard showing through the high iron grille, and the deep, leafy gardens behind, suggesting a tragic page of past history in face of the picture of to-day represented in the immense Praça dos Touros. The Bull Ring is a handsome building in the Mudejar style of architecture, solid and imposing, and took the place of the old Circo dos Touros on the Campo Santa Anna, a wooden edifice noted as being the only public building erected in the short reign of Dom Miguel. The present Ring, dating

from 1892, accommodates no less than 8,700 spectators. The seats are divided into *logares do Sol* and *logares da Sombra*, but, needless to say, the shady seats are considered the most desirable, and above them are private and the royal boxes.

This peculiarly national entertainment, one for which the Portuguese display unwonted enthusiasm, can be witnessed with none of the repugnance experienced by English people at a Spanish bull fight. In Portugal the beasts are not killed, only irritated for about ten minutes or so by wonderfully skilful riders mounted on fine, superbly trained horses. The sport consists in their dexterity in placing barbed darts, decorated with ribbons, into the neck of the bull which when it declines to show fight is allowed to withdraw, and another take its place. Some oxen, peaceable and mild, are driven into the arena, bells jingling at their necks, and the badgered bull finding himself suddenly in their midst calms down, and goes quietly away with them. There are various modes of diversifying the entertainment, and it is worth one's while not to miss the opening scene, called the *cortesias*, when the cavalleiros as highly picturesque as the Spanish picadors make skilful display of their horsemanship.

The Campo Grande, a mile beyond, is the fashionable corso, the "Bois de Boulogne" of Lisbon society. The ceaseless service of electricos brings crowds of pedestrians, especially on a Sunday afternoon, to watch the stream of carriages and motor cars which pass up and down the bordering boulevards of the Campo under the shadow of trees that were planted a century ago. The whole area between these parallel avenues, which are a mile long, is traversed by winding paths and shady roads, where leaf and gaily-coloured blossoms again lend beauty and perfume to gladden sight and scent. A pretty artificial lake

has a floating island on its surface connected with the shore by a rustic bridge, and youths and children paddle round in boats to their hearts' content. At the extreme end of the Campo to the left of the broad way there is a charming little garden which serves as a frame to a fanciful toy house, called the Chalet das Cannas, the whole of the vestibule, tiny rooms, staircase, articles of furniture being made entirely of cork and cane. With these two materials the fancy architect has made pillars, arches and porticoes in the Manueline style. The structure—in its way a little work of art—is worth seeing as a curiosity alone.

The luxuriant greenery of the Botanical Gardens envelops a high knoll behind the Avenida da Liberdade. By way of the pretty Praça da Alegria a steep ascent leads to a gateway which opens into the lower level of the gardens where rare tropical trees and plants flourish with an amazing salubrity. The beautiful Avenue of Palms is renowned. There are palm trees in groups and single palms, palms from every part of the globe where they grow—Australia, Africa, South America, the Azores, to mention but a few—and fine coco palms from Brazil, their giant columns surmounted by plumed crests of superb grace. The boscage of magnolias, and other flowering trees and shrubs discloses one beauty close upon the other as we wander through the leafy lanes and avenues. We come upon a pretty lake overhung by a weeping willow of wonderful growth. By various gradations and flights of steps the high level of the gardens is reached where the white towers of the Observatory emerge from the verdure, large parterres of rare flowers and plants all carefully labelled are spread out, and the buildings of the School of the Polytechnic—Escola Polytechnica—come to view. There are hot-houses in the grounds containing rare

specimens of exotic vegetation to delight the botanist heart, and in every nook is evidence of the care which has succeeded in making these Botanical Gardens one of the best in Europe.

The Escola Polytechnica is doubly interesting from being the modern name of the ancient Collegio dos Nobres founded by the Marquis de Pombal in 1761 in order that the sons of the nobility could be trained under special masters. Public instruction was a matter not likely to be neglected by a man as enlightened as he was active. He was of opinion that, whatever the government, education was the chief factor in the prosperity of nations, and when he deprived the Jesuits of their privileges in teaching the youth of the land he established schools of Latin, Greek and Hebrew all over the kingdom, placing the whole under the supervision of a General Director of Instruction.

A few minutes' walk from the principal entrance of the Botanical Gardens on the Rua da Escola Polytechnica is one of the prettiest open squares of Lisbon, that of the Principe Real, profusely laid out with flower beds and trees, and with a large tank in the centre and powerful fountain. The site, one of the highest in the city, is historically interesting from being the spot where King João V built the magnificent Sé Patriarchal, that was the Cathedral of Lisboa Occidental, as the old Sé of Santa Maria was the Cathedral of Lisboa Oriental. Among the costly ornaments and properties brought to its adornment by kingly order from all parts of the world was a marvellous cross made in Florence and Rome in 1732, after the drawing of Arrighi, of such rare, incomparable workmanship as to exceed in value, three hundred thousand cruzados (in English money about £40,000). The richness of this great church can be estimated in the fabulous

weight of the molten silver found in the ruins after the terrible fire following the earthquake; no less than 469 arobas, one aroba being equal to 32lbs. Adverse fate overtook the magnificent temporary edifice put up by D. José the following year. Fire, the work of an incendiary, again destroyed the rare and costly orfèvrerie and whole structure in less than three hours, during which time the King, the Patriarch, all the court, civic and ecclesiastical dignitaries lent every energy to the extinction of the flames. The incendiary, caught on Spanish territory, was dragged through the streets at the tail of a horse as a public warning, then strangled and burnt on the scaffold. The people call the Principe Real by the name of Patriarchal Queimada—burnt patriarchal—to this day.

Yet another tree-shaded promenade opens out lower down on the same highway; the Alameda, or small garden, of S. Pedro d'Alcantara. It is close to the head of the steep Calçada da Gloria which is climbed by a cable elevator transporting the pedestrian in two minutes from the Avenida da Liberdade to this *Bairro Alto*. Here there is a statue to be observed not so much for any artistic value as its testimony to public recognition of modern thought. The subject is a well-known, clever journalist, Eduardo Coelho, a name once intimately connected with the Diario dos Noticias, which ranks, with the Seculo, as the chief daily paper in Lisbon. As a symbol of the popularization of journalism in Portugal a small street Arab with a bundle of newspapers forms part of the memorial.

A flight of steps leads down to a wide terrace of the Alameda, conspicuous for the peculiar arrangement of busts of celebrities in history, literature, the arts, set up on pedestals in the flower beds and borders of the pretty garden. Beyond the aloes and palm trees which veil the long, ugly roofs of the station sheds exactly beneath the

view, is a beautiful outlook over the eastern hills of the city and the valley. The light and colour strike one with new effect. The fashion of colouring the buildings in distinct hues, and of facing part of and sometimes the whole of many houses with porcelain tiles adds to the variety of hues, and intensifies the lustre of the sunlight glittering upon the massed congeries of hill and vale.

The vast block of buildings opposite the point of view is the noted Hospital of S. José, an institution founded in the fifteenth century, and removed to this edifice after the expulsion of the Jesuits who owned it, and after the original infirmary, Todos os Santos, had been demolished by the earthquake. It was named after the King, D. José I. To the left of it rises another fine new building, the Escola Medica or Medical College, erected on the site of the ancient Bull Ring. The whole of that fine Campo Santa Anna is now most delightfully laid out with artistic parterres of flowers, forming one of the most ambrosial, smiling and sunny places of the city. A street leads off the other end of the Campo containing an old palace, now a Military College, with the arms of England over the entrance. Catherine of Braganza, widow of our Charles II, built this palace of Bemposta—the name tells of its fine position—which would then have been in its own grounds, the belfry tower, now on the opposite side of the street, quite near the church which stands with its balcony and curved flights of steps, in the centre of the long, somewhat low building. The name of Quinta Velha—the Old Quinta—is still attached to the exercise ground of the College. Many interesting old mansions are to be seen in that northern quarter of the eastern heights, as well as substantially built modern ones with beautifully decorated and furnished interiors, dwelt in by some of the wealthiest and most respected families of Lisbon.

Close to the garden of S. Pedro d'Alcantara at the head of the Calçada da Gloria stands an ancient pile of buildings with many quaint roofs, chimneys and angles. At this point it is stated that the old City Wall (which we traced from the Citadel rampart) after climbing the western steep turned towards the river by way of the Rua d'Alecrim to the water front. The front of the large building—it is the Casa da Misericordia—is attached to the Church of S. Roque which looks out upon the square of its own name. The Jesuits owned the original edifices and in 1556 built the plain, solid church on the site of an ancient chapel in which D. Manuel allowed the relics of S. Roque to be shown to devout pilgrims. The interior of to-day is remarkable for containing the noted shrine known as the Capella de S. João Baptista, another reliquary of the lavish expenditure of the same King, D. João V, who built the Patriarchal on the Principe Real. Struck one day by the poor appearance of the chapel dedicated to his patron saint, he was smitten with the idea of replacing it by one surpassing in value and rarity all other chapels that had been erected. Every detail of the chapel was ordered and prepared in Rome from the design of the Italian architect Vaneteli, the execution of the whole extending over ten years. When completed, the work was consecrated by the Pope who for D. João's rich gifts to ecclesiastical establishments had already granted him the title of Most Faithful. It was packed up and conveyed to Lisbon, where it was erected in its present position.

The general effect at first sight is one of excessive costliness rather than beauty. On the other hand, as an example of a type and period of church decorative art, the chapel is unique. Mosaics, rare polished stones, marbles, are combined to form walls, roof and pavement. The mosaics, representing pictures after Guido Reni, Raphael

and Michael Angelo, are executed with a skill and intricacy that constitute them a marvel of that style of artistic work. The predominating hues of chocolate and deep blue in the extraordinary amalgamation of rare marbles and coloured stones give the small interior a sombre, compressed aspect on a dull day. It should be seen in the morning when the sunshine, pouring through a window across the church, lights up the wonderful mosaics, and the lovely ultramarine of the lapis lazuli pillars, sets the gilded bronze capitals and decorative gold striæ ablaze, and strikes flashing rays on the massive, richly-wrought censors of silver.

The treasures in altar furniture and vestments belonging to this recessed shrine are even more eloquent of the magnificence of King João V. They are so valuable that they are displayed in a room apart of the Misericordia, forming an artistic and interesting museum in themselves. A wonderful altar-front with lavish repoussée ornamentation of lapis lazuli and silver, worked by the artists Corsini and Ludovici, excites great admiration, as also a pair of giant candlesticks, silver-gilt, splendid specimens of the Italian silversmith's art of the period. Their fabulous price of some £12,000 is mentioned with bated breath in conjunction with their weight of 800lbs respectively. The whole collection is considered by the Portuguese as one of their chief artistic possessions.

As an institution of charity the Casa da Misericordia was founded by D. Manuel and his third queen Leonor under the name of Our Lady of Mercy, in the position known as the Conceição Velha (Old Church of the Conception) near the Ribeira Velha east of the Praça do Commerçio. In 1768 it was removed to the old Jesuit buildings of S. Roque which have in the intervening years been enlarged and renewed. It is a benevolent institution

which helps the sick, and undertakes the nurture and training of orphans and foundlings. In addition to excellent endowments and legacies one great source of income is derived from a big lottery carried out under government supervision. A century ago the lottery was in vogue; it took place annually in the Casa, the prizes being distributed in favour of the girl protegées, to provide them with money to start them in life as servants or even brides. To-day the lottery is a widespread, almost national, affair, its tickets not only sold in certain shops but universally hawked in the streets by men, women and children, who gain a penny on every one they sell. The day of the weekly drawing of the lucky numbers attracts a motley crowd to the Largo de S. Roque, for all sorts and conditions of the populace buy tickets, or share of a ticket, and the prizes do not directly benefit the inmates of the Misericordia as formerly, but the individual owners of successful tickets.

A street off the Rua de S. Roque leads down to the ruined church of the Carmo which stands a conspicuous object high above the Baixo. The outer walls and piers and arches of the naves still remain. The chancel and chapels retain their roofs, and thanks to the efforts of the Royal Association of Portuguese Architects and Archæologists the vandalism which once allowed this beautiful relic of Portuguese Gothic to be used for a chemical factory, has been conquered, and an archæological museum established in the precincts. The latest catalogue the guardian could supply bore the date 1892. As numerous additions have since been made to the collection, and the compilers of the book even then pleaded lack of space in convenient disposition of exhibits, the value and interest of the museum are lessened by deficient arrangement. In the roofless naves relics from many ruined ecclesiastical

buildings have found a refuge. Many of them merit as specimens of ancient sculpture and decoration to be under cover for their surer preservation from injury. The large buildings of the extinct monastery adjoining have long ago been converted into barracks. The idea occurred to me as I passed from the overcrowded enclosed exhibits to the sky-domed naves that if the same society which rescued the church could procure this old monastery for a national repository of archæological relics, the valuable collections that ably conducted archæological research in Portugal itself could procure, added to those already garnered, would perhaps result in a museum of the same high standing as our South Kensington.

Two interesting stone tanks or fountains stand in the principal nave, both in the Arab style. One came from the extinct monastery of Penha Longa on the Serra of Cintra. The other was brought from Barbary after the conquests in 1462, and given to Prince Henry the Navigator who in his turn presented it to the Sé at Faro for a holy water receptacle. It had been lying neglected in the cemetery there for years before it was rediscovered and removed to this spot. A Roman, marble sarcophagus, the only one yet discovered in the Iberian Peninsula of the fourth-century period deserves notice. When discovered half-buried in mud in a quinta of Estremadura, it was being used as a pigs' trough. There are many escutcheons of stone and marble; among them one from the gateway of the City Walls opening on the Ribeira Velha, of the time of D. Fernando, and another with his royal arms of nine castles and the open crown, dating from 1350. Other sarcophagi, dating back to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, interesting as specimens of old Portuguese sculpture and historical records, stand in the central chapel. They have all been rescued from religious edifices

which had been turned into stables or praças dos touros, and in which these sarcophagi had been used as receptacles for old saddles, for farrier's benches or for drinking troughs.

Relics of the Roman epoch are displayed in the first chapel. In the fourth chapel to the right of the central one the sinister relics of the Inquisition in Lisbon excite peculiar horror. Here, too, is a mausoleum in wood, a copy of the marble one—destroyed in the earthquake—which contained the mortal remains of the great founder of the Carmo, D. Nuno Alvares Pereira, one of the most distinguished names in Portuguese history.

It was to his strong support that the Grand Master of Aviz, D. João, owed his crown, and in great measure the success of the famous Battle of Aljubarrota. D. João I had already created him Constable, by which title he is chiefly known; in fulfilment of a vow made when he commanded the vanguard of the King's army at Aljubarrota he founded the Church of the Carmo. The Constable was endowed with all the property that had belonged to the Conde de Ourem who was stabbed in the Limeiro palace, but later, when the King discovered that his liberality to his partisans had impoverished the crown, he revoked many of his gifts and the Constable, in resentment, quitted the court. King João I must have possessed great personal influence, judging from the results of his diplomacy at home and abroad; he contrived to disarm Pereira's indignation, and received signal services from his generalship in the wars with Spain and later in Africa. The conquest of Ceuta in 1415 was accounted the greatest feat of arms in the reign of D. João I. The great Constable warrior, who with his martial prowess possessed the ascetic tendency of many famous soldiers, took the sudden resolution shortly afterwards of quitting public life. He

entered the Carmelite Order in the old monastery under the name of F. Nuno de Santa Maria, and died in that retreat regretted by the nation and especially by the King. In days gone by on the anniversary of the Constable's death it was usual for the populace to visit his tomb in the Carmo church and strew flowers there, singing at the same time verses in praise of his heroism and sanctity.

The ethnological and mineralogical sections of the museum would gain in value if removed to the Royal Academy of Science in the old Jesuit Monastery where there are collections unsurpassed by any in Europe.

CHAPTER IV

ON the banks of the Tagus about four miles from the city stands one of the finest buildings in Portugal, the Church and Monastery of Santa Maria, known locally as the Jeronymos. Though the electricos in running out to the suburb of Belem pass through a busy commercial district many interesting impressions can be snatched between the successive relays of factories, storehouses, industrial yards, sheds and tall chimneys. Here is a glimpse of broad steps mounting from two sides to a high terrace, with walls and bluff overrun with wine-red masses of bougainvillia. Above are ramparts and old houses of a past generation.

Beneath the hill of S. Amaro is the head station with its numerous sheds and houses of the electric cars. A small belfry is just visible above the massed roofs on the steep height. It is the belfry of an ancient chapel dedicated to S. Amaro, a saint invoked for maladies which affect the arms and legs. In January the ancient and popular romario of S. Amaro takes place, and though in olden times people flocked in from the country to make this pilgrimage in greater numbers than to-day, it is none the less a very animated scene on the largo before the chapel: tents and booths in abundance, carts with casks of wine, pedlars and the traditional vendors of the new fir cones doing excellent business with the Gallegos and fisherfolk who chiefly frequent this special romario. For the sake of the panoramic view from the largo it is worth climbing the steep ascent of the hill.

Further on towards Belem fine gardens are seen, rich in palms; and other exotics show through high iron grilles, and the houses far behind the trees in seclusion. Barracks line the road at intervals. Now comes a long straight

stretch showing the parallel direction of the railway on the river bank; the driver of the electrico puts on the speed of a motor car as if giving vent to the relief from incessant guard at the many corners and cross lines nearer the city. Now a deep, open square stretches on the left almost to the river bank. It is the Praça of D. Fernando, bearing traces of recent plantation, the workmen still busy with the young palms and garden beds. In the centre stands an imposing monument of the historic figure of Affonzo d'Albuquerque, the famous viceroy who laid the foundation of Portuguese power in India, and by the conquest of Goa, Malacca and Ormuz so raised Portuguese prestige that nearly all the princes of Hindostan and of the islands of the Indian Sea sent ambassadors to Goa. Albuquerque became the arbiter of peace and war in that part of the Orient, but his triumphs in India gained him a collossal envy at home that prompted D. Manuel to appoint a new viceroy. Albuquerque was ill when the vessels arrived bearing the news, and he succumbed through the chagrin caused by the ingratitude of his country and King, both of whom he had served with loyalty.

For a moment I remain watching the excited interest of a group of soldiers in white jackets discussing the battle scenes depicted in bas-relief on the base of the great General's monument, then I make my way to a gateway in the long pink wall on the other side of the road. The upper part retreats like an earthwork, and above this rises a congerie of ancient gabled roofs and the pale rose buildings beneath them of the Palace of Belem, once a royal residence and now used for occasional royal guests to the kingdom. With sunny, serene and old-world aspect the palace faces the Tagus in a charming position on slightly high ground. Originally the property of the Conde de Aveiras he sold it to D. João V, who enlarged and beautified

the interior. After the earthquake D. José I made it his chief residence. The garden laid out in the conventional box-bordered walks of the period's imitation of Versailles has a pleasing effect from the palace windows.

This whole locality is historic ground. It was from this strand of old Belem, then called Restello, that Vasco da Gama set out to discover the maritime route to India. In 1486 a great tempest had driven Bartholomeo Diaz beyond the Cape of Good Hope, but for want of provisions he was unable to profit by the opportunity, and the terrible promontory still remained an unsurmountable barrier to fresh discovery. D. Manuel, always fortunate in his enterprises, equipped four vessels in order to make a new attempt, and gave the command to Vasco da Gama. Before their departure the King surrounded by his court gave them audience, doing honour to the self-sacrificing venture of the brave sailors. On the morn of embarkation Vasco da Gama and his crews went in procession to the little hermitage chapel built by Prince Henry the Navigator on the strand at Restello. Preceded by the priest, they walked to make their farewell orisons, barefoot, bareheaded, every one carrying a lighted taper in the hand. Crowds of people conducted them to the port where, after receiving absolution, the great Captain and his sailors embarked on July 8, 1497, in number 170 men. The voyage lasted two years and several months, fifty-five only out of the 170 returning. Many an hour of hope deferred, eager expectation and dreaming had King Manuel spent in watching for the sails of these galleons from Cintra heights, the fort terraces at Cascaes, and the strand at Restello, before they finally entered the port of Lisbon in September, 1499.

Vasco da Gama was given a triumphal entry into the city, rewarded with a pension, and created admiral of

TOWER OF BELEM, LISBON.

the seas of India. To immortalize the grand event D. Manuel caused a superb monastery to be erected on the site of Prince Henry's little chapel at Restello. The King changed the name of the locality to Belem, or Bethlehem, and gave the new edifice to the monks of the Order of St Jerome, whence the name of the Jeronymos. In 1500 D. Manuel laid the first stone with great ceremony, the work progressed rapidly, built with the white stone obtained in the quarries of Estremadura, of so supple a quality that it admits of the most delicate carving, and yet so durable that the long, magnificent line of buildings facing the Tagus shows no trace of age beyond the mellow golden hue imparted by weather and time to the vast exterior. Owing to its erection on piles of pinewood the monastery suffered only small damage in the earthquake. The Portuguese consider the work their most finished example of Manueline architecture. The south door shows a marvellous variety of richly sculptured ornamentations. It is divided in two by a column which supports a statue of Prince Henry the Navigator, or, some assert, of Vasco da Gama. Right and left are figures of the twelve Apostles, with carved canopies overshadowing them. Above the door is the Virgin with twelve other saints while over all watches the Archangel Michael. Slender shafts, separating every one of this array of carved figures, climb like delicate stalactites in ascending grade each side of the porch to the topmost effigy. The exuberant decoration of the entrance door scarcely prepares one for the noble simplicity of the interior which possesses a distinction, a singular beauty of its own, not easily forgotten.

The tall, slender columns with their curious sculpture assume strange and lovely colouring of varied hues from every point of the interior. Gracefully curved ribs, bossed at every intersection, spring out from the high

tops of the columns to form the beautifully groined roofs. The arches beneath the *coro alto* are richly sculptured. The Capella Mor at the end of the nave is of later date, and its slabs of polished marble and Corinthian pillars of the Joannine Renaissance are a disturbing contrast to the original design. The sarcophagi supported on effigies of elephants are of D. Manuel, his Queen Maria, D. João III, and other royal personages.

This Cathedral erected in honour of a great discovery is fast becoming a pantheon of the nation's most celebrated men. In the transept to the right are tombs containing the remains of Vasco da Gama, bought for their weight in gold, and of Camões, the great epic poet of Portugal, whose ashes were transferred from the ruined Convent of Santa Anna in the year 1880. The chief poet of the nineteenth century, Almeida Garrett, rests beneath the black pall, floral wreaths and immortelles in the other transept. In the baptistery lies João de Deus, a scholar whose methods of teaching are universal in Portugal, and a singer of lyric poems of graceful purity of style. The sacristy entered from the church has a pillar in the centre, which supports a beautiful network of groined vaulting. The west door, now closed, is small but again rich in carving. The figures of D. Manuel and D. Maria kneel right and left, while the other sculptury represents the Annunciation, the Birth of Christ, and the Adoration of the Magi. The tower with its small dome, called Torre de Cinatti after the architect who designed it, was erected at a much later period, and is out of character with the rest of the noble building.

Through a door beyond this west porch we enter the cloisters, than which are none more beautiful in the country except those of Batalha. They are of two stories, uplifted by twenty-four arches filled with beautiful car-

ving of original and fantastic designs in which the cable moulding is interwoven at every turn. With the exception of the small pillars under the arches of the upper ambulatory all the work dates from the original erection. In the chapter house, quite lately restored in its Manueline richness is the mausoleum of Alexandre Herculano, the historian whom Portugal has delighted to honour with this noble resting-place. The refectory on the other side of the cloisters is worth seeing with its quaint azulejos, and beautiful ceiling of shallow, groined vaulting.

The royal Casa Pia of Lisbon is now installed in the monastery and its adjoining buildings. Children's voices echo through the long corridors and in the sky-roofed cloisters, which one devoutly wishes may in no way be injured by their use as a recreation resort for the young inmates, six hundred in number, who are educated, clothed and fed by charitable bequests and donations.

Another monument of Manueline architecture stands immediately on the river edge a little further away, the tower of S. Vicente known ordinarily as the Torre de Belem. Though the three stories of square battlements and turrets look picturesque from the water the approach to it on foot is disagreeable by reason of the close proximity of gas works and a coaling stage almost in its shadow. Political prisoners were confined in the dungeons during the reign of D. Miguel. The view from the summit is extensive and beautiful.

We return through the leafy garden of Vasco da Gama which forms a pleasing foreground for the Mosteiro of the Jeronymos, and the new Ethnological Museum adjoining, and turn aside close to the Palace of Belem to visit the royal coaches. It is the finest collection that exists, except, I am told, the one in Vienna, but not having visited the Austrian capital I can make no comparisons. Here in the

old riding school founded by D. José I is a veritable museum of ancient gala coaches. Modern bitumen takes the place of the trampled earth where horse hoofs once plunged heroically; and in the spot where the Marquis of Marialva and other young bloods of D. José and D. Maria's courts performed wonderful equestrian feats, twenty of these coaches oscillate between their braces in regular lines, the sumptuous gilding of their decorations in the penumbra of the old riding school giving them the aspect of small chapels hung in mid air. This impression is intensified by the sight of the coaches of the Calvary, once used in processions to carry pictures or images of saints.

Keen interest in the history of the huge coaches and berlins is excited in examining closer the profusion of allegorical gilded figures, the panels painted by artists of the period, the ogees, the richly carved wheels, the massive poles. " Superstitious cult of the past causes the eye to look up with a certain respect to those high cushions where kings and princes have sat," says Julio Dantas in his article on the Royal Coaches culled from old chroniclists and documents " to all these little boudoir interiors to every one of which is attached a fragment of history. Many of these coaches represent a large folio in our diplomatic history; all without exception constitute valuable documents for the history of our Art."

Philippe II brought the first coaches into Portugal in 1581. The innovation soon became a fashion and then an abuse, fidalgos and merchants alike ruining themselves by the vast sums expended upon coaches and sedan chairs; for one coach represented a fortune. Sumptuary laws forbidding the excess of decoration were in force less than a century later, and João V with his usual magnificence possessed no less than ten coaches and eight berlins, not to speak of his numerous ordinary carriages

and chairs. Involuntarily the mind wanders to the physiognomy of Lisboa Antiga, its narrow, steep streets, and these enormous coaches. An edict of 1680 regulated their movement, for in the meeting of two coaches, each filling the narrow space neither would yield to the other, the servants on both sides would draw their swords and fight for the right of way. D. Pedro II ordered in this edict that, however important the noble owner of the coach, the one ascending the street was to be the coach to retreat in favour of the other, and to enforce the practice of the law severe penalties followed any transgression.

High above this suburb of Belem stands the Palace of the Ajuda, its lengthy façade, extended array of windows, square towers faced with marble at the angles of the buildings, and elevated site, making it the most conspicuous edifice which is seen on coming into port. A steep calçada leads up to it from the Praça de D. Fernando. The road lined with trees conducting to the open space fronting the palace does not prepare one for the neglected-looking surroundings of this royal palace. After seeing so many beautiful garden squares in Lisbon this deserted, untended ground with its meagre, stunted trees, the cluster of mean cottages, almost hovels, on its border, the mills in ruins to one side, take one by surprise, and one questions, why?

Ajuda Palace was built by D. João VI on the site of the wooden building put up hurriedly to shelter the royal family after the earthquake. One wing of the vast original design is still unfinished. Though deserted for many years after the reign of D. Miguel it became the favourite residence of the late King, D. Luiz, and owing to his expressed wish, it is stated, the Queen Dowager, D. Maria Pia, lives in it, as a rule, during the winter months. Visitors holding special cards of admission are shown the

magnificent throne room, banqueting hall, and other salas of audience and reception. Their decorations are imposing, and among the pictures is a vast canvas representing the acclamation of D. João IV painted by José da Cunha. There are also paintings by Sequeira, Taborda Portuense and Machado. There is a valuable library in the Palace containing many manuscripts still unedited, and rare books. The noted historian Alexandro Herculano was librarian in his time; Ramalho Ortigão, one of Portugal's most valued writers of to-day is the present head.

The view from the palace windows is superb, commanding wide outlook of the Tagus, the opposite shore and its distant hill ranges with the abrupt profile of Palmella in the far distance, and the villages, bright and sunny, at the water edge, with Almada on the brow of the hill, its church a conspicuous landmark. The town does not extend far back from the river at this end of Lisbon, the cemetery and the parks of the Ajuda and Necessidades Palaces forming a background for the houses. The hills and depressions covered with buildings are plainly defined, the bright, sunlit colouring forced into strong effect by the scattered trees and palms. To the gate of the park is quite a country walk, with broad acres of fertile, tilled soil rolling northward, and a few windmills in sight. The trees in the park are delightful in parts, but here again the impression received is not of a picturesque, free wildness, but of neglect. The road and paths were badly kept, the ground between the trees was ploughed ostensibly for cereals; the whole area seemed deserted. The Royal Observatory is in the centre of the park with a few buildings close to the broad road and barns. It is a park with undeveloped resources that might afford pleasure not only to contiguous residents but to the whole

of Lisbon. Its conversion into a handsome town park with corso and other improvements was once on the tapis, but the Municipal authorities finding that a million pounds would scarcely cover the outlay abandoned the scheme.

From the palace to the Cortes seems a natural digression. Though the constitutional buildings are some distance away, the electric car soon takes one back to the Largo da Esperança, where the fine Rua de D. Carlos shaded by trees leads straight up to the Largo of S. Bento and the great, bare, massive exterior of the extinct monastery which since 1834 has been the Parliament House of Portugal. It was partly destroyed by fire in 1895, and the rear part in its reconstruction displays, though incomplete, an imposing façade. The Chamber of the Peers is severe and impressive with its sculptures by Calmels, its pictures, and the spacious galleries allotted to the public. The Cortes is the generic designation of the two constitutional Chambers of the country, one of the Peers, the other of Deputies. From the earliest times of the Gothic dynasty in Portugal there existed the States-general, or Cortes, for the enactment of statute laws for the nation. The Portuguese monarchy inherited the custom, making the same Cortes a representative assembly of the nation. Though D. Affonso Henriques was proclaimed king on the battlefield of Ourique in 1139, it was considered indispensable that the title of king should be conferred in the Cortes specially convoked at Lamego. There was no fixed time for its convocation. In the minority of D. Affonso V it was held every year while D. João III convoked it once only every ten years. The Cortes assembled at irregular intervals, decided by the reigning monarch, for 354 years, then 125 years passed during which no king convoked this national representative assembly. The next Cortes was a purely national congress, consisting of a

hundred deputies drawn from all classes, convoked in 1821 by the people themselves, who, driven to desperation by their position after the long, terrible war—their king in Brazil and Portugal nothing more than a colony of the new country—followed the example of the Spanish and demanded a constitution. Then came a counter revolution which set D. Miguel on the throne. Of the Constitutional Charter bestowed upon the nation by D. Pedro IV mention has been made in an earlier chapter. The deputies of the present Camara dos Deputados number 148, and represent not only Portugal but the Azores and Madeira. The other Chamber of the Cortes—Camara dos Pares—consists of nominated, not hereditary, peers, none of them under forty years of age.

To the right of the chief entrance to the Cortes is a smaller door which opens into the repositary of the national archives, known as the Archivo da Torre do Tombo. This name of Torre do Tombo was derived from one of the towers of the ancient fortifications standing on the site of the Paço da Ribeira, when D. Fernando I established the Archivo National within its walls. Owing to a destructive fire which destroyed many of the manuscripts D. João III transferred the archives to the Castello de S. Jorge, where they were stored in Torre Albarrã or Albarram. It was in 1757 after the earthquake they found a final resting-place in the edifice of S. Bento in vault-like chambers, frigid and damp, a condition lamented by those who understand the value of the ancient manuscripts, documents and rare works liable to grave deterioration. The guardians of the Archivo da Torre do Castello were in times past also the head chroniclers of their age, a proof that the historic value of the treasures in their care became recognized. The names of many are shining lights in the literary history of Portugal, such

as Fernão Lopes, Damião de Goes, Pinto Ribeiro, Manuel da Maia, the Visconde de Santarem. The keepers of the archives to-day are also men of letters and investigators of valuable records. Senhor Antonio Baião, who showed me many of the rare books and manuscripts, is the author of a monograph on the Inquisition of the fifteenth century included in the *Archivo Historico Portuguez* published by Government, and joint author of the interesting book *O Archivo da Torre do Tombo.* It is difficult to summarize the riches enclosed in those old monastery chambers. There are sixty parchment volumes of the time of D. Manuel, in which caligraphy and the illumination are of the highest order; there are other beautifully illuminated manuscripts: bibles, missals, books of the Hours (Horas) of Arms, of Prayers. There is the famous Bible of the Jeronymos in seven volumes, an Italian work of the fifteenth century, done expressly for D. Manuel who gave it to the monks of Belem; also the *Livro dos Evangelhos* of the Holy Office of the Inquisition; and the famous *Atlas* of Fernão Vaz Dourado (Goa, 1571), which though mutilated still contains fifteen geographical letters and maps. Among the very rare works was the *Vita Christi;* also the first edition of the works of Gil Vicente, dated Lisboa, 1562. The ecclesiastical archives contain the most ancient letters, and documents in the country, veritable historical monuments from which Herculano reconstructed the history of the early ages of Portuguese national existence. The vast collection of records of the Inquisition must not be forgotten, in which the number of trials documented rises to 36,000, as without their examination it would be impossible to write the social history of at least two centuries. Here, too, are guarded the records of the military Orders of Christ, Sant' Iago, and Aviz, and of the extinct monasteries and convents.

The Spanish during their rule and the French in their withdrawal took away with them many valuable documents which at the present moment help to enrich the archives of France and Spain.

The vast block of the Cortes stands on an elevated terrace above the street of S. Bento; in the midst of the houses on the opposing slope beyond stands the old Convento of the Jesuits. Doubtless it may have struck the reader that monastic houses seem to play a big part in descriptive records of Lisbon. The State took possession of them at the suppression of the religious Orders, converting them into barracks, hospitals, schools, academies. At every corner these plain, massive buildings arrest the eye, their buff-coloured exteriors declaring them government property. They are not beautiful to look upon, unless one penetrates to their hidden cloisters which always please; the austere side of monasticism reveals itself in their outward construction. What attracts, however, is their atmosphere of history, their survival as records of the varied phases of the past, as reminders of the extreme volte-face made by the Portuguese in affairs political, religious and social.

Of all the monastic Orders represented in Portugal none held so firm a sway over the minds of the people as the followers of Loyola. Introduced into the country by D. João III under the pretext of sending missionaries into Portuguese colonies, the Company of Jesus spread in three years right through the country and became extremely powerful. D. João, convinced that religion was essential to the welfare of his subjects, did not limit himself to persuasion of its efficacy, but had recourse to force, and to that end established the tribunal of the Inquisition at Evora in 1530, in Lisbon seven years later, and in Coimbra in 1541. Between these two great powers in the land

reigned unremitting rivalry. The Inquisition feared the progress of the Jesuits then displaying all the fervour of their early zeal. Threats, torture, butchery were the methods of one; the other's strength consisted in apparent yielding to the weakness of man, in making themselves loved, in bending their religion to the customs of the country. " The Inquisition was a tribunal; the Company of Jesus a Society; the one burned the body, the other inflamed souls." During the reign of D. Sebastião the Jesuits enjoyed high consideration. A Jesuit father, Camera, had been tutor to the young King, and cultivated in him the ascetic tastes that led to the fatal expedition to Africa ending in D. Sebastião's death. Under Philippe II's Spanish rule in Portugal the Jesuits held a neutral position, but their influence over the people ever increased, and as Latouche states, was curiously coincident with Puritanical influence in our own country. Up to the reign of D. João V they maintained their strong position, plainly visible even to-day in the number of extinct Jesuit houses one comes across in every town of Portugal. Under that King they experienced certain checks which threatened that their rule approached its end. They were not people to be easily discouraged, and continuing their mission in Brazil as well as Portugal they began to contend with tenacity for the chief favour of the King. Portugal became exhausted with the struggles of the theocracy and fell into an apathetic state from which she was only roused by an entirely new spirit: Carvalho, the famous statesman.

In Brazil the Jesuits made serious political mischief which obliged Carvalho—Marquis de Pombal—to send an army to maintain the treaty made with Spain touching the exchange of a colony. Pombal recognized as soon as he became Chief Minister of State that he must be either

the slave or adversary of this powerful society which, not content with directing the consciences of kings, aspired to holding the reins of politics in their hands. He published papers unveiling the ambitious intrigues and cupidity of the Jesuits who, to maintain their power, had amassed great riches through commerce, of which they sought to hold the monopoly. He took away from them the post of Confessor to the King and royal family, then when an attempt was made to assassinate D. José I, he declared the Jesuits accomplices in the crime, ordered their goods to be seized, and arrested all the members of the Order. They were conducted on board several vessels to leave the country, though such as consented to quit the society were allowed to stay in Portugal. This expulsion of the Jesuits in 1760 was the most difficult and remarkable act of the Pombal administration. There are Jesuits in Portugal today in spite of this "alto feito" of the Marquis de Pombal, and at intervals comes the cry now as then, "Abaixo o Jesuitismo!" (Down with Jesuitism!) when people are summoned in heated journalistic lingo as true lovers of liberty to sign a petition to be presented to the Cortes demanding the Government to fulfil the letter of the decree which refers to the expulsion of the Jesuits and extinction of religious Orders.

CHAPTER V

THE Rua de Santo Bento passes to the north of the Cortes and climbs gradually to the Rato, a large open space, circus-shaped, the streets diverging in many directions. On the right in the street of the Escola Polytechnica is the palace of the Duke of Palmella with a handsome entrance, two Caryatids in stone at the side, and the sculptured escutcheon above the door. The palms and greenery of the gardens show above a high, pink wall which turns towards the Rato with a large fountain at the base where people are constantly filling their pitchers. Following the electric car lines right to the other side up the street of the Amoreiras you skirt an enormous stone wall, and above this stands out like a small Bastille, a squared, plain, massive building with a flat roof. It is the famous depositary of water called the Mãe d'Agua, or Mother of Water, which at one time supplied all the fountains of Lisbon. Striding away from the edifice behind are the high, grey piles and arches of a noble aqueduct which show through the openings peeps of a little praça filled with trees and flowers, and the datura trees conspicuous with their white, sweet-smelling pendant blossoms. At the end of the garden the aqueduct turns sharply across the street, forming a triumphal arch of the Doric style erected in honour of its founder. Masses of ivy cover the piers as they pass from sight behind the houses.

It was a work that D. Manuel, and also Philippe II had once in project, but it was left for D. João V to bestow this great benefit upon Lisbon. Though in the vicinity of the city there are vestiges of many abandoned aqueducts, some of Roman antiquity, none of them have excelled in fame and splendid construction this Aqueducto das Aguas Livres. It is a superb aqueduct, uniting solidity

and boldness with great utility, for at one time it supplied with its crystalline flow all the fountains of the city, whence every one was allowed to fetch freely the water they needed, a privilege giving rise to the name of Aguas Livres—free waters. The aqueduct passes out of the city over dale and hill for the distance of ten miles as far as Chellas receiving the water from various springs. The arches number 127, but the most remarkable are those which stride across the valley of Alcantara, close to Campolide, in full view from the train as it emerges from the city tunnel. Their height and majesty exceed those of Segovia, and compete nobly with the monumental constructive feats of ancient Rome. The fact that the aqueduct suffered no injury in the earthquake redounds to the skill of the master-builder, Manuel da Maia.

The little praça of the mulberry trees—dos Amoreiras—might have been a garden for old pensioners, so peaceful the seclusion beyond the great arches, and as the thought occurred I suddenly glanced at a white low building with an ancient roof, and read there inscribed, that it was, indeed, an *asylo* for aged people. Through open windows lower down came the drone of the loom, an apposite sound in the shade of the mulberry trees. And now the rushing of many waters fell upon my ear coming from the steadfast repositary of the spring waters which heralded their advent from distant hills. I left the praça and made my way to the gateway of the Mãe d'Agua. A spacious hall is that containing the vast cistern with a vaulted roof uplifted by four massive pillars rising from the depths of the basin. It reminded me of the spacious underground cisterns of the east, temple-like in their shadowed and calm seclusion from the outside world. The water descended from the conduit in silvery rivulets over a sloping mass of rocks into the bosom of the limpid, aquamarine

Mother of Water. To one side climbs a flight of steps conducting to a narrow passage which looks down on the rockery, then leads to more steps that emerge on the roof. Here Lisbon is spread out to view from a new aspect, more beautiful in many ways than any other.

To the right within near distance of the Rato is seen the Church of St Isabel which overlooks the beautiful treed area of the Estrella Gardens. The dark spires of many cypress trees cluster in the north-west division of the gardens showing the locality of the English church and cemetery which was once the only open-air burial ground in Lisbon. It was formerly the usage to inter in vaults within the churches, lime being placed in the coffins to promote speedy dissolution. The Government assigned this place of burial to the English under an article of the Treaty of Alliance in the time of Oliver Cromwell, according to Murphy. The year 1717 is named by other authorities as the date of its foundation. The Dutch obtained a plot of land for the same purpose in 1724; a few years later both were united and subsequently enlarged. "Impensis Britanorum et Batavorum" is inscribed above the little chapel to the right of the gateway. A beautiful garden with straight walks intersecting one another, lined with tall cypress trees, Judas, lilac, rose and acacia trees is this God's Acre of the English colony in Lisbon, and many are the tombs which fill it. Names familiar in military records catch the eye; dates varying from the eighteenth century up to the present time witness to the long establishment of English blood in the land.

One name stands out from the rest with startling distinction, that of Henry Fielding, England's greatest novelist, who came out to Lisbon in the late summer of 1754 in search of health. He had delayed too long and died within two months of being carried on shore. The grave

is stated to have been left unmarked for many years, a reproach to British appreciation of so gifted a writer, yet some stone or memorial must have been assigned to the spot, for we read in George Borrow's *Bible in Spain* that travellers, " if they be of England, may well be excused if they kiss the cold tomb, as I did, of the author of *Amelia*, the most singular genius which their island ever produced." The present massive stone erection was placed there by the efforts of the Rev. Christopher Neville, chaplain in 1830. Three years earlier than Fielding, Philip Doddridge, divine and hymn-writer, had been laid to rest in that same end of the burial ground. Over their graves, and through the whole of that sweet garden, wild canaries, brown and yellow breasted, flit through the foliage, their song, clear and thrilling, striking responsive chords in human hearts of a Hope " that what was shall live as before."

Dos Prazères, or the Pleasures, is the singular name of the Portuguese cemetery for this western side of Lisbon, and for a time I was at a loss to understand its derivation. Then I discovered that a small hermitage once stood on this same site dedicated to Nossa Senhora dos Prazères, the ground around being called Campo dos Prazères. Many are the broad, silent avenues, all numbered as streets, in this Père la Chaise of Lisbon, lined with lofty cypress trees that watch over the countless rows of small chapels, repositaries of the coffins, for the Portuguese are reluctant to bury them out of sight. Flowers and small altars gleam in the shadowy interiors through the iron grilles of the gates. It is an elevated site from which another splendid panorama spreads out to view with the city below, the river in the middle distance, and for background a limitless sea.

Everywhere from this part of the city is seen the

THE ESTRELLA GARDENS.

commanding cupola of the Basilica of the Sacred Heart of Jesus (SS. Coraçao de Jesus), commonly known as the Estrella. D. Maria I, the unfortunate Queen whose vain efforts to unite her intense religious views with the politics of her reign ended in partial dementia, erected this church in fulfilment of a vow made before the birth of her eldest son, the long-desired heir to the throne. The royal consort, D. Pedro III, laid the first stone in 1779; the building was not completed until 1796. Money was expended on it that is said to have been destined by the ex-minister, Marquis de Pombal for making a monumental bridge spanning the Tagus between Lisbon and Almada, a project that several clever engineers have again put seriously forward during the last twenty years. The interior is rich in marbles, and the sculptured figures on the façade display, as usual, the skill of the Portuguese stone chiseller, in this instance the well-known Machado de Castro. Connoisseurs in architecture, however, from Murphy downwards, question the constructive methods of the architects.

The Largo da Estrella is always teeming with light, colour and life. Many electricos have their terminus before the church, a military hospital stands at one side, the gates of the Estrella Gardens are exactly opposite. These are, perhaps, the best laid out and most beautiful gardens in the whole city. A French gardener—certainly an artist too—planned and carried out the scheme of broad avenues, and winding walks, flower parterres, artificial lakes. In spring no lovelier spot is to be seen in Lisbon, and here the Judas trees flourish to perfection in groups, singly or in whole avenues, their beauty of colour in strong relief against the early foliage and evergreen exotics. This tree met with so often in Lisbon bears the name of *olaia* in Portuguese, and a prettier name in English than Judas is

the Love tree. "It is the tree on which Judas did hang himself," says an ancient herbalist; but why a tree that is a native of Southern Europe should have received this reputation it is difficult to say. The Love tree as it grows in Lisbon streets and gardens is literally covered, every branch and smallest twigs, with clustering masses of gay purple-pink blossoms, similar in form to the pea. The foliage which develops later resembles the poplar.

A small cable-car line—precursor of the electrico and very ably engineered—lies outside the gates of the Estrella Gardens; it descends the steep Calçada da Estrella, passes the Cortes, climbs from the Rua de S. Bento in the hollow up a lengthy hill of appalling declivity, and finishes its course on the Praça de Camões. This is a sunlit, paved little praça surrounded by high houses at the head of the Rua Garrett, popularly called the Chiado. Here is erected in bronze the figure of Portugal's immortal poet whose name no true Portuguese hears spoken without heart vibrations of pride, Luiz de Camões, the Homer of modern times. The figure holds in one hand his poem, in the other a sword, in accordance with a verse in the *Lusiadas*, and also with his twofold career of soldier and poet. Grouped round the pedestal hewn in marble are eight statues of his most noted contemporaries in letters.

The life of Camões was no less interesting than his work, though there are conflicting stories of his birth, poverty and many viscissitudes. All his life he seems to have struggled with privation and difficulties, in spite of his having studied at Coimbra and then becoming a member of the court. Here it was he fell in love with Catherine d'Ataïde, the inspirer of one of his well-known odes, but whether she accepted or repelled his vows is not recorded. We are told only that Camões went to fight in

Africa as a volunteer where before Ceuta he lost his eye. How familiar that maimed, rugged, yet strong, noble physiognomy becomes to the sojourner in Portugal, for in every town, house, almost every cottage one comes across it in some shape or form, as a bust, or in a print, or cast. Wounded, he returned to Lisbon, but slighted, overlooked, he did what all enterprising Portuguese yearned to do in those days, set sail for India, and again became a fighter in an expedition against the King of Cochin China. When he returned to Goa, the metropolis of Portuguese India, he had the indiscretion to publish a satire on the abuses which everywhere met his notice. He had to leave the town and seek refuge in the island of Macao, where having found a humble employment he began *Os Lusiadas*. Five years passed quickly, then he was recalled to Goa, but the ship on which he embarked stranded on the coast, and he lost everything he possessed except his poem, which he bore on his person when he was cast into the sea. Misfortune dogged him at Goa, for the viceroy who had recalled him set out for Europe, and his earlier enemies caused him to be put in irons under false accusations. When the new viceroy arrived, Camões's petition for liberty was not unheeded, and from this time forward the soldier merged into the poet, the great epic drew to a close.

In 1569, sixteen years since he had left Lisbon, he returned to his country. The young Sebastião was King. Although making a cult of religion rather than the muses, he accepted the dedication of the *Lusiadas*, and awarded to the author the puny pension of fifteen milreis—about the same sum that *Paradise Lost* gave to Milton.

From that time forward Camões had no resource but his pen, and in consequence tradition has stored many tales concerning the straits to which poverty reduced

him. One of them speaks of a black slave whom he had brought from the East, and who went regularly into the streets to beg for his master. Then came that fatal expedition to Africa when national liberty for years to come was buried with D. Sebastião on the battlefield of Alcacer-el-Kebir.

"I die with the glory of my country," said Camões, when the news came to Lisbon. In truth, the poet expired a few days later in a hospital, goes the story, and was buried in the Convento de Santa Anna. The *Lusiadas* is the epic of the golden age of Portugal, the song of Vasco da Gama's adventurous expedition. The poet weaves in all the great figures and events of his country's history, and also episodes of romance, the tragedy of D. Pedro and Ignez de Castro being the subject of one of the finest passages. Over all watch the mythological figures of Homer and Virgil, singularly intermixed with the names of Christ, the Virgin and the saints of the Catholic Church. It was the first epic written since the invasion of the Goths; it was the forerunner and model of Tasso.

From the Praça de Camões the Rua Alecrim (Rosemary) descends to the Caes de Sodré, still precipitous, though not showing as in George Borrow's time the palaces of fidalgos, " massive and frowning but grand and picturesque with here and there a hanging garden overlooking the street at a great height," but chiefly the shops and offices of a busy thoroughfare. A little way down there opens out to the right a quiet little largo, where, against a background of thick, clustering palm fronds, stands, gleaming and white, the monument erected to Eça de Queiroz, with a characteristic quotation from the noted writer inscribed beneath: " sobre a nudez forte de Verdade a manto diaphono de phantazia " (over the strong nudity of Truth the diaphonous cloak of fantasy). Truth

is represented by a semi-draped feminine figure, behind which rises the statue of the man, the folds of his academic robe merging into the plastic drapery which he is represented in the act of raising over the nude feminine bust. It is a piece of sculpture concerning which opinions differ very freely, but the criticism which seems best to understand the sympathetic intuition of the sculptor is made by a Portuguese:

"Teixeira Lopes showed a clear intuition of plastic interpretation when he brought to being out of the same block—as though from Mother Earth herself—the bust of Eça de Queiroz and the figure of the woman in whom is represented the naked strength of Truth; because no creator and his work interpenetrated each other more intimately, were such living counterparts; in a word no writer has more ably externalized his visions of beauty with so intense a love of form. The same vital ichor appears to circulate from the work to the life, from the life again to the work. That is to say, being a creation, it is a prolongment of the creator. In each realization he makes our feelings vibrate with his own. It is not the least title to his glorious memory of romanticist, this secret of making us feel the thrill of a life, nervously human, through his limpidly divine form." This is exactly what the sculptor appears to have tried to express. Whether he has succeeded or not is for the individual to judge.

The National Museum of the Fine Arts is at present in the street of the Green Windows (Janellas Verdes) in an old palace that once belonged to the Marquis de Pombal and was later the residence of the ex-Emperor and Empress of Brazil. Modern sculptures are displayed in the vestibule showing specimens of the work of the Duchess of Palmella, Thomaz Costa, Simões d'Almeida, and of Teixeira Lopes, the producer of the statue of Eça de

Queiroz. Round the walls are a thousand blue and white azulejos representing pictorially a unique and interesting panorama of Lisbon before the earthquake.

Malhōa's well-known name in Portuguese art is represented in the first gallery of paintings by the great picture of the last moments of the Marquis de Pombal surrounded by his family. A painting of *Santo Antonio*, by Columbano deserves attention. This is an artist whose portraits are esteemed for their vigorous, and at the same time sympathetic, treatment. Of the work of Domingos Sequeira who lived from 1761 to 1837 there are several interesting, good specimens. *The Flagellation of Christ*, a small picture, slight in treatment but delicate and artistic, is full of movement. Two others by the same artist merit notice, a large canvas painted in Rome 1824, representing the Casa Pia allegorically; and another named *The Promulgation of the Constitution*, which not only displays good dramatic action in the figures, but a Turneresque feeling for effect and colour in the scheme of tender pinks and blues. There is a St Jerome (Jeromymos), attributed to Albrecht Dürer, but the dark, Moorish head with its silky, waved beard, the black cap and rich crimson coat suggest rather a Spanish painter or one of the primitive Portuguese school. In the Dutch school of painting a little portrait of Vasco da Gama, and a picture of the *Calvario* strike attention. Pedro Alexandrino, whose name soon becomes familiar in going through the churches is represented, and Viera Lusitano; also Morgado of Setubal noted for his pictures of still life—realistic studies of birds, fish, fruit, vegetables—particularly esteemed by the ordinary Portuguese visitor to picture galleries.

As a collection it is difficult to describe and still more to criticize these paintings of the Museu das Janellas Verdes,

for there is only a catalogue of one division, and some of doubtful origin are attributed to the great masters: Michael Angelo, Rubens, Raffaelle, Vandyke and to stars of lesser magnitude, Teniers, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Landseer and so forth, without real authority.

The primitive Portuguese school, the mysterious Flemish pictures, and what is called in Portugal the Gothic (meaning Germanic) school are nearly all nameless works. The best are always attributed to Grão Vasco, that great national artist of the Middle Ages, about whose life and experience hangs a cloud of mystery as impenetrable as that which envelops those of Shakespeare in England. Count Raczynsky, who published in Paris, 1846, a very careful detailed work, prepared con amore, on the Arts in Portugal and is still reckoned by many as an authority, gathered together all the matter he could find relating to this artist; others declare he never existed at all but has in course of time been made by tradition the figurehead of the school his work represents. Almeida Garrett, a later exponent of artistic and literary life in Portugal, declares that it is known from documents of the time that Grão Vasco lived about the end of the fifteenth century, that he was painter-royal in the reign of D. Affonso V and D. Manuel, that his style resembling the old Florentine school makes critics pronounce him to have been a pupil of Pedro Perugino. "Strong, accurate, yet rugged draughtmanship, high conceptions of architecture, beauty of landscape work are the characteristic marks of this celebrated genius whose fertile brush and assiduous application enriched the kingdom with his achievements."

Exhibitions of modern art are held in the Academy of the Bellas Artas in the same old monastery as the National Library, but not every year so it seems, as this season the Barcelona International Exhibition appears to have

absorbed too many of the pictures of Portuguese artists to allow of their usual national one. A new edifice, to be specially devoted to art exhibitions, is on the point of erection through the exertions of the National Society of the Fine Arts, in the north-east of the city, a scheme which will realize one of the strongest desires of local artists.

The names of El-Rei D. Carlos and Carlos Reis head the list of Portuguese artists to-day. Carlos Reis was the pupil of Silva Porto, a well-known landscape and animal painter of the Lisbon Academy. He studied later in the Paris studios, and ten years ago was appointed to the landscape chair of painting in the School of Art in this city. By him was initiated the Sociedade Silva Porto, a society whose members are students who go into the country every summer to study art from nature, and hold annual exhibitions of their work in the well-lighted Salon of the Illustração Portuguez at the top of the big building of the chief daily paper of Lisbon, *O Seculo*. The taste for art is diligently propagated by the critics of this and other journals. "The want of æsthetic education in a people and its neglect of artistic talent demonstrate disgraceful mental inferiority, and the incrustation of faculties which should be maintained clear and integral during a well-balanced development," is the little sermon of one art critic writing on the last exhibition of this Society.

In more branches than one Portugal has a past of distinctive merit. A visitor to the Sala of the Museum devoted to the display of Church orfèvrerie will be amazed at the exquisite specimens of gold- and silver-smiths' craft, once priceless possessions of the suppressed monasteries and convents and now the property of the State. Custodia, crosses, chalices, monstrances, caskets, in gold and silver, richly embellished with rare and vari-

THE BASILICA OF THE ESTRELLA.

coloured gems, examples of rare craftsmanship all vying one with the other in beauty of design and dainty, ingenious execution. In front of all these glass-faced cabinets one lingers long making involuntary comparisons, for the spoils of the different religious houses are marked by name. Among the most valuable and beautiful are ranked the Custodia and other jewelled plate of the Igreja Madre de Deus. Sunday afternoon is a favourite time for the Lisbonense to visit their National Museum, in fact I have been there at times when it was difficult to pass from one gallery to the other for the number blocking the way. Among the many appreciators of the Church's invaluable relics one notes groups of the humbler classes of city and suburb, the women with the gay, spotless handkerchiefs tied round their heads, the men in their broad-brimmed sombreros of felt, their awed, absorbed faces all showing the keenest interest in objects that still retain for them the original halo of sanctity.

There is also a fine display of ecclesiastical vestments, altar frontals and banners, embroidered with a fantasy of design, a wealth of gold and silver thread, a rare contrivance of daring or delicate colouring, that tell of the Oriental influence of the Moors strongly ingrained upon national taste. This is evident, too, in the interesting collection of richly worked costumes of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Up to the time of D. Fernando nearly all the ecclesiastical vestments and altar furniture embroidered on silk and velvet were worked abroad, chiefly in Flanders, but in that reign the Portuguese began to cultivate the industrial art of embroidery and passementerie. By the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the development of the industry was as remarkable for its excellent productions as for the number of workers employed.

Another art was promulgated in Portugal by the custom of decorating chapels and altars of the churches with gilded, carved wood (obra de talha dourada), which began to be introduced into the country the end of the fourteenth century. The extraordinary vogue it attained in the seventeenth century created a school of sculpture in wood which produced important artists as well as skilled gilders; to this the interiors of many churches throughout the kingdom bear witness.

CHAPTER VI

THE old Franciscan convent in which the Academy of the Fine Arts takes up the ground floor is in a *largo* at the end of the Rua Ivens. The rest of the building —so substantially built that the earthquake scarcely affected it at all—is devoted to the Bibliotheca National of Lisbon, containing no less than three hundred thousand volumes. They line the walls of the immensely long corridors which intersect the two upper stories, certain sections of literature being deposited in many of the ancient cells. The manuscripts are numerous, and a great number of rare value. One of them dating from the eleventh century, written and exquisitely illuminated on parchment, fine as rice paper yet showing an amazing durability, especially impressed me; also one, very precious, safeguarded in a glass case, dated the thirteenth century, richly illuminated and still in its ancient cover of undressed skin, mounted with iron clamps. In another case was the first book printed by Guttenberg, also an early Bible from the same press. The first edition in four enormous volumes of Audobon's *Birds of America* was shown with display of pride by the caretaker who acted cicerone, but I was more interested in some valuable books out of the Duke of Northumberland's library, one of them an ancient Bible with engravings and the picture of the family seat painted in colours on the closed edges of the leaves; and another showing a similar reproduction of Alnwick Castle. They probably came from some monastic library, for we read of the settlement of the nuns of Sion in Lisbon and a visit paid to their convent by the Duke of Northumberland early last century, when they showed him the keys they had retained of their suppressed English home on his estate. Portraits, by native artists, of the royal lines of

Portugal lined one of the upper corridors from which we mounted to the roofs. A fine promenade for the monks of other days these broad, flagged roofs must have made, enclosing the quadrangle deep below, and countless windows looking down upon the palm trees and plants. In one corner was a raised outlook with a seat of azulejos half circling a well-like shaft which penetrated the whole height of the vast building.

Across the Largo of the Bibliotheca National we find one of the useful *ascensores* by which we descend in a moment to the north-east corner of the Praça do Municipio. The eye falls at once on a pillar in the centre of the square, of curious architecture; out of one single piece of stone two twisted and interlaced columns have been carved. It is an ancient Pelourinho, denoting the former spot of execution of criminals who belonged to the noble classes. They were fastened to the pillar, exposed to public view, and then decapitated. This relic of Lisbon's ancient Pillory dating from the beginning of the fifteenth century faces the fine new building of the Municipal Chamber, which occupies the site of a former one, also a royal palace which was burnt in 1863. The allegorical sculpture on the pediment is the work of the French sculptor, Anatole Calmels. The vestibule and magnificent marble staircase give an imposing impression with the fine dome overhead painted by the Portuguese artists Columbano and Pereira Junior.

The traffic and life flowing through this square is incessant for the Rua do Arsenal which passes out of it westward is an active artery of the lower city. Beyond lie the quays of the Ribeira Nova, showing an ant-like activity in the unloading of cargoes, the homing or sailing of fisher-boats, the hurry-scurry of passengers crossing to or arriving from the Outra-Banda. Close by the life and

colour of a fruit, flower and vegetable market spread out under long shady roofs with an exuberance it would be hard to rival anywhere. The hillocks and masses of vivid colour standing out from the verdure of the useful vegetable are for ever changing according to the season; the brilliant tomato, golden orange, yellow lemon, scarlet pomegranate, mellow nespera—a prettier name than medlar—purple and crimson plums, cherries and the strawberries of May—April if a warm season—in such abundance as almost to defy distribution. Across the road is the fish market, the chief one of the city, where the salesmen put up at auction the consignments of the fishermen. At times the only movement in the big hall is the cool swirl of cleansing waters, somnolent groups waiting in their scores sit about on the pavements, their baskets beside them, on the shady side of the building. Perhaps the boats have been delayed, but the first news of their arrival is a spark to their latent energy. The fisherfolk are all astir, the din of the auction begins, the clamour mounts shriller and louder until the fever of excitement reaches a certain pitch when the entire animated crowd of struggling men, women, girls and boys seems on the verge of a stern hand-to-hand conflict; and then suddenly it all quietens. Paying attention to nothing but the strict business of the moment, every one hurries off, basket on head, or across the shoulders, to all parts of the city.

The fisherwives and maids are a picturesque feature of Lisbon. The clang of the wooden shoon taps on the cobblestones here as in France, though the majority patter barefooted through the streets. Their garb consists of an ordinary loose blouse, and very full, short skirt; a shawl of some gay hue twisted like a loose, thick rope, is slung round the supple hips, a survival doubtless of the Oriental girdle. A kerchief of some bright colour, green, orange or white,

gaily flowered, is fastened round the head, sometimes tied under the chin, sometimes hanging freely over the shoulders. A round, black felt hat, flat, with a rolled brim, crowns head and handkerchief. Their carriage is peculiarly graceful for they walk from their hips; all the action seems to come from the waist, producing an elasticity of step and buoyant gait that is delightful to witness, while on their heads, held erect and well-poised, they carry the great, flat baskets of fish. The majority of these women are Ovarina or Varina, hailing from the noted fishing town of Ovar in the north of Portugal. There are colonies of them in all the chief maritime towns, one of their quarters in Lisbon being the street of the Mothers (das Madres), near the Largo da Esperança. The true Ovarina is unmistakable, not only for her energy and vivacity, but for her plastic grace of figure. She is a robust, agile, though not often a tall woman, who treads the streets with a step light as air, her kerchief flying in the wind, her basket skilfully balanced on her piquant hat as she cries out with all the vigour of her strong lungs: *Vivinha da Costa! E d'agora viva!* The fishing grounds of the Portuguese seems to be inexhaustible, and no waters are better supplied than those of the Tagus and its neighbouring sea borders. More than a hundred different varieties of fish have been known to be on sale at times in the Market of the Ribeira Nova. The sardine has been and is still so abundant in its season that it has been named the manna of the country. The preserving industry, though extensive, still appears to lack such organization as would convert it into a real source of wealth to the nation.

Just as the sight of Lisbon from the river never fails to arouse admiration, so the blue expanse of water stretching across to the southern shore, and widening into a vast lake to the north-east of Cacilhas, affords an enchanting picture,

FISHING BOATS IN THE TAGUS.

whether seen from an eminence or as a vista between steep, narrow streets which descend to the quays. As well as the home and foreign warships that are always anchored, in more or fewer numbers, in the port there is an extraordinary movement of passenger and cargo steamers of all flags and nationalities, but more especially those belonging to English, South American and African shipping lines: and there is the daily activity of the picturesque fishing craft, big and small, many of them with the bird-like lateen sails of the felucca of the Mediterranean. At all times the gay aspect of the river itself seems to have impressed itself on the traveller. The letter of a Frenchman, written at the time of the war, says that the whole of the port from Belem to the other extremity of Lisbon was covered with hundreds of boats and ships of all sizes; and yet, he declares with amazement, people are complaining of the stagnation in maritime circles. Southey writing three or four years earlier says that he never beheld a more cheerful scene than this broad river covered with vessels of all nations and all sizes. The gaiety was intensified, he adds, on any particular holyday when the vessels were ornamented with the colours of all the nations in alliance with Portugal, and the guns were fired, but so irregularly that the first time he was awakened by them the sound gave him the idea of an engagement. " These people delight in gun powder," he comments, " the last Brazil fleet was detained for six weeks that they might fire upon the Queen's birthday "—D. Maria, the daughter of King D. José, the builder of the Estrella Church.

The picture presented to Fielding's eye as he approached and entered the Tagus forty years earlier is of quite a different colour. Not the water but the coast attracts his chief attention: the face of the country was like that of a field where the greensward had been pared up and set a-

burning or a-smoking in little heaps to manure the land. He noted a lack of large trees, nothing but a shrub being in sight for many miles, and the presence of several old castles and buildings which had the aspect of ruins. Alexander, yet another traveller entering Lisbon during the Constitutional or Liberating War, looks beyond the bare coast and has eyes only for the serrated ridge of the "Lusitanian paradise, Cintra," and then for the waters of the Tagus flowing over golden sands, and the lovely groves and vineyards, showing themselves through the ravines and narrow valleys that gash the steep sides of the river.

The entrance to the Tagus is marked by the old fortress of S. Julião da Barra (probably one of Fielding's old castles) which dates from the reign of D. João III. Five irregular walls enclose the fort which is used to-day for a State prison. It stands on a rock which juts out into the river below Oeiras fronting the Pharos of S. Lourenço on the other side of the bar. This tower, known better as Bugio Castle was begun by D. Sebastião and finished by D. João IV; it stands on a cluster of rocks far out from the coast where long, sandy banks and those called the Cachopas, lying just below the water and marked in calm weather by white breakers, make caution in navigation very necessary. There are two channels of entrance, but the southern one in the close vicinity of the Bugio is so narrow that without wind and a good sea it is dangerous to sailing craft.

It must not be forgotten that the Tagus once held the renown of casting up gold with its waves, and before the mines of Potosi and Brazil began to yield up their wealth to Europe, the work of sifting the gold from the sand was considered a remunerative undertaking. Ancient writers speak of mines of gold exploited by the Romans in the arid,

chalky slopes of the Outra Bande facing the city on the south bank and stretching westward from Almada. Learned investigators of to-day are of opinion that some of the declivities have been made by the hand of man not nature, and that the deep wells and excavations found at their base are probably vestiges of auriferous explorations in the Roman occupation of the country.

That dream of uniting the two shores of the Tagus by a splendid bridge has been revived again and again since the days of Pombal. The distance to Cacilhas from the Caes de Sodré is a mile and a half, but the giant bridge would cross majestically from the height of Almada to the hill of the Thesouro Velho which mounts above the Praça do Municipio and extends back to the Largo das Duas Igrejas. The dream includes the establishment of a superb new Arsenal of the Marine on the opposite bank, and the birth of a second Lisbon, an important, mercantile, industrial Lisbon, absorbing the practical commercial elements of old Lisbon, the court-city, which being enabled by the clearance of its foreshore to have direct access to the amenities of its beautiful river would regain the essence of what constituted its earliest reputation and gave it the name of Alisubbo; in a word it would, in truth, become the incomparable Fair Haven of Western Europe.

The Paço of the Necessidades, the residence of the King of Portugal, stands on high ground above the river to the east of the Valley of Alcantara, while the royal park, or Tapada das Necessidades, stretches far up the hill behind to the south of Dos Prazêres. The palace is the development of an edifice annexed to the church which D. João V caused to be erected and dedicated to the honour of an image of Nossa Senhora das Necessidades, which he was convinced had cured him of an illness through the efficacy of its presence in his sick-room where he had ordered it to

be conveyed. After serving as the seat of the Royal Academy of the Sciences, established by D. Maria I, and of the Cortes convoked in 1820, the palace was converted into the dwelling of D. Pedro IV and D. Luiz, and passed into the possession of the reigning monarch.

El Rei D. Carlos and the Queen D. Amelia are still in the prime of life, and apart from the onerous claims of their high position are stated to lead an ideal family life with their two talented young sons. The King and Queen are both artists of considerable merit. A portrait painted some three years by Carlos Rei the artist, of El Rei D. Carlos, represents the figure and physiognomy of the King in a more characteristic way than word painting. Mounted on an Andalusian horse of pure breed, accompanied by officers of his suite he stands out regally from the group, and the distant troops seen beyond in line. In the calm eye of the monarch, in his serene and imperturbable face are reflected the kindness of heart, and the noble courtesy which first impress and then captivate all who come in direct personal touch with His Majesty. "No one can resist the King," said a Lisbon resident, "if once they are brought through circumstance or chance into personal touch with him. Any preconceived prejudice fostered by the gossip which collects from no one knows where about all royal personages vanishes from the moment he begins to speak to you."

To the extreme east of the city front, beyond Santo Apollonia, and the reservoir of the Alvialla in the quarter called Xabregas there is a church which is reckoned by the Portuguese as one of their prettiest and most artistic religious monuments in the country. This church with a Gothic-Renaissance exterior, is that called the Madre de Deus, which with a convent attached to it dedicated to S. Clara of the order of Assisi, was founded by D.

Leonor, the wife of D. João II, in the year 1509, and completed with great magnificence by D. João III. The interior is a veritable gallery of paintings in oil, azulejos, and gilded wood carving of high order, producing an effect of lavish and rich decoration that strikes one with amazement upon first entering the church. The vaulted roof is covered with pictures out of the life of Christ, while others representing scenes in the life of St Francis of Assisi deck the walls; beautiful azulejos run round the lower sections of the temple. The extraordinary beauty of the wood-carving as the prevailing decoration, in which all the deep, rich-hued pictures are set, is repeated on the arch of the transept, framing a canvas representing the Assumption of the Virgin, by André Gonçalves, a noted painter of the new school which began to flourish at the end of the fifteenth century and with its work adorned so many of the royal coaches in the old riding school. In the choir there is a reputed Albrech Dürer, depicting the investiture of S. Clara by St Francis. A picture of Queen Leonor is seen in the corner to the right, kneeling in her nun's costume after she had taken the veil. The sacristy has some splendid old coffers decorated in rich metal relief, and four good paintings by Christof van Utrecht, also the jaspar vessel from which Queen Leonor was accustomed to take holy water. There is a drawing of a fishing net to be seen on it, figuring as an emblem of regret for the death of her son, the Infante D. Affonso. The young Prince had barely been married a month, his bride being D. Isabel, the daughter of the King of Castile, when he fell from his horse in a tilting joust on the banks of the Tagus at Santarem, and from thence his body was carried in a net of some local fishermen.

The memorial tablets of the tombs of D. Leonor and D. Isabel, Duchess of Bragança, are shown in the pretty

cloisters of the old convent. There too is the Fountain of S. Ana, patron saint of sick children, for whose cure the waters are reputed to possess power of healing. There may be a golden base for the superstition, if one calls to mind the thermal springs which once fed the ancient Roman baths of the city.

CHAPTER VII

IN the Rua dos Bacalhœiros, a busy street given up to warehouses and commercial interests, leading from the Rua Magdalena to the Ribeira Velha are the exterior walls of a curious old house called the Casa dos Bicos. Its name is derived (House of the beaks or points) from the surface being covered with salient, conical, ornamentations, which give it a strange honeycomb appearance. The shops beneath have six doors of equal height but of different design, and spaced unequally one from the other. The windows above number five, two of them having almost the dimensions of gates, and none of them corresponding in position with the door. There are various traditions about this curious old edifice which was evidently built long before the earthquake, and one of them relates that it was dwelt in by a natural son of the great Affonso d'Albuquerque, whose palace was in the near vicinity.

The largest church in Lisbon is that called S. Domingos, near the upper end of the Rocio. Dedicated as early as 1241, it has undergone many changes and passed through much history. The interior is vast with a high, vaulted roof, supported by columns of pink marble; many paintings, chiefly by Pedro Alexandrino, fill the arched recesses on both sides of the church. The marriages of D. Luiz and D. Carlos, the past and present Kings, were celebrated in this great parish church, gala scenes of the nation's brighter moods that tend to obliterate the black memory of the days when victims of the Inquisition listened within the same walls to the reading of their sentence, and at times to a fiery discourse of condemnation before their martyrdom by fire outside the church on the Rocio, or *Rosyo* as it was then called.

At the head of the square where now stand the Ionic columns and statues of the handsome peristyle of the theatre of D. Maria II, once rose the sinister building of the Paço dos Estãos, or the palace and tribunal of the Holy Office. It was an ugly building of two stories with a gable at each end with nine plain windows above and five half-windows below between the two narrow doorways. The edifice ran back on its east side to a great depth. The first victim by burning in 1540 of the terrible new Tribunal inaugurated by D. João III was one Montenegro, accused of having attached to the cathedral door a placard of heretical satires. One of the last of renown was the noted Father Malagrida, an Italian Jesuit who had attained great celebrity in the reign of D. João V, and the reputation of a saint, while D. Maria I often consulted him as an oracle. Accused of complicity in the great plot discovered by the Marquis de Pombal against the life of D. José I, and as a powerful figure of the Company of Jesus then in open opposition to the government, he was imprisoned in the Fort of Junqueira at Belem. During his three years' confinement his mind gave way, and he vented his hallucinations in an extraordinary book on the life of St Anne, the mother of the Virgin, and in threatening prophecies concerning the King, delivered to him in his cell—so he wrote—by a loud voice from heaven. He was removed to the prison of the Inquisition, and condemned by its tribunal and the parliament of Lisbon to be burned alive.

This auto-da-fé of February 21, 1761, was one of the most ceremonial that had been witnessed. Malagrida stood for the symbol of Jesuit power recently dashed from its lofty pinnacle, and nothing was spared to make the *fête* as imposing for the curiosity of spectators as it was humiliating for the great Company. Tiers of seats were erected round the Rocio, the scaffold on which the sentences were

PRAÇA DE DOM PEDRO. (ROLLING-MOTION SQUARE.)

to be read to the criminals was placed in the amphitheatre and richly decorated. Troops of cavalry and infantry were stationed round the square, their line stretching to the Dominican monastery. Ambassadors, the nobility, members of the various tribunals and the ministers were all invited to the strange spectacle and came there in crowds. Malagrida, supported by two Benedictine monks, appeared at the head of no less than fifty-two unfortunate victims. Contrary to the rule which deprived criminals of the dress of their Order, Malagrida wore the robe of the Order of the Jesuits, which, although it had disappeared from Portugal since his first imprisonment, was to be publicly humiliated on the scaffold as the robe of a criminal. At the final reading of his sentence he was condemned to be strangled before the burning, the sole member of that crowd of victims privileged with that coup de grâce.

During the two-and-a-half centuries in which the Inquisition was a power in the land, it was under the Spanish kings that the greatest barbarity was exercised. Men of learning, such as the famous chroniclist of D. Manuel, Damião de Goes, Fernão d'Oliveira, the great grammarian, were imprisoned indefinitely and tortured. Science, literature, the arts, all were eclipsed by the lurid shadow of the auto-da-fé and the nameless horrors enacted behind the walls of the Paço dos Estãos on the old Rocio. Lisbon society became so fanatic in the sixteenth century that sons denounced their fathers, women their husbands, friends who were also neighbours would make holes in the wall that they might spy out what passed in the next house and accuse one another. In 1745 Antonio José da Silva, one of the best dramatic writers and restorer of the Portuguese theatre, was denounced for Judaism, and burned in the increased fanatic fervour of D. João V's reign. With the era of Queen Mary I, to whom all persecution was re-

pellent, the dread Tribunal became only a name. When the French war opened, the only persons subject to it were those under ecclesiastical authority, the sinister figures of the familiars in their great black hats, black mantles and white skirts, and carrying iron swords, no longer accompanied the grim friars of S. Domingo in their visitations to Lisbon houses on behalf of the *Santa Inquisição*. The Paço was completely destroyed by the earthquake, and its place then filled up with an edifice called the Palace of the Regency, used later as the House of Lords. In 1842 the present theatre was built, and later, by order of the Queen, the rolling-motion pavement of the Rocio was laid down by bands of prisoners, manacled to one another as they worked.

Travellers of a century or even sixty and fifty years ago make statements about Lisbon it is difficult to realize to-day, and nothing is more interesting than to listen to the early experiences of people long resident in the country. Ladies in the street were a rara avis. Etiquette did not allow them to appear unattended. In rainy weather the streets were deserted. The difficulty of passing from one locality to the other owing to the hills was enormous. The city was badly lighted and considered unsafe at night. The roadway was an ordinary receptacle for the emptying of buckets from windows. " Agua vae " was a very ordinary cry in passing through a street at any time, and rueful disaster often happened to the pedestrian lacking in agility. The man of the lower class carried a knife or poignard under his mantle, and was always ready to fence with it under small provocation. Disputes *à la guerre* were not uncommon.

But "Nous avons changé tout cela!" The law wisely forbids the carrying of any knife on the person with a blade exceeding three inches. Even in the last ten years Lisbon has

made an extraordinary development. A person who went away in the early 'nineties and returned to-day would be struck with amazement. Then all the commercial interest was concentrated in the *Cidade Baixa*, the extremities of the city were isolated from business; it was difficult to find a single shop in them; all the residents had to come into the city to buy the smallest article. Beyond the limit of the old cidade it was the country. No one employed in the city was able to live outside the gates for the time in going to and fro could not be spared. To-day, owing to the advantages of easy locomotion, the population has spread out in all directions: Bellas, Bemfica, Porcalhota, Dafundo, Cascaes, Cintra, all are easy of access to-day. Movement has magnified tenfold; the affluence as well as the number of the population increased to an astonishing degree. Strangers who in former days landed and hurried away hearing that Lisbon was a stagnant, uncomfortable, inconvenient city only tolerated for its climate and beauties of its position, now come to stay, enjoy and admire.

At night the whole city is well patrolled by soldiers on foot and on horseback. About nine o'clock the watch begins, and lonely roads of the suburbs are specially looked after. In every public place, whether museum, institution or any street or special point of the city where disorder might occur there is a guard stationed by day as well as at night. The Lisbon police has improved and enlarged with the expansion of the city, for in proportion with the increase of its populace and state of civilization the number of criminals and thieves swells as in all great cities, whether Paris or London be taken in comparison. Vigilance watches on all sides. The Commandant of the Police is most scrupulous in making his selection for the guardians of public safety; all must be of irreproachable character, robust and courageous. The headquarters of the police is in one of the

buildings attached to the old Franciscan convent, but twenty-four armed squadrons are scattered through the city. Their pay is never less than a milreis a day; good service cannot be expected for less, they say. Then there is the Municipal Guard, a very fine and useful institution to guarantee public order. Of this there are four mounted squadrons, lodged in the Carmo, in the old convent of the Paulists, in the Estrella, Alcantara and S. Barbara. In fact with the combination of police and municipal guard Lisbon appears to be one of the best policed and most orderly cities in the world.

One survival of olden days when security was less assured is found in the night watchman (guarda-noite) hired by individual house-owners or residents to parade the street and keep guard on their property. This watchman wears a lantern attached to his belt, and carries a big bunch of skeleton keys to the number sometimes of fifty. A startled resident has been known to hear movement in the lower part of the house, and then make discovery that his *guarda noite* is below, having entered to assure himself that all is safe. When people return home late at night from theatre or other place of entertainment, there is the useful watchman close at hand waiting with his bunch of keys to open the door.The streets are splendidly lighted, especially on the electric car routes; and though very quiet in the suburbs late at night, in the city there is movement and life until the small hours of the morning; in fact strangers smile and say the Portuguese never go to bed. One reason for this is the late hour to which places of amusement are open. There is a law compelling them to close at midnight, and this fixed time is always pushed to its limit. The electric cars supposed to run up to midnight can often be heard passing through the streets up to 2 and even 2.30 early morning. It all depends upon the hour at

which the last run begins and upon the delay on the route.

Lisbon is well endowed with theatres, though lacking the numerous Café-Dansant or Chantant so prevalent in Spain. The Dona Amelia theatre has the highest reputation, and is the stage occupied by foreign companies when they visit the capital; Sarah Bernhardt, Eleonore Duse, Rejane, Judic, Novelli, Colonne, and Nickisch have all made an appearance there at different times. The Royal Opera House, Dom Carlos is situated in the centre of the city, near the Chiado; it was erected at the end of the eighteenth century through the influence of the first Baron de Quintella. The alterations that must have been made according to the plans of the Portuguese architect, José da Costa é Silva, upon the model of the Scala at Milan, make it one of the finest of its kind in Europe. The season generally runs from December to Easter.

The impression made upon me of the amiability and general courtesy of the Portuguese upon first coming to the country has not wavered after many months' experience of their ways and manners. They have not only the suave address and some of the gestures reminiscent of the sojourn of the Moors at a high-water mark of culture in the land, but also possess an inborn urbanity and kindliness of disposition that seems to be definitely Portuguese. Benevolence to their poor is one of their strong points; an appeal for a charitable object is met half-way, and ordinarily with enthusiasm. Wilful cruelty to animals, such as witnessed in the streets of an Italian town, for instance, is a rare sight in Lisbon. Hard is certainly the lot of beasts of burden, from the patient ass laden with market produce to the strong mules, owing to the hilly streets, but an extra beast is generally attached at the worst stages of the incline, and men will put all their strength to the pushing

of a wheel that has got hopelessly stuck at a corner or in a rut. Be it confessed when a mule displays an obstinate fit, refusing to stir when the load is not in excess, I have witnessed many a sound thrashing.

On the road to the Campo Grande is the fine building of the Matadouro, or Slaughter House, where all the beasts brought into the city to provide meat for public consumption are subjected to strict inspection by government officials. They are then killed in the same mode that Southey, even more than a century ago, commends for its minimum of barbarity in comparison with English methods of the period. A small knife pierces the spinal marrow between two of the vertebræ of the neck, and the beast falls dead on the spot.

The dairies, too, are under close supervision, and connected with these it is interesting to note the local method of procuring pure milk. You pass an ordinary shop door—which is often a wide entrance disclosing the whole of the interior—and, attracted by a something peculiarly redolent of the dairy-farm in the atmosphere, glance inside and see the broad backs of two or three cows stalled on clean straw behind railings and chewing the cud contentedly. The same beasts are not allowed to remain more than two or three days at a time in this confinement; others come to take their place, so that a continual change from town stall to the open field and vice versa is constantly taking place.

One trait of the Lisbon poor is visible in the lavish display of clothes hanging out to dry from long poles extended horizontally from their windows, a custom that lends a gay, decorative aspect to many a dull, contracted street of houses five and six stories high. Cleanliness, or a desire for it, certainly seems to be one of their virtues. It is an exception not a rule to see unkempt, dirty children,

and even the beggar at the church door will stretch out a clean hand to receive alms, while the hair of the women and young girls is always well, and at times elaborately, coiffed. The kerchief for the head shows a similar particularity. There are public laundry houses—*lavadouros*—in Lisbon and all through the country; enclosed spaces with roofs overhead, the spacious, shallow, stone fountains with channels for the water to pass freely, surrounded by active, busy women, who make light of their family washing and suggest by the ceaseless clatter of their tongues a raison d'être for the national proverb that the Portuguese talk so much that they speak with their elbows. Though these women lose the appearance of youth earlier than women of the north, they preserve the vivacity of their eyes and an agility of movement which is remarkable.

In no country have I heard cries of vendors in the streets more musical than in Lisbon. There seems to be a separate little phrase of notes for each commodity—water, oil, fish, vegetables—that reminds one now of the high-pitched, long-drawn-out note of the muezzin, and now of a phrase of one of their church chants. There are, however, some ear-breaking exceptions that make sound anything but musical in Lisbon streets. Several curious local customs are noted by a foreigner in passing here and there in the city, and especially in the suburbs. The baker calls at the door, carrying his bread in immense deep, broad baskets hanging from the shoulders to below the knee. Here comes a man staggering under the weight of two big, shallow baskets, suspended like scales at either end of a long pole which rests upon a yoke on his shoulders. The baskets are piled with vegetables fresh from the Ribeira Nova, where he has bought them for retail sale. Women selling fowls go about like fishwomen, their baskets on their heads, the live birds huddled beneath a net or wicker cage all of them

dumb as though conscious of the futility of protest against an inevitable fate. Now two cows—generally black and white in colour—and a muzzled calf trotting dismally behind are passing by. It is the milkman's hour, and instead of a cart and cans he brings the cow to your door, and the milk is supplied warm, beaded, and pure. The custom, though picturesque, is one that can scarcely be recommended, and it is stated that it will shortly cease. Here comes a man round the corner with a long staff over his shoulders, and from it are dangling several small, black-fleeced skins. Following him closely is a herd of tiny, black kids, too thirsty and tired to gambol as they did when starting from their country home. Their number diminishes as the man stops first at one door then the other, but the number of black fleeces on the long staff increases.

A funeral has come into sight, and heads are bared until the black, towering hearse, like a catafalque, drawn by six black horses with muffled heads and trappings of woe hanging to the ground have passed. A black-clad postilion with black jockey cap on his head is astride on one of the first pair of horses. A child's funeral is quite different, the coffin being conveyed in a small covered carriage wheeled by hand and covered with scarlet or pink hangings. All the mourners carry flowers and wreaths in their hands, walking in groups around the little bier.

THE PORTUGUESE RIVIERA. MONT ESTORIL.

CHAPTER VIII

DURING the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries, when no one thought of migrating annually to the French Riviera and Egypt in search of warmth and the sun, the winter climate of Lisbon and its vicinity was in excellent repute. The British merchants constantly travelling in Portugal and those permanently settled in the country must have circulated the favourable opinion from practical experience of its amenities, and travellers such as Lord Carnarvon, Beckford, Murphy, Hoffmansegg and others excited curiosity with their enthusiastic descriptions of picturesque scenery, local colour and luxuriant vegetation. Fielding, we know, was sent here in preference to Aix, on account of the transit by sea even in those days being considered easier for an invalid, and because Lisbon was situated in a warmer latitude. The campaigners of the Peninsular War tested the merits of the climate, and doctors continued to send patients here until some mistaken idea arose about the violent winds. The prevailing wind, dry and bracing, is certainly from the north but it is scarcely to be observed in the winter and early spring, high winds being prevalent in the summer, when their refreshing vigour makes endurable the ardour of the southern sun. East winds are rare, almost non-existent some years. Snow is as phenomenal, as during the winter in which Southey visited Lisbon. He writes:

"We had a little snow on February 29. A Portuguese clerk, who was going out on business when it began, refused to leave the house, because he did not understand that kind of weather. Dr H was in his carriage when it began: the driver leapt off: 'You may get home how you can,' said he, 'as for my part I must make the best use I

can of the little time this world will last,' and away he ran into the nearest church."

The reputation once possessed by Lisbon for its mild winter climate is fast returning, and since the railway as far as Cascaes opened out the sheltered littoral to the west, the Riviera of Portugal has become a formidable rival of noted winter resorts. Mont' Estoril, the gem of the Riviera and its most protected spot, has a wonderful climate and a delightful situation, both second to none. A Frenchman who had experienced five winters in his native Riviera and then tested that of the Portuguese Riviera, declared that he was in honour bound to give the preference to Mont' Estoril as being more equable and without the sunset chill of Mediterranean resorts.

The story of Mont' Estoril's creation reads like a romance. Cascaes further west had always flourished as the favourite watering-place of the Lisbonense from ages as remote as the Roman. Into its large, blue bay, stretching from the Citadel-Castle right round to the Fort of St Julião de Barro, jut out the rocky arms of a smaller bay on whose shores the Franciscan monks chose a site in 1527 for their monastery and church of St Anthony. The coast was deserted but for the hamlet of Estoril which sprang up round the conventual buildings, and several small forts, square and turreted at the angles, erected after the Restoration in 1640 to help protect the mouth of the Tagus from Spanish inroads. The mineral waters of Estoril became famous in the eighteenth century, and were taken diligently by D. José I. With the opening of the railway in 1889 the village began to grow, and the advantage of utilizing so beautiful a shore, exquisite an air and healthful a climate impressed itself on the powers which create new spas and fashionable resorts. It was discovered that the most sheltered site was to be found on the undulating slopes of

several low hills to the west of old Estoril, protected east by the high knoll of Picôto, and west by the ridge which is now included in the Park of Palmella. It was a bare, sandy spot with pine woods, aromatic and salubrious, for verdure, and the white broom, and pink and yellow stars of the succulent balsam for floral garb. The company formed to start the new resort began wisely by making good roads, excellent drainage, bringing water to the spot by conduits, then building several villas and the Grand Hotel, still one of the best in the country. The enterprise was regarded by outsiders as a preconceived failure, but within a week of its opening the hotel was full, Mont' Estoril's career had started, and its reputation ever since has steadily accumulated.

The sandy slopes with their substratum of rich, red soil have become one vast garden, showing everywhere the luxuriant vegetation of Egypt, Algiers, Sicily. From the great stone terrace of the Grand Hotel, raised high above the dust of the road the prospect is enchanting. Tall eucalyptus trees and pines waving pliant foliage near the parapet mingle their aromatic scent with the ozone of the glorious blue ocean which extends to an illimitable horizon. All round are pretty châlets, every one enframed in a garden where palms, aloes and infinite variety of flowering plants rival one another in exotic exuberance. To the right the ridge of the Monte rises inland, its pine trees silhouetted against a sky of exquisite clarity. Nearer the water is the châlet of the Queen Dowager, D. Maria Pia, whose partiality for the spot has helped to bring it into the notoriety it deserves. Beyond the triangular garden in front glitter the white walls of the Casino, situated in a garden on high ground overlooking the picturesque rocks which run out into a promontory hiding out Cascaes. The dainty decorations of the interior add an æsthetic flavour

to the luxury of dining within view of the bluest of blue seas and skies, and a light so pure and dazzling that it casts a special glamour over the continuous stream of villas and verdure, bordering the splendid sands of the three Estorils. A walk through the colony provides a feast of colour and sweet scents. The roads are all bordered with flowering trees and palms. The acacias are in bloom, and the mimosa, as prolific as on the Mediterranean littoral, gilds its foliage with clustering blossom right through the winter. Here is a deep-set garden with winding paths between pines and eucalypti, bordered by palms and carpeted like a wood in early summer with flowers. The banks sloping down from a summer châlet are strewn with sweeping masses of pink, white and cerise geranium. Great, dense hedges of the same multi-hued blossoms and heliotrope and roses, form battlements to the walls, dip in cascades to the pathway, or leap over to the trees of the road, mingling their flowers with the foliage to form gigantic nosegays of supreme grace. Of villas *à l'Anglais* there are many in these sweet gardens, and Portuguese houses, white, blue or rose-coloured, with stone stairways climbing the exterior and a variety of balconies lending the local charm so attractive to foreign eyes. Here comes a strictly Oriental touch in a fascinating little dwelling of Mauresque architecture, its deeply recessed porch embowered in creepers. The irridescent sheen of vivid blue and green shimmers through foliage over a wall; a peacock is spreading his magnificent feathers proudly conscious of a spectator's gaze. Still winding between gardens where sheets of colour roll over the terraces, we approach a pine wood whose cool and odorous depths do not tempt us this time to turn into the paths, because roses beckon ahead where the road passes through a gateway into a perfect plantation of rose trees intersected by paths in all directions. Dark copper beeches

strike a new note in the gamut of colour, and palm trees are conspicuous against the wooded slopes around. The gardener allows us to wander at will through his rosetum. Dragon-flies flash through the air, hiding their transparent wings beneath long leaves after coquetting with the roses of every hue and variety. A road past an old quinta brings us out by the old monastery, and we rest on the flagged terrace of the Church of St Anthony, where an ancient pedestal upholds the symbol of faith, while across the road is another ancient landmark of a column topped by a cube, with the arms of Portugal. The crests of palm trees break the line of the railway and beyond is the glorious Atlantic, while the promontory of Cascaes with its fort peers into view beyond the inner point of Mont' Estoril.

The sands are firm and pleasant for walking. There are terraces, walks, shady nooks with seats overlooking the panorama of the whole lovely bay.

Cascaes, three minutes away by train, or within a short walk, is the Trouville of Portugal. A gayer spot in the autumn, when the Queen descends from her fairy-like Palace of Pena in Cintra to take up her residence in the royal apartments of the Citadel, it would be hard to find anywhere. It is full of colour at all times, and its history, which can be traced back to the Romans who named the site Cascalle, is important owing to the position at the mouth of the Tagus. There are quaint bits in the old town, and in the avenue leading up to the Citadel are imposing residences with deep, shady verandahs overlooking the sweep of the Blue Bay as far as Carcavellos, the station of the Submarine Telegraph Company. Under the worn battlements of the Fort is the noted Avenue of Palms of D. Maria Pia, and palm trees also dot the greensward fronting the entrance to this historic spot. A walk round the ramparts reveals the old plan of the fortifications which

are more extensive than is apparent from without; the oldest in evidence date from the reign of D. João II, 1481 to 1495. When the Duke of Alva about eighty years later was enforcing the claim of Philippe II of Spain to the crown of Portugal at the death of the Cardinal King, D. Henriques, he advanced after his conquest of Setubal to the south bank of the Tagus. Here he succeeded in crossing opposite Cascaes though in presence of the Portuguese troops. Cascaes made no effort to defend itself, but the Castle-fort where Menesez, one of D. Antonio's firm supporters, had retired with his soldiers made an obstinate resistance. When Menesez was finally made prisoner, he was executed by the Duke's orders as a rebel.

Drake and Norris appeared eight years later at the Tagus mouth when D. Antonio had again persuaded England to take up arms on his behalf. Spanish rule was firm in the land, but they succeeded in landing troops a few miles up the river and even came into the vicinity of Cascaes, then strongly fortified by Philippe II. The Portuguese of the neighbourhood showed no inclination to second the efforts of England for the defeated D. Antonio, and our British sailors went back to their ships, taking with them a fair amount of booty, it must be confessed, the fruit of pillage along the shore. At the Restoration in 1640 the small forts were built and Cascaes Citadel strengthened. When Junot was in Lisbon, French troops occupied the Fort, and during the Miguelite War political prisoners were confined in what was called the Revalim, and given the nickname of Little Hell. Under its walls in 1597 the Carmelite monks erected a monastery, and close to it stands the ancient Church of the Assumption. The coast scenery is very fine, as we follow the road out of the town bordering the cliffs and look down from a great height upon the Bocca do Inferno where through a large perforation in the outer

jagged rocks the water of the ocean penetrates a vast crater-like hollow between high cliffs, where the infuriated seething inrush affords a marvellous though fearful spectacle during a storm from the south-west. The pharos of the Guia is conspicuous on a more distant point, and within a beautiful drive lies a fine, enclosed property called Marinha, facing the ocean in a protected position. It belongs to the Conde de Mozer who was one of the makers of Estoril, and judging from the fine avenues, well laid down, the gardens, fountains and other evidences of the land's redemption from its original pine-treed stretches, Marinha appears to be undergoing the same evolution into a resort of the future.

" The climate of Portugal is the best of all the world," says one of its older writers, Macedo, " and the fertility of its soil so excellent that it produces a variety of flowers all the year round." After testing the vaunted climate of the Riviera of Portugal, one is inclined to take a similar optimistic view of its *Côte d'Azur*. It was good to be there, surrounded in the winter months by all the flowers of an English summer added to the alluring charm of exotic vegetation, and of southern seas and skies. And all so near to the gay and friendly capital that one of the many fast trains brought us back to the city front in thirty-five minutes. Across the barrier of sparkling, sunlit waters, a mile and a half away lie the white houses of Cacilhas, and Almada fort and village on the cliffs above. The ferry-boat takes us across in time all too short for observing the fair prospect of Lisbon from the river, and the multitudinous interests of that busy haven, and the vast bay, stretching out to the left twelve miles from shore to shore, known so often by the name of *Mar de Palha*, or Sea of Straw. The quay at Cacilhas is animated, fishermen are busy with their boats, a variety of cargoes are being unloaded, carriages

await the arrival of the ferry-boat, also a mule-drawn vehicle, answering the purpose of an omnibus which conveys us through the narrow streets of Cacilhas and up a winding road to the top of the hill.

Almada is a pleasing little town with one or two leafy praças, the Church of S. Paulo on an elevation to the west, the houses between, and the historic fort on the eastern eminence, showing simple fortifications, with the open space around now laid out as a recreation ground with trees, shrubs and a band kiosk. A small church is close by, and in this is a tablet which speaks of El-Rei D. Philippe III (the second Philip of Portugal, though the third of Spain). In 1619 a notable event stirred up the population of Lisbon and other cities of the land. Though the Castilian yoke galled the imagination of many loyal Portuguese, when D. Philippe, the son of the first usurper, declared his wish to examine the petitions of his subjects close at hand, he was received with singular demonstrations of honour and rejoicing as soon as he set foot on Lusitanian soil. At Almada he made a stay of several days before passing over the river to make a triumphal entry. We leave the church and returning to the ramparts look across to the beautiful city where from this distance the haze of smoke resting in the hollows mark out the numerous elevations overspread by the massed buildings. The Tagus is a perfect blue, its colour enhanced by contrast with the orange, old gold, or dove-coloured sails of the numerous sailing boats. An animated, lovely prospect; but in spectacular effect the pageant of D. Philippe's transit must have been unique.

He set out for Lisbon in one of thirty splendid galleys which had been sent to convey him across the Tagus. Sixty gilded figure-heads—the number of the oars—ornamented the royal galley, while delicate wood-carvings in ebony and silver decorated the interior. The river was covered with

THE FORT, CASCAES.

sailing craft of all descriptions transformed into the shapes of tritons, sirens, whales, sea-horses, dolphins, in which individual taste and caprice let loose the reins of an exuberant fancy. Flags, flowers, trumpets, musicians, dancers, all aided in the curious, imposing and grotesquely picturesque embarkation of the King. He landed with his brilliant suite on a quay made expressly for him at the end of the Terreiro do Paça, adorned with twenty pedestals, on six of which were statues made of white wax in imitation of marble. One of these represented Lisbon, and the others zeal, truth, fidelity, love and obedience. All the Lisbon nobility received the King, dressed in gala suits embroidered in gold and jewels. Immense crowds hailed him in every street with shouts of rejoicing. So charmed was Spanish Philip with his reception that he exclaimed involuntarily: " I have never felt myself so much a king as since I came to Lisbon."

Adeus, Terreiro do Paço!
Adeus, memoria real!

How often we hear this sung in town and country even to-day, says Almada d'Eça. The reception of D. Philippe II must have been one of the scenes which contributed to the deep impression still retained on the people's minds of the royal memories connected with the historical square.

Another road from Cacilhas skirting the bay at some distance passes through the bright little town of Piedade where we alight and make our way towards the shore. A narrow road emerges on a common where numbers of countrywomen are washing near cauldrons of steaming water over smoky fires. The brook skirts this lively scene, and beyond is an avenue of poplars and maples leading up to the gateway of the royal quinta and palace of Alfeite. The park is filled with pines and eucalyptus trees and all kinds of shrubs growing luxuriantly in the rich sandy soil.

The property once belonging to Leonor Telles, the wife of D. Fernando I, passed into the hands of the great Constable of D. João I, and through him to his fraternity of the Carmelite monks. There is scarcely a vestige of the original buildings, and the present palace facing the Tagus was built by D. Pedro V, and is used chiefly as a shooting box by members of the present royal family. Simplicity is the keynote of the interior. The situation is superb, right at the water's edge, similar to the shore of the Bosphorus. The old garden behind is charming with its conventional parterres of box bordering and stone-rimmed fountains, and for background a cool, tunnelled walk formed of the interlacing foliage of yew, box and laurel trees. A fine orangery spreads out above an ancient terrace walk. Palm trees of larger growth I had seen nowhere, and a magnolia tree of great antiquity always attracts notice through its enormous size and curious growth.

The Côte d'Azur of the Estremadura south of the Tagus borders the beautiful estuary of the river Sado, which opens into the sea near Cape Espichel. On the shore in the curve of its superb bay reposes "the Princess of the Sado,"* the town of Setubal. To reach the railway terminus to which converge the lines of the south, we had to cross the Tagus at its broadest expanse, but instead of a blue, smooth face, the *Mar de Palha* was pleased to show itself boisterous and turbid, recalling to our mind the angry passage made by George Borrow when he crossed to the Outra Banda in a small fishing boat one stormy December evening of the year 1835. We turned into the same bight of the great bay, watching one point after another stand out clearly in the lowering sunset glow: windmills and villages to the left and wooded hills to the right. At Barreiro, after leaving the town, the train penetrated the sandy, pine-scattered track

* Paulino de Oliveira. A Cidade de Setubal.

described by Borrow, though now extensively reclaimed and irrigated for vine and grain growing. The Serra da Arrabida soon showed its high broad ridge to the west and then beyond showed up the strange, bold profile of the hill of Palmella which bears on its crest the famous mediæval castle of the Knights of S. Thiago, situated some six miles from the town of Setubal. The expression of "Palmellão" applied to a south-east storm, considered worse in Lisbon than any other, derives its name from this hill, which is seen from the capital in conspicuous relief against the south-east horizon.

After a long run between battalions of enormous eucalyptus trees, from which the rich bark was hanging in strips, the line bifurcated at Pintral Novo and skirting the low slopes of Palmella entered a lovely valley full of rich quintas, where the air seems ever redolent of orange blossom; and orchards, vines, and a wealthy vegetation stretch all the way to Setubal. Wild and romantic hill scenery was the background of this rare fertility, the high Arrabida with its offshoots and fruitful foothills, all diversified with variety of tree growths, while here and there in the folds of the mountain slopes nested solitary cottages, farms and isolated convents now extinct: S. Paulo, Alferrarã, and the Capuchins on the Serra of S. Luiz.

Branc'Annes on another slope was once visited by Southey for the purpose of seeing a famed Madonna. The painting was attributed, as so often in Portugal, to one of several great masters: in this case, Raphael, Guido or Titian; it was in high preservation and worthy of either, he said. Its present destiny is unfortunately obscured. The convent is very finely situated. "It is a paradise," wrote a distinguished author, one of a literary coterie holding the same position in Lisbon twenty years ago as the "Souls" in London. Branc'Annes was the retreat on the Arrabida

to which certain of its members withdrew to live the contemplative life of the ancient monks when the realism of social and worldly life seemed likely to crush out the ideal. "It has a terrace above a vale of orange trees with an amphitheatre of hills around: S. Luiz, Palmella and others. It surpasses all, my friend. There is a terrace above the church which dominates Setubal and all the Sado: it is dazzlingly beautiful."

The gardens of the quintas stretch up to the town itself, and there the fine trees of the public garden of the Campo do Bomfin to the north, of the praças and private gardens, of the beautiful Avenida Todi running parallel with the river margin, throw their cool shadow athwart the blinding white of the houses. Earthquake and fire in 1755 and 1858 have destroyed so many buildings that Setubal has few architectural relics. The site of the ancient royal palace is known only by a few arcades in a block of nondescript tenements, conveying no idea of the scenes once enacted there by royal personages who had a decided predilection for the spot. D. João II—the Perfect—was particularly attached to Setubal which was the setting for one of the tragedies of his reign. His sympathies were all with the populace and citizens, and while ingratiating himself in their favour he took every opportunity of repressing and even abolishing privileges of the nobility. The fidalgos in self-defence leagued together and induced their most powerful representative, the Duke of Braganza to expostulate with the King. This audacity reaped the penalty of death. Nothing daunted, the conspirators elected the Duke of Vizeu to be their head, and invited the Spanish King to help them to get rid of D. João. The Duke of Vizeu, staying with his mother at Palmella received a summons to Setubal from his own King. Fearful of rousing suspicion he appeared at the palace.

"What would you do, cousin, to a man meditating to assassinate you?" asked D. João II.

"I should kill him first," was the reply.

"Die then! You have pronounced your own sentence," and the King drew his sword.

The Church of S. Julião which was attached to the royal Paços do Duque—as they were called—is all rebuilt except the beautiful Manueline portal situated in the Praça do Bocage. No visitor to Setubal must omit seeing the convents and church of Jesus built anterior to Belem Cathedral by the same architect, Botica. The portico in spite of devastated niches and mutilated pillars is still handsome, and the windows, especially the larger, noble one, deserve notice from their bevelled ornamentations and the elaborate stone setting of the glass. The curious shaped tower rising above the lower end of the church has a window through which the Capuchin nuns of the convent are said to have caught glimpses of worldly activity on the square of S. João during days of festival or fairs. It would hardly be fair to suggest that any of them were penitents like the founder of the convent, a lady named D. Justa Rodriguez, who by this pious endowment expiated the frivolities of earlier life which were made the frequent subject of poetry and romance. She had two children whose father was the Bishop of the Carmelite Order in Lisbon, and it was while rearing her second son that she was chosen as foster mother for a royal baby of no less importance than D. Manuel, afterwards the *Venturoso*. Instead of nuns there are now Sisters of Mercy in active exercise of charitable deeds, for the convent has been converted into the hospital of the Misericordia. From the enclosed courtyard I mounted the stone steps to a large vestibule, where mothers with half-dressed babies galore were sitting around, surrounded apparently by all their

sisters, aunts and grandmothers, taking intense interest in the babies' toilettes. For vaccination had just been taking place, evidently a dire and dreaded ordeal. Spotlessly clean garments were being put on those small-limbed, bright-eyed, dark-haired little mites, and the gay kerchiefs, blouses and shawls of the women made a brightly-coloured picture of the whole scene. I was on my way to the upper chapel, to see the secluded seats of the nuns behind a grille overlooking the beautiful church below. Through a tiny lattice, opening on a gallery beyond, their relatives were allowed to speak to them.

The whole effect upon entering the church was very striking. The huge columns of Arrabida marble—a beautiful conglomerate of various hues—were twisted in duplicate, and azulejos lined the walls in pictures illustrating stories of the saints. The mystic rose figured as the subject of one; the saint was lying in trance or sleep and from his mouth issued the branch of the rose-tree; between the unfolding leaves of the flower hovered in miniature the figures of the Madonna and Child. A number of pictures were empanelled on the walls above, which, according to some authorities, were gifts made by the Emperor Maximilian to D. Manuel and his Queen D. Leonor. Two that were attributed to Grão Vasco were sent with four others to an Art Exhibition in Lisbon and never came back again.

Three miles across the estuary the west bank of the river terminates in a long, sandy peninsula, to which is given the name of Troia, and here was once the ancient city of Cetobriga. It is probable that this name changed under the Moors to Setubal, when the new city was born on the right side of the river. The continual drifting of the sand dunes added to the corrosive action of the waves threatens to silt up the exit of the river between Troia and the bold, rocky spur of the Arrabida which forms the right arm of

the estuary. It has been suggested that the arborization of the peninsula would not only prove a remedy but add great charm to the silent cemetery of an ancient city, but this would effectually bar the enterprise of excavation which has only been entered upon in a very half-hearted way at any time. There is a curious tradition among the people of the district that when Cetobrix—as it is often called—was destroyed, it rained nothing but sand for three days. Following the river beyond Setubal, immense plains can be seen inhabited by myriads of aquatic birds, but near the site of ancient Alcacer-do-Sol, that important stronghold of both Romans and Moors, are the salt pans which supplied the famous salt of Setubal. Hard by are the ridges and conical hillocks of salt, some quite snow-like, others merely sparkling like crystal, reminding one of the curious formation of the Jordan Valley not far from the Dead Sea. At one time the salt industry brought hundreds of foreign ships to the harbour, but lack of enterprise or initiative in emerging from primitive methods of carrying it on has sadly deteriorated the trade. The chief industry to-day is in fish preserving, chiefly sardines which are more or less prolific all the year round. The packing factories line the left ascending bank of the river, but it is an industry subject to acute crises of strike and penury owing to the same lack of local initiative in the whole reconstruction of its working and governing methods. When the sardine dwindled on the Brittany coast, instead of profiting by the circumstances to push forward the Portuguese sardine with national labels, French capital invested in Setubal works was allowed to put its familiar mark on the tins and still monopolize the old markets by means of Portuguese sardines. The purely national works have suffered accordingly being unable to compete with the companies possessing, as it were, a double market.

Beyond the works a little fishing colony of Ovarines squats on the sandy margin, their boats with the high Levantine prow, and the scattered fishermen in their picturesque garb, forming a bright Oriental note in the landscape. It is worth while driving onward to the extreme horn of the crescent in order to face the picture of the bay when returning. The whole majestic outline of the Arrabida profiled against the far background is strangely like a Sphinx in repose with the head extending over the sea. Below in the side of a bold projecting cliff is the striking fortress of Outão while on the curving ridge of the hill nearer the town, frowns the dark, barrack-castle of D. Philippe III another King who fell in love with Setubal and its vicinity. A whole book could be written on the attractions of the Arrabida alone, its legends, renowned convent and chapels, its exquisite woods, heaths, flowers, its magnificent panoramic views, its traditional *festas* in honour of Nossa Senhora da Arrabida, the famous miraculous image of the Virgin, which, shipwrecked off the cape, transferred itself to a niche in the rock and acted as beacon of salvation to the drowning mariners. These fêtes take place the middle of May and the processions start from Azeitão—easy of access from Setubal or Barreiro—which is often called the Cintra-beyond-Tagus on account of its being an old summer resort for Portuguese fidalgos. It is a lovely spot with its numerous country mansions all set superbly in luxuriant, fertile quintas, the royal residence of Bacalhōa being one of them.

A road to the fortress of Outão, guarding the gateway of river and sea, borders the estuary now close to the water, now climbing, always beneath the shady foliage of poplars, acacias, palms and pepper trees, while white and yellow broom, the cactus with its gaudy flowers and "*fruta d' inferno*," the myrtle, arbutus, cistus and other flowering

shrubs line the banks or clamber between the rocks. Always the point of view commands that vast mirror-like expanse of the blue estuary, the pale sand dunes of Troia, the undulations of rocky points alternating with the golden strand of ravishing little coves. The whole of this idyllic Côte d'Azur, so richly blessed by nature, is in strong contrast as at the Cap d'Antibes in the south of France, with the red of argillaceous cliffs, with the peaks and tumbled masses of blackened rocks, while above are windmills, spreading pine woods, a mediæval castle or two and the Torre do Outão always in view against the dark, rugged mountain background, and on the height overlooking the aged battlements of an old Moorish fort and pharos. The whole estuary—so seldom seen by the ordinary traveller, to his great loss—constitutes one of the most beautiful pieces of coast scenery on the Portuguese littoral. At this cape it was that Hans Andersen, endowed with the exquisite imagination that created his immortal Fairy Tales, declared after traversing all Europe that he had found the Earthly Paradise. No wonder that the present royal sovereigns of Portugal with their artistic proclivities desired to make Outão one of their summer residences, but the concensus of notable opinion in Cintra, Mont' Estoril, and Cascaes, worked against this innovation. Property owners of these favourite resorts were little inclined to build again in a spot which lacked familiar prestige to support its claims to beauty.

The splendid old fortress-castle built by D. Affonso VI in 1657—probably on older foundations—has been turned into a sanatorium for delicate children, a praiseworthy institution and ably conducted, but youthful voices seem strangely out of place on those stone bulwarks, within the massive interiors. For the same sums of money expended on the extensive annex and alterations which spoil the

character of the castle, a separate building answering the same purpose might have been erected on one of the ozone-swept slopes of the vicinity. Half-way to the town the road dips into a sylvan glen wooded with giant eucalyptus and poplars, and threaded by a silvery stream. If you turn aside and mount the glen, it soon widens into a flat, small valley where thousands of baby palms of every variety in rank and file are waiting for transplantation and exportation. It is a palm-tree nursery ensconced in the shelter of the hills.

The station of Palmella is some distance away from the *muito nobre e antiqua cidade* which had seats in the Cortes when Setubal was only a fishing village. It is better to drive there, for it is only six miles away, although looking no more than one through the clear southern atmosphere. The road winds through a series of quintas whose orchards, groves and flowers shed perpetual sweet perfume in our track, and then it snakes lazily up the hill-side, opening out glorious vistas of the whole country around. The long, straggling village stretches up to the gates and powerful ramparts of the great mediæval stronghold. There is a popular saying that not a house stands in Palmella that has not been built with stones from the ruined castle. It was a site that figured largely in history from the times of the Moors (who withdrew there after the capture of Lisbon by D. Affonso Henriques) to the extinction of the monasteries. During another siege of Lisbon in 1384, this time by the Spanish when the Master of Aviz (D. João I) was shut up within the walls, Nunes Alvares Pereira to whom Palmella, belonged, hurried there and ordered great bonfires to be lighted on the hill so prominent from the capital, in order that his friends might know he was near and would do his best to help them.

In the dungeons of the big square Roman tower, to our left as we pass through the grounds, the Bishop of Evora

who conspired against D. João II was starved to death. Fortifications, palace, church and convent, spread over the whole of the hilltop, long ago deserted but for the visits of tourists and picnic parties which make the wonderful enclosure one of their favourite rendezvous. Days were when for the mere asking or a small gratuity the visitor might take away any relic in the shape of old azulejos that he took a fancy to, and the devastated walls in the beautiful Romanesque-Gothic church bear witness to this vandalism; but to-day the " monuments " of Portugal are held in respect, and all is being done to preserve them as relics of historical and artistic value.*

Two gifted characters of the eighteenth century were born in Setubal: Luisa Todi, the wonderful singer of European celebrity, and Barbosa du Bocage the poet. The avenue on the river margin bears the name of Todi in homage to the singer, while the Praça at the end has been given the poet's name since the second centenary of his birth was celebrated by erecting a fine statue in the square on December 21, 1905. " To honour Petrarch call him the Italian Bocage," says one admirer of the poet, " while to honour Bocage give him the name of the Portuguese Petrarch." His lyrics are said to unite the lightness of Anacreon with the melancholy of Ovid. The humble house in which he was born is at the top of the Rua S. Domingo, near the Largo of the same name in which stood the old church of the Dominicans, now the parish church of S. Sebastien. Above the entrance is a commemorative stone, placed there upon his first centenary by some of his

* The influence of the Sociedade Propaganda de Portugal contributes to this result. This is a society whose patriotic aim is to promote, in collaboration with the strongest forces of the nation, the intellectual, moral, and material development of the country in a way that will make Portugal appreciated and visited alike by foreigners and residents. The Crown Prince is the Honorary President of this Society.

remaining contemporaries. Morgado of Setubal, the painter of still life and characteristic portraits of country people, has been alluded to already. The Duchess of Palmella of to-day is known by her clever sculpture in the art world. Anna de Castro Osorio is one of Setubal's literary stars of to-day; a writer of romance, editor of one of the few children's magazines in Portugal, she is as popular for her instructive books, historical and general subjects, for youthful mind, as Mrs Markham and Mrs Ewing were once in England; she has also a clever journalistic pen, writing in this capacity under another name. Her husband Paulino de Oliviera, a writer of pleasing sonnets, collaborates at times with his wife.

Long can one linger in Setubal, for its attractions locally and in the environs are not easily exhausted, but the traveller must ever progress. In passing away from the quintas of that beautiful valley, I must not omit to say that their oranges rank the first in the country, and the local method of preserving them whole is considered second to none. The recipe once the sole property of the nuns of the vicinity is a secret only transmitted to a few stray individuals who guard it closely. The grapes of the environing vineyards are noted not only for their *vinho tinto* but also for the fine Muscatel wine of Setubal. At Pinhal Novo we join the main line, and travelling south traverse the ground that Borrow had to tramp on foot, or astride a sturdy mule. At Pegões we remember was an inn called the Tavern of Thieves, for there the banditti of the vicinity, for whom the wild, lonely moors made excellent pasturage, met to spend their booty and hold convivial festival. At Vendas Novas D. João I once had a palace built to accommodate himself and suite for one night only, and to be ready in time the workmen were employed not only by day but by torchlight at night. It was here too that D.

Miguel agreed to resign the crown to D. Maria, for on the moors of Alemtejo were fought the last battles of the civil war, which had so long harassed the country. Evora was the last city left in the usurper's possession, and here, after passing through undulating country, wooded, cultivated, and well watered, with a background of far-away blue hills, we made another halt.

Like so many historic cities Evora is situated on an elevation with the most important buildings crowded together on the summit. For the archæologist and historian it possesses unique charm, though the compressed position of interesting landmarks makes them difficult to reproduce pictorially. The general colouring of the city is white, the churches and old monasteries standing out as massive piles of granite and marble. Many of the thirty-six monasteries which once existed within the walls are quite destroyed, others are in ruins but some fine examples still remain, though the cloisters and long corridors are no longer haunted by frock and cowl, but by soldiers of the realm and instead of church bells the bugle notes echo through court and portal. The streets have a mediæval aspect, with narrow paved ways and gutters in the middle; ancient arches span them at intervals, and vaulted arcades fronting the houses are not unfrequent.

Evora was the Ebora or Liberalitas Julia of the Romans, and the Yeborah of the Moors, from whom it was taken for D. Affonso Henriques by an artifice of Geraldo sem Pavor (without fear), who with his comrades were outlaws of the Serras of Montemuro. From the story of the city's capture its coat of arms was derived: a horseman galloping, bare sword in uplifted hand; right and left are the suspended heads of the Moor and his daughter who were surprised and killed in the watch tower that Geraldo and his soldiers might enter the city by stealth. For reward the outlaw

received a free pardon and was made *Alcaid-mor* of Evora; the chief square of the city to-day bears the name of Praça de Geraldo. The contour of the ancient walls is still easily traced. Gothic towers were added later to strengthen the Roman walls, streets were formed of the ancient fosses, still preserving the old Moorish name of Alcaçova. In the Rua de D. Isabel there is an arch of the same name which is part of the half-buried gate through which Geraldo entered the city.

In the centre of a large open space on the highest summit of what was ancient Ebora there rises against a background of trees the ruin of a Roman temple, the most complete of its kind in the Peninsula. The disposition of the beautiful Corinthian columns and its proportions correspond to those of the *Maison Carrée* of Nunes, or to the temples of Faustina and Antonio in Rome of the second century. This temple probably dates from the same era when the influence of Hadrian and Trajan erected many buildings in ancient Iberia. The columns and entablature are of granite, the capitals and the bases are of white marble, a combination very usual to this day in Evora. A statue of the god or goddess—generally considered to be Diana—to whom the temple was consecrated, standing twelve feet high upon a pedestal, is supposed to have been hammered in pieces by the Goths, the destroyers of Roman civilization, from the condition of fragments found in excavation near the temple.

The ancient Sé—the cathedral of the noted archbishopric—stands close to this sunny Praça, its façade like that of the Lisbon Sé consisting of two massive Romanesque towers united by a beautiful Gothic porch which has been well restored. The interior is in the Gothic style upon its first introduction into Portugal, severe, unadorned, yet nobly imposing, and showing in the lofty pillars and

TEMPLE OF DIANA, EVORA.

capitals the lingering influence of the Romano-Byzantine style. The Capella-mor was rebuilt in the eighteenth century by Ludovici, the architect of the Mafra Basilica, showing the same variety of rare marbles, but as in Alcobaça this later work strikes a discordant note in the harmonious dignity of the twelfth-century cathedral. There have been Bishops of Evora since the early date of 303. In 1540 it was made an archbishopric, the first prelate who wore the mitre being the Cardinal King, D. Henrique.

The courtesy of a Canon of the cathedral granted us the privilege of viewing the church plate and vestments, a rare collection, one of the most valuable in Portugal in spite of the robberies of the French invasion. There was a marvellous cross of gold—a reliquary containing a fragment of the Holy Cross—adorned with no less than 1,426 jewels: diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, one rare jacinth, and an agate cameo on which was carved minutely the figures of the Virgin and Son. The custodia and chalice of silver-gilt dating from 1522, and another chalice of enamel and gold of the same century are beautiful specimens of the artistic cunning of the old goldsmiths. The pontifical vestments were magnificent, embroidered in gold and silver on rose, on white, on black, with a perfection of skilled handicraft that one associates with the most elaborate specimens of Oriental work. Among a number of rich altarcloths, every one more beautiful and more lavishly worked than the other, was shown a humbler pallium to which was attached a pretty tradition. Instead of embroidery the decoration was in painting, done by a brother of the Convent of the Espinheiro with colours which he had prepared himself from the flowers of the field. I wondered what dreams had passed through the artist-monk's brain when he blended those colours and laid them on his cloth; and whether inspired by Biblical imagery—for the

Convent do Espinheiro was out on the plain, not in the city—the idea came to him to try and fix indelibly the hues of flowers with whose loveliness even the magnificencies of a D. João V were as nothing in comparison. A peculiarity of the interior of this cathedral and other churches in Evora is noticed in the broad white lines of mortar which mark out real and figured divisions of the square blocks of granite forming the pillars and walls. The ordinary comment at first sight is one of distaste, but it is interesting to discover that this regular demarcation was an architectural idiosyncracy of the period, lines being often painted to simulate the mortar, white on a yellow ochre ground, or brown upon pale yellow.* It was a fashion particularly followed in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

The Archbishop's palace, originally a monastery founded by early bishops of Evora, contains some pictures of value. *The Coronation of the Virgin*, in the chapel, a painting on wood of the Jan van Eyck school evoked special admiration from Raczynski. The Public Library and Museum are in an annex of the same palace overlooking the square of the ruined Temple of Diana. This museum has the finest collection of ancient inscriptions, chiefly Roman, in the country. The compiler of the catalogue, a learned enthusiast of archæology, is convinced that its riches will soon be visited by men of science from all over the world. André de Rezende, the noted scholar and antiquarian who wrote on the ancient relics of Evora, was the first to initiate this important collection by gathering into the court of his house all the Roman, Arab, Hebrew and old Portuguese inscriptions he could find. From his time one name and the other stand out of men who made it their hobby to increase and preserve these relics of antiquity, first in the Roman temple, then in the Palace of

* Abbé Mallet; *Cours de Archéologie réligieuse.*

D. Manuel, and finally in the Public Library rooms. The extinction of the thirty-six monasteries brought vast treasures to the collection. When one reflects that these were the repositories of art treasures for centuries, possessing all that was of chief value in paintings, carving on wood, sculpture in stone and marble, azulejos, mosaics, as well as the costly orfèvrerie and vestments, it is not difficult to realize the extent of Evora's artistic and monumental possessions. In the hall of Filippe Simões, upstairs, the walls are lined with pictures among which are some of Pedro Alexandrino, Josepha of Obydos, Morgado of Setubal, a S. Jerome by José Ribeira, a Guido Reni (Christ bearing the Cross), three heads by Rubens, and a rare painting on wood by David (1460-1523) of Christ and the doctors in the Temple. There are engravings by Bartalozzi, of Wellington and D. José, Prince of Brazil, and an interesting series of drawings of Vieira Lusitano.

The gem of the room, however, is the noted triptych of Limoges, which some people travel to Portugal for the sole purpose of seeing. I expected to find it in a special place of honour, but it was exhibited in a glass cabinet with many other curiosities not calculated to show up advantageously this beautiful, rare example of the art of enamelling on copper, dating from the sixteenth century. The central picture represents the Crucifixion; on the predellas are Pilate washing his Hands, the Way to Calvary, the Descent to Hades, the Resurrection. The colouring is lovely, the violets and rich blue are of exquisite tones, and as vivid and true as if fresh from the artist's hands. Touches and lines of gold supply the light; there are a few delicate pearls of ornamentation; the three enamel panels are set in separate gilt framework; the whole triptych is in splendid preservation. It is considered superior to that of the Vatican, and there is nothing better in Paris or South

Kensington Museum. A paper in the cabinet says that the triptych belonged to François I, of France, and that after the rout of Pavia it fell into the hand of a Castilian bishop, and was bought ultimately by Archbishop Cenaculo of Evora for a hundred contos. One conto is equivalent to £220, a little more or less.

The flag of the Inquisition of Evora is preserved under glass in the same hall as being the finest and best preserved in the country, a sinister reminder that in this city D. João III established the first tribunal of the Santo Officio in the year 1530. The drapery was of crimson damask with a medallion embroidered in gold on each face; on one were the arms of the Holy Office, on the other an image of S. Pedro d'Arbués, an Inquisitor who was assassinated. No less than 8,541 people were burned beneath that flag: friars, doctors, soldiers, surgeons, lawyers and students among the number. The arms raised in oval form on white marble are in the hall of sculpture on the ground floor, and consist of a cross suspended between an olive tree, symbol of peace, and a sword, the symbol of war which appear to declare: " If you believe, it is well with you, if not, behold your fate!" The palace of the Inquisition is within a stone's throw of the Sé, close to the Roman Temple, and is a private residence to-day. The marble blazon stood over the exit gate of the processions to the autos-da-fé which took place first on the great Praça de Geraldo, and afterwards without the city walls near the Hermitage of S. Braz. The ancient hall of judgement with its oak ceiling showing the same arms, and the old cells of imprisonment still exist.

Two other interesting buildings are seen on this high site of the old city: the church Dos Loyos, and the Cadaval Palace. This castellated palace, flanked by two high towers crowned with battlements, is called popularly the Palacio das Cinco Quinas, because, the north tower is

pentagonal in form, the only example existing in the country except in the ancient city of Sabugal in north Portugal. It was in one of these towers that the Duke of Braganza* was ordered to be imprisoned by D. João II, and it was on the public scaffold in the square of Geraldo that he was executed in 1483. Contiguous to this noted house of the Dukes of Cadaval is the ancient dwelling of the Canons of S. Eloy, or dos Loyos, and their church, dedicated to St John, shows in relief on the exterior an eagle in allusion to the Evangelist in the Island of Patmos. The portico is in late Gothic, and within are many tombs of artistic sculptury, and inscriptions of historical interest. The azulejos on the walls bearing the date 1711 are much admired. A short walk by the road which descends to the right of the pretty garden at the back of the square soon brings the pedestrian below a section of the old ramparts, and close by is the vast Jesuit monastery built by Cardinal Henrique for the College of the *Esperito Santo* in 1551. This ancient university of Evora was declared extinct by the Marquis de Pombal on the expulsion of the Jesuits, and to-day students of the National Lyceum occupy the halls of study which open off the galleries of the great Court, through which historic figures innumerable passed in the monastery's days of glory and learning. The restoration made some ten years ago did not include, unfortunately, the Hall of the Theses, which is now in ruins with only the façade intact; it was considered an architectural *chef d'œuvre* of the sixteenth century. The Casa Pia, the fiscal bureau, and other government offices occupy other sections of the enormous building. The corridors are of exceptional length with a highly decorated hall in the central crossing of the two longest. The refectory is a spacious interior with eight marble columns supporting the

*Vide p. 112 in this chapter.

vaulted roof; the tables and seats of marble run parallel with the walls which are lined with fine azulejos of the sixteenth century, in geometrical patterns of white and green. A magnificent fountain stands at the entrance of the room of the same date.

The church is worth a visit on account of its wood-carving and valuable decorations, particularly the delicate and beautiful mosaics of several of the chapels. In one of these is the image of *Senhor Jesus dos Queimados*—the Lord Jesus of the Burnings—originally in the small chapel of the Inquisition which on the day of the auto-da-fé was decorated with the altarcloths exhibited in the Museum. The sight of the figure of the Christ encircled as by a huge glory with pointed golden rays resembling flames rouses an indescribable feeling of revulsion at the abortions of a Christianity which could associate the horrors of the *Santo Officio* with the Jesus of the New Testament. In the sacristy there are some very special azulejos, finely enamelled in blue, white, green and yellow: the roof shows pictures of scenes out of the life of Ignatius Loyola. There is also a valuable little image of Francis Xavier in a glass case; sculptured delicately in stone, and then coloured to present painted wood.

In the exterior of the west wall of the church is seen a closed-up doorway, deeply sunk in the roadside, and in looking at this comes the human interest to mind which helps to give life to these historical relics. Across the highway rises the city rampart, and built on to it are the strong battlemented walls of the ancient palace of the Condes de Basto, known as the palace of the Court of S. Miguel. Here D. Philippe II of Spain lodged when he came in 1619 to visit his Portuguese subjects, and was honoured in Evora by a special auto-da-fé at which he was present in a balcony of the old Camara Municipal on the Square of Geraldo; our

Queen Catherine, widow of Charles II, was there in 1699; and King Sebastião, although he had a royal palace, preferred to live here for the greater part of his five years in Evora, in order that he might be near the Jesuit College. That little half-buried door is the one by which he was in the habit of entering the church, and from thence the edifice.

The public gardens are laid out partly above the walls of the city and partly on ground which belonged to the ancient convent of S. Francisco. A very handsome Manueline palace attracts notice upon entering the gardens from this side; much of it is quite modern, the restoration being intended for the establishment of an agricultural museum, but the lateral tower is said to be part of the original royal palaces. The double windows in the Moorish style and the columns of white marble on the left side of the tower, and the arcade with its Moorish arches of brick on the south side, as well as the three Renaissance windows at the entrance are all of archæological interest. Close to the ancient palace was the demolished convent of the massive church, more like a fortress than a Christian temple, which stands outside the park gate on a broad praça shaded by beautiful trees. It has a remarkable portico with arcade extending the whole width of the building, and vaulted roofing, above which is a verandah with quaint gargoyles. The royal arms above the entrance show the pelican, the emblem of D. João II, who began the construction, and the armillary sphere of D. Manuel in whose reign it was finished. The roofing of the great edifice is considered as great a miracle of architectural art as the Chapter House at Batalha, and like that it fell twice after construction before the architect Martim Lourenço was successful in his audacious design. The same broad lines of white mark the divisions of the blocks as in the Sé,

and very interesting are the numerous masonic signs found on the walls. The Museum houses many relics of the old convent, but when this was destroyed the Order of S. Francisco begged permission to preserve the *Capella dos Ossos*, one of the venerated curiosities of the church. It is a work of the friars alone, the walls, pillars and ribs of the vaulting being covered entirely with skulls and bones of their dead comrades. On the door of entrance are engraved the words:

Nos ossos que aqui estamos
Pelos vossos esperamos.*

One more church must not be omitted from the number remaining still to be visited by lovers of architecture and historical data connected with ancient monasteries. A narrow lane skirting the massive walls of S. Francisco leads out near a small square where we are immediately confronted by the ruined Church of Graça, and the dark, parapeted building of its convent now a barrack of the realm. The façade of the church, decorated with columns, trophies, escutcheons and colossal statues is a model of Italian Renaissance unique in Portugal and rare even in Italy. The interior is quite in ruins, the most beautiful of its chapels was transferred to the Casa Pia, and many specimens of sculpture are safeguarded in the Museum. The symbolic figures of the seasons decorating the façade in a manner met with in old Egyptian structures are known to the people popularly as the "good men" of Graça, and other nicknames not so respectful. There are singular oblique niches decorating the front which are considered quite unique.

In the ancient houses of Evora very beautiful examples of old Portuguese furniture, valuable as our Chippendale and old oak, are to be seen, and in one private house we were

* Our bones, which are here, wait for yours.

specially invited to view an art treasure that had been a century in the family, members of which had once lived in Italy. It was a secretary of the Italian Renaissance with an ebony case and stand; a plain exterior, with scrolled gilt centres on the doors. These opened upon a lavishly decorated interior. In the profuse gilt mountings were set coloured stones—coral, malachite, agates, cornelian—and marble bosses of every description. Mythological figures of bronze-gilt decorated the upper part which had a colonnade of pillars of lapis lazuli and crystal: the figures were Jupiter, Venus, Cupid, Aphrodite, Mars and Bacchus. The heads of a couple were loose, snapt off by the French when sacking the houses of Evora in the mistaken idea that they were gold. Every one of the pillars drew out disclosing secret drawers. One duplicate of the bureau is known to exist but less perfect than this. It is a possession coveted by many art connoisseurs from royalty downwards, but hitherto the owner has not been persuaded to part with it. He valued it at four hundred pounds.

Everywhere Evora revealed pages of history to be read without and within her aged walls. Even our Hotel Eborense had been a palace belonging to the Marquis de Monfalim, and still preserved its leafy pateo, vaulted sixteenth staircase of stone steps leading up from it to the porch, and the long, intricate corridors. On the station road, called after the modern Palace Barahono—a museum in itself—stands the quaint structure called the Hermitage of S. Braz, a rare example of Gothic-Norman built in 1480 in the form of a castle with battlements, and six turrets bordering each side. When the plague devastated the city in that century, a hospital of wood near that site sheltered the sick, and in fulfilment of a vow this edifice was erected

CHAPTER IX

DISILLUSION or rapture are the two points of view which the traveller approaching Cintra for the first time holds suspended in the balance, while opinions bearing on both extremes revolve anxiously in his mind. "The Paradise of Portugal," says one; and, this idea uppermost for the moment, with what eagerness his mental eye strives to pierce the fastnesses of the serried ridge hovering in cloudland far above the route of his journey! Chill misgiving suddenly drives the mercury of hope to zero, as the opposed verdict comes to mind that, "Cintra is much over-rated, and undoubtedly owes its reputation for beauty to comparison with the dreary aspect of the country surrounding it"; but closely springs another quotation to memory, the fervent opinion of one who saw in Cintra, "a mingled scene of fairy beauty, artificial elegance, savage grandeur, dome, turrets, enormous trees, flowers and waterfalls, such as is met with nowhere else under the sun." And then he remembers, too, how some one declared emphatically that if ever any place in the world was entitled to the appellation of an enchanted region it was surely Cintra; and how poets, not only of Portugal interested in its favour, but those of other countries, have found a theme of fervid inspiration in the rare scenic beauties of this noted Serra.

The suburbs of Lisbon on the route to Cintra, once showing detached quintas and villages, now run one into the other, the gardens and orange groves of Bemfica, with its noted residential mansions of ancient repute spreading out with marked maturity of cultivation and beauty. At Queluz-Bellas the palace built by D. João V as a summer residence stands on low ground in a lovely park. The gardens of this palace—the most pleasing and artistic of

CINTRA FROM THE HILLS. WINTER.

the palaces of that opulent reign—were laid out in imitation of Versailles, and are very beautiful with their fountains and borders, hedges, shaped clusters and pyramids of box shrubbery. On the stately terraces and in the winding labyrinth of verdure stand marble and stone pieces of sculptury. Beyond are shady thickets, pavilions in secluded nooks, rustic seats and park-like stretches of turf. Now the whole area bears a more or less neglected aspect. Imagination bears one back to its palmy days of floral and decorative beauty, to the time when Beckford, summoned to Queen D. Maria's presence, found her ensconced in the boscage surrounded by her ladies of the court; and how, momentarily forgetting the alarms of conscience roused by her confessor on behalf of the families of Aveiro and Tavora victimized in her father's reign, she set them all to run a race in which the Englishman's fleetness of pace was victor. Lonely and melancholy are these one-time frequented gardens, haunted by memories which incline to sadness.

At Barcarena comes a far-away, beautiful glimpse of the Tagus and its southern promontory seen between the hills. Vines showing the gold and red of autumn, hedges and long stretches of the reed-like, giant maize, windmills, water-wheels, olive orchards, vary the scene. The houses become more scattered, the route climbs perceptibly, as our eyes fixed on the Serra of Cintra, veiled in mysterious, atmospheric purple, watch it become clearer and more imposing with every curve of the line. Isolated and curiously aloof, its serried ridge stands out with startling distinctness, bearing aloft like a crown on its topmost crag a castle with fairy-like towers melting into the blue of the sky.

It is a picture that excites imagination, and already there seems a reason for the inextricable mixture of

tradition and history in early records of antique Cintra. Vague legends of the huntress Goddess and Endymion, appropriate to the forests of the Serra, which became favourite hunting ground for the early kings, are suggested by ancient chroniclers. It was the Roman's Promontory of the Moon (*da Lua*) or Cynthio, and near the Rock of Cintra, or Cabo da Roca, once stood a temple dedicated to the Sun and the Moon, of which the ruins and inscriptions were still in existence in the time of André de Rezende. This name of Cynthio was preserved to the beginning of the twelfth century, when it was mentioned in a letter of the Bishop of Porto, written upon the pilgrimage of S. Pedro de Rates. In allusion to the same cult of the Moon Camões writes of Cintra:

> E nas serras da Lua conhecidas
> Subjuga a fria Cintra o duro braço
> Cintra, donde as Naiadas escondidas
> Nas fontes vão fugindo ao duro laço.

With the Goths and primitive Arabs, whose mark left on the country was more that of the sword than the arts and who destroyed nearly every vestige of Roman grandeur and civilization, Cynthio became *Sentra* or *Chentra*, the forerunner of Cintra. When the Moors settled for some centuries in the land, the Serra of Cintra was congenial to their tastes. On the wild crags towering above the little town are still the battlements and bastions of their strong Alcazar; on the hill below was the Alhambra of the Moorish *walis* of Al-Aschbuna, where they enjoyed the relaxations of peace and rest; an eagle's eyrie perched on the height, a dove's nest below. In the Royal or Moorish Palace of Cintra to-day are still preserved the traditions of those far-away days—a terrace which still bears the name of Mecca, the garden of Lindaraya, where the Moors would have gone forth from the bath to enjoy

the air and the flowers, in the azulejos, the numerous fountains, and many other reminiscences of the calm and luxurious lives passed within the walls by their first indwellers.

The first sight of the Moorish Palace upon entering Cintra from the station reveals on the opposite side of the valley the border of a long roof, and two great white cones rising like towers above a thickly wooded slope. To the left densely packed houses climb the hill amid trees and shrubs; the roofs are picturesque in tone and the ridge behind dark with foliage. The road skirts the ravine till suddenly we face the high crag—1700 feet—which is topped by the crenellated walls and towers of the Moorish fortress. The steep is richly clad with trees for half its height, and then out of the verdure rise great boulders and savage rocks, grey and brown with lichen, which cover the upper part of the hill up to the strong battlements. By the depth of the valley to the right is seen the height of the promontory on which Cintra and its palace are built. Lemon groves cover the slope, protected from cold winds by barriers of maize growing to the height of twenty to twenty-five feet. Here again are seen houses dipping over from the town at every possible angle, coloured pink, pale green, cream and yellow, to the valley which lies cultivated and green below. Slanting paths and roads lead down and across to the streets below the palace; a stream hurries through the greenery; women are washing on the bank, beating their clothes with stones, like French peasants; lower down is a mill, and still further away the slopes of the valley contract into a gateway through which the undulating plain is seen extending to the coast six miles away; villages sun-tipped into red and white parterres, or cast into a pink-grey shade by passing clouds, are scattered here and there. The road hugging

the inner slope of the hill skirts the head of the ravine and enters the town, looked down upon by large, Italian-looking villas and beautiful gardens. The palace is in full view couched on the summit of the promontory. The solid, cream-coloured, massed pile of buildings with its many quaint roofs, russet brown and deep terra-cotta, and colossal cone-shaped chimneys lending a specially characteristic aspect, is unlike any other palace we have ever seen. The irregularity of its architecture has a charm of its own; the beauty of the Manueline windows showing the survival of pure Arabic taste in the decorative design of interlaced trunks and foliage of trees strikes an irresistible note of attraction.

> Oh! nobres paços da risonha Cintra,
> Não sobre a roca erguidos, mas poisados,
> Na planicie tranquilla, que memorias
> Não estais recordando saudozas,
> Dos bons tempos de Lysia!*

In 1147 the Moors were expelled from their goodly heritage, and the Kings of Portugal entered into undisputed possession of fortress and palace, beautiful horizons and leafy avenues; when later the Serra lost its military importance and the wind blew through the ruined towers of the Alcazar, the luxuriant thickets on the broad flanks, formed a hunting ground where they chased and run to earth the wild boar. In Cintra the exuberance of nature corresponds to the wealth of its archæological and historic data, and every corner of its palace has some legend connected with it, some echo or relic of a far-away past. Without doubt its origin is Arab; it seems to have been rebuilt by D. Alfonso Henriques or by the Knights Templars, for it is interesting to note that these *Paços* are supposed to

*O noble palace of smiling Cintra, not standing aloof upon the height, but resting upon a tranquil plain, what memories do you not record regretfully of the good times of Lysia!

THE MOORISH PALACE, CINTRA.

have been included in gifts made by the first king of houses in Cintra to that Order; and that later, when they seceded to the Order of Christ, these knights made over their possession to Queen D. Isabel, wife of D. Diniz.* Extensive constructions were undertaken by D. João I, in whose reign it was called, The Palace of the Queen. One writer suggests that perhaps feeling the attraction for the " glorious Eden " experienced centuries later by a compatriot, Philippa persuaded her husband to rebuild the palace, which still retains the stamp of his epoch. D. Manuel was the next king who made great alterations, and added a new wing.

People have derided the comparison of this palace with the Alhambra, but the origin of such a comparison is easily traced. The apartments of the royal houses in Portugal were accustomed to bear the same designations everywhere, such as Hall of the Archers, of the Hand-Kissing, of the Dais, and so forth; but Cintra Palace, in common with the dwelling of the last Moorish ruler of Spain, had this distinction: the rooms all received their names after particular events or records connected with them.

The Sala dos Cysnes, or Salon of the Swans, takes its name from the decoration of the ceiling, which is divided into twenty-seven octagonal panels, in all of which is painted a swan. One legend records that these were done by order of D. Manuel, in memory of the favourite bird of his daughter, Beatrice—the princess beloved by the poet Bernardini Ribeiro—who married the Duke of Savoy. The story considered original is concerning Isabel, the beautiful daughter of D. João I. When her betrothal with Philip, Duke of Burgundy, took place, he sent her, among other presents, two swans, which until the Princess's marriage took place, she petted and fed in a fountain or tank out-

*Conde de Sabugosa.

side the room which her father ordered to be prepared for the birds. When the princess married and left her home, the ceiling was painted in memory of her pets.

The Audience Chamber, or *Sala do Conselho*, is a room contiguous to the Sala dos Cysnes, where is seen stretched along the wall at one end a seat made of azulejos, and at the side an arm-chair of the same; the floor is inlaid with marble and brick, a combination seen in other parts of the palace, and in various residences, such as at Azeitão and Bacalhão. Here tradition asserts that the young King Sebastião, sitting in council with his ministers, put aside their prudent advice and resolved on the fatal expedition to Africa. The thicket in which he is said to have passed the night alone, like a knight on the vigil of some great deed, skirts the Manueline wing of the palace.

About D. João I and Queen Philippa is yet another story which has given its name to the *Sala das Pegas*, or Magpies. The ceiling of the room is divided into five panels, which are again cut up into 136 triangles, every one having a magpie painted upon it holding a rose with its claw, and a ribbon in the beak bearing the familiar motto, "Por bem." There are many variants of the anecdote. The prettiest relates how the king was walking out with his wife and the ladies of the palace, and how he offered a flower to a lady whom he saluted with a kiss, after the custom of the period. Being surprised in the act by the Queen, whose attention had been roused by the looks and speech of a bevy of malicious magpies, he exclaimed, "*Foi por bem.*" And the magpies repeated: "*Por bem, Por bem.*" Other versions say that the lady defended herself with a rose, and that the king caused the flower to be painted to prove her innocence.

The chimney-piece in this room should be noticed. It was a present given to D. Manuel by Pope Leo X, in 1515,

and primarily decorated the Paço de Almeirim. After the earthquake the Marquis de Pombal caused it to be removed from the ruins and placed in the Cintra palace. Haupt, the German authority on architecture of the Peninsula, says that this white marble chimney is one of the most perfect pieces of foreign sculptury in Portugal. Through a pointed doorway to the right we enter an interesting little chamber, supposed to be one of the oldest in the palace, though modified in later years, and also connected by one version of the anecdote with Philippa of Lancaster and the kiss "*Por bem*" of her royal consort. It is the Sala of the Ship of the Sirens (da Gala des Sereias), the ceiling showing in the central panel a sailing vessel with a white flag and the royal arms, and in it the figure of a man; from the waves emerges a siren holding some coral in her hand; on each of the four panels around a siren is seen cradled on the waves playing a musical instrument. Some of the finest and oldest azulejos are to be seen round the door of this room. D. Sebastião used this interior for a bed-chamber; and it is also said to be the Golden Alcove, or Camara do Ouro of later years.

The *Sala dos Arabes* is the most ancient room of the palace; though perhaps the fountain in the centre and the azulejos of the floor around it are the sole original vestiges, the azulejos so beautifully decorating the walls headed by the fleur-de-lys, or ear of maize, are also said to be pure Arabic. A spiral staircase descending without this room opens out upon a verandah above the central *pateo* of the palace, which has a Manueline fountain in the middle, in form like a pelourinho, composed of three carved twisted columns, surmounted by small sculptured figures of boys. The court is paved, and shady with the foliage of orange and magnolia trees. Beyond is a handsome portal, with three arches of delicate Manueline work, opening into the

Sala de Banho, an old bathing grotto which imagination is inclined to attribute to Arabic construction, but to which the blue and white azulejos, representing scenes of former court life on the walls, place the period of the eighteenth century. There is no doubt that the original grotto was Moorish, but modified and reconstructed by so many different kings that only the halo of tradition and poetic setting preserve its ancient designation. In years gone by, as well as to-day, it was considered a fine joke to surprise strangers curiously examining the interior of the grotto by copious shower-sprays issuing from countless jets between the azulejos and on the roof, set in action from the pelourinho in the court.

The splendid *Sala das Armas* or, as it is also called, Stag Room (*Sala dos Veados*) was built by D. Manuel. He designed it in order to perpetuate the memory of the brave achievements of Portuguese heroes, by uniting in one grand display the escutcheous of fidalgos won on the battlefield. The greatest care was taken in the selection of these coats-of-arms, for only those considered worthy of an eternal fame were included in the number. The room is almost square, with a ceiling of great height, octagonal below, and merging into a cupola. The whole of the ceiling is cut up into octagons, squares and other shaped divisions, in all of which are painted stags bearing on the necks, and between the horns the armorial bearings of the seventy-four noblemen of the reign of D. Manuel. In the centre are the King's arms, and in eight large octagons around those of his sons and daughter Isabel. The arms of the house of Tavora were destroyed after the plot against D. José; to this Beckford refers in relating his visit to the Sala dos Veados. Another vacancy has occurred where once the escutcheon of the Coelhos was displayed, but this is through natural decay of the paint, and has never

been replaced. It is often mistaken for the arms of the Duke of Aveiro, but this title was created posterior to the erection of the hall, and could never have been included in the seventy-four blazons. The blue and white azulejos below, representing scenes of the chase, are probably of the last quarter of the eighteenth century. The fine-looking chairs, studied with enormous brass nails or bosses, show on the back the Cardinal's hat and the English lion.

At the end of a corridor leading from this room and across a passage is seen a small, narrow door that opens into the room haunted by the melancholy shade of D. Affonso VI, robbed of his throne by his brother and wife. He married Maria of Savoy, the handsome niece of Henry IV of France, between whom and the Infante D. Pedro sprang up a close attachment. Affonso VI, who had a paralytic seizure at thirty years of age, and was also injured at a bull-fight at Azeitão, developed into a weakling who had no stamina to resist the machinations of conspirators against his royal authority. He was first of all conveyed a prisoner to the Azores, his brother D. Pedro was made regent, and upon the forced abdication of D. Affonso, was declared King. A reported conspiracy to reinstate the injured king resulted in his removal from the Castle of Terceira to the Palace of Cintra. The tragic arrival of the royal prisoner at dead of night is described by Portuguese writers as lugubrious and dramatic. By torch-light he was conducted through the empty rooms, and up staircases on which the steps of his gaolers made echoing clatter. Arrived in the little chamber, where he spent nine years in captivity, the first thing his eyes fell upon were the iron bars recently inserted before the window to turn the interior into a veritable prison. The flooring of rare azulejos, one of the curiosities of the palace through their antiquity, is worn into a depression

on one side of the room by the continual pacing to and fro of the captive king.

From the window he could look out upon the wooded slope of the serra below the ancient Castle of the Moors. Here in a quaint old-fashioned cottage still clinging to the rocks high up in the lovely quinta of Saldanha, tradition says that the Conde de Castello Melhor, his late minister, and one or two other faithful friends, made signals to him in the hope of effecting his escape; their signals were pried upon, and the king was removed to a smaller adjoining room. Outside was a narrow staircase, by which he mounted to a seat within a little window made expressly for him in the high choir of the chapel, that he might listen to Mass without being seen by the people below.

The Chapel dedicated by S. Isabel, wife of D. Diniz, to the Holy Spirit, was once, according to traditional history, the mosque of the ancient Moors; it was the Mecca which gave its name to the long broad terrace outside the door that gives ingress to the public. The beautiful mosaic pavement of azulejos in the chapel, with its coloured design, giving the impression of an eastern carpet, is original, and considered equal in beauty to the famous mosaics of Cordova. The Conde de Juromenha states that restorations in the chapel before the earthquake covered up ancient paintings of the fifteenth century. The *mudéjar* ceiling of the interior, which in its rich, warm, yet subdued colouring, preserves the primitive feeling of the Moorish decorative art, dates from D. João I, early in the fifteenth century. The pillar supporting the choir is believed to be anterior in date to the monarchy. The glamour of tradition tempts one to linger in this miniature temple, conjuring up the figures of history who entered here to make their orisons. Moorish emirs and beys made a praying carpet of the floor of azulejos. D.

ENTRANCE TO THE MOORISH PALACE, CINTRA.

João I and Philippa knelt here. Within these walls D Sebastião nurtured the ambitious dream of glory in the cause of religion, which burst its ephemeral life in the tragic defeat of Alcaçer Kebir, destroying with it the flower of Portugal's nobility, and the dreamer himself. Here D. Affonso V, who was born and died in the Palace, was baptized; above in the niche of the choir-loft D. Affonso, the captive, sat for hours in gloomy retrospection. Here were celebrated the festivals of music we read of in Beckford's inimitable letters, given by the famous orchestra of the chapel in the reign of D. Maria I, so admirable that not even that of the Pope could excel the quality of the performances.

The Manueline annex is very characteristic of its period. The front is to the south, with six beautiful windows, and another one further back, which has two covered verandahs, now enclosed with glass. North and east are other graceful windows. The rooms of the Queen Dowager, D. Maria Pia, to whom the palace belongs, are in this wing, as also the apartments of the late King, D. Luiz. The labyrinth of stairways, detached rooms, and covered ways, is that described by Beckford when he descended to the Sala of the Swans that memorable evening after dining with the Archbishop of Thessalonica, who was dressed in an old chestnut-coloured cassock, torn and badly mended, and became very communicative after copious libations of the superb wines of the Company of the Alto Douro which was then begging for the renewal of the Pombaline privileges.

Manueline doors and windows meet one at every turn, in wandering through this delightful old palace. The courts are many, with fountain, orangery and flowering trees; on the west are many terraces and parterres, and the quaint summer-house or miradore which peers

above the high wall skirting the old street once called Mecca. The last but not least interesting visit is to the great kitchen built on the foundations of the Moorish alcazar, and one of the most curious interiors of the palace. The roof is formed of the narrowing walls of the enormous chimneys, tapering into a small cylindrical opening, through which peers the daylight. This is an old Moorish mode of construction adopted in the large kitchens of the convents, such as we observed later in Alcobaça and elsewhere. The ogival door and double windows reveal the date of building in the reign of D. João I. The tiles which once covered chimneys and walls have been replaced. The modern ovens and furnaces do not lessen the interest roused by sight of the line of old brick fireplaces along the wall, the yawning cavities all waiting for a simmering pot. Two great stone tables and the fountain also speak eloquently of olden days.

Beyond the casual allusion already made to the azulejos in various rooms, it ought to be mentioned that in this palace a special study can be made of them. "The Palace of Cintra is a veritable museum of the rarest and oldest azulejos of high relief that we possess," writes Joaquim de Vasconcelles, the noted art connoisseur. "The most ancient and genuinely Arab are those around the small door of the Sala da Galé, and on the pavement of the chapel." The azulejos of the floor are nearly always antique, as, for instance, in the room of Affonso VI. The rarest Arab azulejos are those showing the armillary sphere on a single tile. It is often easy to distinguish the ancient from the modern by their geometrical designs and arabesques in monochrome, for the Arabs could not, owing to their religion, decorate their tiles like the Persians, for instance, with drawings of animals and vegetation.

The Moorish Palace

The Palace of Cintra is a spot one wishes to revisit again and again. The poetry of tradition holds it enthralled, and how soon one learns to comprehend the spirit in which the Conde de Sabugosa said: " It is the portrait of our race in which are blended elements of Celtic origin, of Gothic blood, of Arab influence, of every reflux of the human wave which broke in this corner of the Peninsula and produced this amalgamated result of imagination, poetry, enthusiasm and dreamy melancholy, so improperly called the Latin spirit." After reading this, we pass out through the gates, and there pause to give a thought to the singer of the *Lusiad*. It was here that he watched all night after being rejected by the woman he adored, D. Catharina d'Athaide, a lady of the court, and gained inspiration through his love and the serenity of the moonlit hours to pour forth his soul in his first tender and romantic ode.

Though the winter months have set in, the sun is shining with the heat of summer as we cross the mosaic of the gay little praça decorated with wide-foliaged palm trees and a Manueline pelourinho. Soldiers with leisure to spare are lolling about the seats, countrymen pass with their laden donkeys, a bull-team comes slowly into sight, while across the road are some stalls piled with oranges, nuts and little packets round and trim, wrapped up in white paper. Buy one of them, and open, see, and test the quality of the Cintra *queijado*, or cheese-cake; it is a noted delicacy of the locality, bearing a name as widely known as the Banbury cake of England. This, however, is a mundane side-issue, when the streets of the town dipping down the hill, round the hill, up the hill, are inviting you with their mellow and picturesque colouring set in the varied tones of countless trees and shrubs, to come and visit them. Everywhere the gardens are a wonder

of exuberant growth. Every turn of the road gives a fresh vista through bending boughs and gilded foliage of the grey crags towering in inaccessible aloofness with their Moorish bastions and castellated parapet. Round a small, deeply-ensconced lake are clustered palms, acacia, the Portuguese laurel, the brilliant red and gold of the sycamore, and further on comes a wooded glen with the little stream far below scarcely seen, only heard through the densely growing lemon, orange, laurel and every variety of shrub. Here again the tiled roofs toned with age and mellowed with lichen growths, are a picturesque feature, and in looking at these the shape of the chimneys above them strike one as peculiar and unusual. I look around from a point commanding many roofs stretching up the valley and down the valley, and everywhere, the strange impression is given of rounded tombstones upreared on the roofs. This style of chimney seems more characteristic of the south than the north, but in Cintra it appeared to strike the eye more than in other places.

Upon English minds Cintra seems always to have exercised an extraordinary and attractive influence. Beckford's impressions given in his letters to the German writer, Stendhal, of the summer he spent in 1787 in the villa of Ramalhão, on the outskirts of Cintra, are given with a vivacity of description that exactly reproduces the wild beauty of the woodland slopes and rocky peaks, the aspect of the shady, flower-rich and fruitful quintas, of the seignorial mansions and villas, of the murmuring rivulets, cool fountains and leaping cascade. With this direct artist's eye he possesses the true gift of characterization, and mingles with descriptive notes admirable sketches—so living that they move—of the Court life of the period and of the wealthy merchant, whether British, Dutch or Portuguese; of that whole decadent society of

the end of the eighteenth century, when etiquette, intrigue and grossness intermingled with no true feeling for art, aspiration or nobility of purpose.

Byron, whose partiality for Cintra was strengthened by his prejudice against Lisbon, vented his enthusiasm in extravagant lines that are quoted alike by English and Portuguese, from the opening passages of *Childe Harold:*

> Lo! Cintra's glorious Eden intervenes
> In variegated maze of mount and glen.
> Ah, me! what hand can pencil guide or pen,
> To follow half on which the eye dilates,
> Through views more dazzling unto mortal ken.

There is no doubt that Southey's account of the strange beauties of Cintra helped to bring strangers to Portugal early last century; more beautiful than sublime, more grotesque than beautiful, he avowed, yet had he never seen scenery more calculated to fill the beholder with admiration and delight. This praise from one who, though a poet, used no extravagance of language, except perhaps on religious questions, in the letters he wrote during a journey in Spain and short residence in Portugal, may be taken as the true and deep impression made upon his mind when staying in his uncle's secluded house encircled by lemon trees and laurels within sound of the murmuring stream that ran beside it. It was easy to describe the sights that strangers visited, he said, but it was more difficult then, as now, to interest those who have never been there in the ever-varying prospects that the many eminences of the wild serra present, or to convey the charm of the little green lanes over whose bordering orange and lemon trees the evening winds blow so cool, so rich.

The Cintra of Southey, of *Childe Harold*, and of " As Maias " is still the Eden which the romanticism of Byron

and the naturalism of Eça de Queiroz described under widely diverse aspects. Almeida Garrett, Portugal's chief poet of modern years, spent much of his time in Cintra. The imposing Hotel Costa, shaded by tall trees facing the old market square in the centre of the town, was in his day the private residence of a Portuguese Dona of literary tastes, who cultivated a salon frequented by the exclusive society of the historic quintas, and the elect of letters, among whom Almeida Garrett was the chief star. In the winter evenings, when watching the leaping flames of the log fire in a lofty salon of the same house, I often wondered whether those intellectual coteries were not perhaps intended to be a faint reflection of those famed, gay evenings of the Manueline era held in the old palace; those evenings renowned for their display of genius, sparkling wit and gaiety, when Gil Vicente, the initiator of the Portuguese theatre, rehearsed his dramas, his daughter Paula discoursed sweet music, Bernardim Ribeiro recited his love lyrics, and the ladies of the court, one emulated the other, in improvising dialogue in verse; those evenings to which Sà de Miranda—the father of Portuguese poetry—referred when he had retired from the life of the court in Lisbon and Cintra to his leafy quinta in the Minho:

> Os momos e serões de Portugal
> Tão fallados no monde onde são idos?

Where are they gone, he asks; in a word, where are the snows of yester year? In the mention of Gil Vicente we are reminded how he compared Cintra to a "sweet, brave and courteous lady, surrounded by the Loves and adored of Spring."

West of the town on the roadside, overhung by abundant foliage, is the ancient Fountain dos Pisões, which derives its name, say some archæologists, from a Roman

THE GARDEN OF THE QUINTA DO RELOGIO.

family, and others from mills which were worked by the water descending the *serra* to the deep valley below. Just beyond, in a rugged cleft of the hillside, a silvery waterfall reveals itself between luscious greenery of ferns, shrubs and tall palm trees. On the other side we gaze into a deeply ensconced garden of exuberant exotic cult with a small lake, and winding paths of sweet, alluring seclusion. It is the quinta called the Relogio (from a clock that once decked tower or villa) where the present King and Queen, then the Duke and Duchess of Braganza, spent their honeymoon. The name of Monte Christo is also attached to this quinta and a park stretching far over the mountain side, but I failed to discover whether this name was connected with the wealthy proprietor, Pinto da Fouseca, popularly nicknamed Monte Christo, who once bought the ancient palace of the Lisbon Patriarchs near Belem. Through a winding lane bordered by the foliage-overhung walls of modern and older mansions, showing brilliant flower gardens through the iron-barred gates, we come upon a broad open greensward screened from the road by iron railings, but with the portals open, inviting entrance to the avenues on either side.

The imposing mansion to which this greensward acts as a vestibule is the Palace of Seteais, famous to English people through a connexion with the Convention of Cintra. It is composed of two distinct buildings united by a fine archway, decorated with trophies and the busts of D. João VI and his queen D. Carlotta Joaquina. Beneath is a broad tablet with a Latin inscription, describing a visit made to the palace by this royal pair, and how the triumphal arch was erected in their honour by the Marquez de Marialva in the year 1802. The original edifice, consisting solely of the south wing to the left of the arch had just been completed as a summer residence for

the Marquez de Marialva, the old proprietor, when he acted cicerone to Beckford on that first flying visit to Cintra on a July day of the year 1787. It was in this "magnificent pavilion" that the same D. Diego de Marialva, with the Marchioness D. Henriquita, had the honour of entertaining the Queen D. Maria I, with all the polish, gallantry and spirit attributed to this popular fidalgo of wide repute; and one of the summer evenings spent in the garden behind the house during this visit is described by Beckford with the artistic setting of a Watteau or Fragonard picture.

The Convention of Cintra, signed September 15, 1808, permitted the French army which had entered Portugal the previous year and become conqueror only by force of sheer pillage and incendiarism, to quit the country with all the honours of war, taking away with them treasures incalculable, the majority of which were never returned, while the Portuguese, armed *en masse*, and yearning to avenge their wrongs, had to stand by unprotesting. Whether this famous Convention, so mockingly condemned by Byron and still lamented by the Portuguese, was really signed in Seteais Palace is disputed by English and foreign writers. There are as many assentives as denials, and as the alternative site given is the Moorish Palace in Cintra, and the King and Queen of Portugal were already in far Brazil—they embarked before the French entered Lisbon—it is more likely to have been signed in Seteais than anywhere else. It was a mansion invested with royal memories, and, belonging to the noble house of Marialva, would have been the most likely place of meeting and entertainment for the chief diplomats of the Convention. Tradition, even so early as the first quarter of the nineteenth century, preserved the memory as a fact.

A broad walk through the archway leads between high hedges of box to a walled stone seat flanked by pillars in the parapet of a long terrace, which commands a wonderful view, extending to the coast with a grand, open prospect of the ocean beyond. This rear part of the palace is neglected and half ruinous; in a grass plot enclosed by tall shrubs are quaint resting places of stones, and to one of them, secluded in a bower of box shrubbery on the edge of a rock looking towards Cintra, a veritable lovers' seat, is given the sweet name of "*Penedia de Saudade.*" A surprise is in store at the other end of the parapet. A glimpse over reveals a deep drop, and there in strong contrast to the unkempt upper terraces lies the trim, well-kept, old-fashioned garden of the Versailles type affected in Portugal in the eighteenth century; a garden which might have borne exactly the same aspect when the English and French officers held their Convention in the room painted by Pillement, with decorations of flower, trees and birds. In the midst of the winding, quaintly-trimmed box decorations was the fountain to which Beckford referred, and above was the terrace behind the pavilion, its railings intertwined with rose blossom and pale flowering clusters of heliotrope. Looking back through the high archway is seen in its frame, the Castle of Pena rising like a fairy palace on the lofty crag out of an autumnal forest of gold, russet and ever-green hues, thick and impenetrable in some parts, sparse as gilded network in others.

CHAPTER X

ON the height of a wooded knoll directly overlooking Seteais, and its lemon and orange groves bordering the greensward, a little grey hermitage is seen thrusting its small dome through the verdure. Following the road which twists and mounts by the side of this knoll, we come to the quinta in which it stands, bearing the appropriate name of Penha Verde, or Green Rock. This is historic ground, once owned and lived in by D. João de Castro, fourth Viceroy of India, and the hero of the famous Diu siege, when not having enough money for the expedition he borrowed a sum from the merchants of Goa, pledging his beard as guarantee. In the resting intervals between his campaigns he lived a retired life at Penha Verde, using the hand that was "the glory and terror of Asia" in tending his forest trees, which he seems to have loved so much that he forbade his successors ever to cultivate fruit trees on his property.

All through the thickly wooded grounds we encounter chapels built by himself and his nephew, the Inquisitor Bishop Francisco de Castro, and dedicated to different saints. After his victory at Diu, the sole reward he begged was a mound with six trees upon it to add to his quinta: he called it the Monte das Alviçaras (of gifts or offerings). This is the high knoll seen from Seteais, reached by tortuous paths through a tangled coppice, and steps branching off to other hermitages on the way. One of these sylvan lanes is lined with Judas trees, leafy in summer and a blaze of colour in early spring. On the summit is the Chapel of S. Catharina, erected by the Bishop in memory of a visit made by João de Castro to the monastery of Mount Sinai. A terrace close by, with a parapet and stone bench,

THE PALACE OF PENA FROM SETEAIS.

commands a grand prospect over the rolling plains as far as the lines of Torres Vedras and the great towers of Mafra. A cross on a rocky pedestal marks the highest point of this consecrated ground. At the foot of Pena Verde, from the hill looking over the plain, a great spring burst forth at the time of the earthquake of 1755, and joining its waters with the brook flowing from the Fountain of Saldanha, both ran into the River das Maças, which fertilizes the valley of Collares and passes out into the ocean beyond.

Near the Chapel of Nossa Senhora del Monte there are two stones with Oriental inscriptions, supposed to have been brought from India by the Viceroy. Their historic value was recognized by Murphy, who published a translation of one, given to him by Wilkins, the Sanscrit scholar. This stone was a *prasati*, or panegyric, written in verses and ending in prose, referring to the building of temples in Somnath Patane, and bears a date corresponding to 1287 A.D. The stone is black, and the letters are conjectured to have been in gold; a Portuguese translation has quite recently been made by Senhor Herculano de Moura, a late Governor of Diu. The other stone is smaller but very interesting, with its curious figures and emblems in bas-relief, and is supposed to have come originally from the Pagoda of the Elephant, cited by old chroniclers as an ancient Brahman temple deeply excavated in the rocks, whose extraordinary ruins still exist in the Island of Pori, in the Bay of Bombay. No one has been able to explain its appearance in the quinta, and it has never been translated. These Indian inscriptions of Cintra are creating more attention since the recent new translation of the *prasati* appeared.

Before the same chapel of Our Lady of the Mount is buried the heart of a relative of João de Castro. There is a

Latin inscription on the slab, which covers the spot, translated by Southey.

> A heart sublime, and than the earth's wide bourne
> More ample lies within this little urn.
> A heart in worth and birth to him allied,
> Whom vanquished India hails his country's pride,
> A heart to holy Mary's love subdued,
> A heart most heartily pious, brave and good.
> Here all Saldanha lies inurned, not part,
> For here his heart lies, and he was all heart.

Somewhere in the quinta or house was once safeguarded the tibia of a giant which D. João V ordered his head physicians and other members of the faculty to examine, and he received their verdict that it was in truth the relic of a human body. Report places this curiosity to-day in the possession of the owner of Monserrate. Some people believe that this bone is a proof that the giant Adamastor of the *Lusiad* was a real and not a mythical monster.

The wild romantic scenery that unfolds after passing an ancient fountain outside the walls of Penha Verde, and coming through an archway spanning the road, is aptly described by Byron as uniting the verdure of the south of France with the wildness of the Western Highlands. Woods, straggling and extensive, climb the stony slopes to the left. Ride through this romantic Tapada of Monte Christo, and you will find trees of every variety; pines of many sorts growing in sandy soil, and in their midst rose trees in exuberant sweet growth. Between the greenery are scattered huge boulders, not only singly, but piled in pinnacles and clustered in groups. The wood cutters are busy at work, and crash through the silence comes the sound of a woodland king falling into the brushwood. As you mount, come widening vistas of the far-away sea, exquisitely blue as a sapphire, and by degrees you climb

to the ridge; heather and pines mingle together, and the Atlantic stretches far beyond in noble sweep from north to south.

On the road below, which we have only left for an imaginery climb, the glen drops to the right in entanglement of native woodland and cultivated groves of golden orange and yellow lemon. No wonder the villa on the slope below Penha Verde facing the glen is named Bella Vista. From this almost savagely luxuriant prospect the road enters a miniature pass between rocks and a high wall built high upon the rocks, a passage to which the Moors gave the ancient name of Gibraltar. The high rocks form the boundary on one side to the lovely gardens of a wayside villa, named Quintinha, overrun with crimson Virginian creeper, and heliotrope in full bloom. The script of a sixteenth-century pilgrim gives this name (la Quintana de D. Francesco) to the *casa de campo* half a league from Cintra, which he set out to visit in hope of kissing the hand of El-Rei D. Sebastião temporarily at the house on a shooting expedition: hunting was the earliest hobby of this headstrong young king. " It is small but well built, he said, " it has a large environment with many curiosities in a little chapel." The road divides further on; in the woods below are the quintas, ancient and with many traditions, of S. Thiago and Pombal. The cork trees lining the higher road are delightful; another fountain splashes by the wayside, and then come the gates of the world-renowned Monserrate with its wonderful gardens and the tropical glen, perhaps unrivalled in the world as the result of man's ingenuity and assiduous cultivation.

The house, situated on the extremity of a wooded spur of the Serra projecting over the fertile Varzea of Collares, seems to have been erected somewhat on the plan of the building which stood there in ruins when the property

was bought by the father of the present owner, Sir Frederick Cook. Travellers before that date, 1856, speak of the beautiful wood of ancient chestnut trees, and the groves of oranges and tangerines extending to the house; in the steep declivity of the valley overlooked by the orchards there was a cascade falling over enormous rocks, which appeared to have been placed there by art to imitate the work of nature; in winter and early spring the waters from the Serra formed a tumultuous cataract falling into the stony bed of the wooded glen. This is the romantic gorge in the hill-side that has been converted into the rich treasure-hold of the rarest tropical vegetation in the world, growing together in seemingly natural exuberance in the proximity of leaping cascades and cool, deep pools; elegant tree ferns flourishing with the salubrity of native growth, gigantic aloes, agaves, rare ferns, palm trees of many varieties; and all this wealth of fairy-like greens climbing the steep slopes and mingling with the magnificent colours of exotic flowering plants: crimson, blue, purple, pink, yellow and brilliant amber. Every season has its special charm, but flowers of many varieties are in bloom there, as in Cintra, all the year round; the winter, when the camellias are luxuriantly a-flower and the gold and red foliage of the maples and sycamore still linger on the trees, is not the least attractive of the year. Near the house are velvety stretches of turf overhung by noble trees, and the whole forestry of the park presents one sylvan beauty after the other.

Monserrate is the spot associated with Beckford's name from as far back as Byron's visit to Cintra in 1809, and even to-day travellers, in writing of their experiences, relate their hearsay of the eccentricities of the English millionaire, who built the original edifice, and endowed it with the fame of a reckless gaiety and luxurious living

THE TROPICAL GLEN, MONSERRATE.

In a striking brochure, published recently by Senhor Luiz de Castro, on the subject of Beckford and Monserrate, he gives the history of the quinta from its creation by his ancestor, Caetano de Mello e Castro, Viceroy of India, 1718, to its being rented in 1790 for nine years under certain conditions of building on and ameliorating the estate, to a rich English merchant, named Gerard Devisme, well-known and respected in Lisbon, who had a particular taste for country life, and already possessed a fine mansion in Bemfica. The reasons he gave for taking a lease of Monserrate consisted of its remote situation, its resemblance to his own country, its healthy position and the facilities afforded for enlarging his orchards. This Gerard Devisme pulled down the ancient house, and built the edifice—two circular towers at the extremities of a square block and connected by galleries—that is seen in many engravings copied from those of the period.

Devisme, whose health had greatly influenced him to take Monserrate, found no relief in his new residence, and left for London, where he died in 1798. In 1794 the quinta and house were sub-let to a tenant, who is named in the de Castro document of the transaction, " Beckford Luis de Boy, assistant and manager of Devisme." Now it is evident that Gerard Devisme rented this quinta in 1790, that William Beckford of Vathek fame went away from Portugal in 1787, that he did not return until some years later, when he is stated to have done so under a cloud to elude entanglement in a legal process, and that this alleged necessity for the concealment of a retired life is the sole point in favour of his having been the Beckford Luis de Boy, the new tenant of 1794. But in that case the mansion was already built, and the bizarre construction attributed to his eccentricity was none of his; and under the disguise of Devisme's manager he could never have

acted the rôle of the English millionaire of exotic and musical tastes, and the sumptuous hospitality associated with his alleged life in Monserrate. It also seems incredible that if he created the fame of the spot it should have been the only place of all he visited and dwelt in during his two visits to Portugal left undescribed by note, letter or sketch. The records of his excursion to Alcobaça and Batalha during his second visit, suggest a continuation of the same ostentatious style of travelling and social life that marked the famous letters written from Ramalhão, " a villa lent to him by his friend Senhor Arriago on the slope of the rocky heights of Cintra " in the summer of 1787. No personal records remain of his supposed life at Monserrate, no eulogy of the beautiful scenery, no characteristic sketches of the society which must have frequented the splendid social and musical fêtes attributed to his liberal hospitality. In the spring of 1796, when, if tradition is true, he would already have been established at Monserrate for two years, at the zenith of the galas and concerts given in his house, Robert Southey visited Cintra, where in his uncle's residence the gay doings of a rich compatriot would undoubtedly have reached his ears. Though Southey visited everything in Cintra, even to the Cork Convent on the hill above Monserrate, he makes not the least mention of the house or its " eccentric " tenant.

Subsequent tenants seem to have rented the quinta solely for agricultural culture. The owners were in India; the dwelling, deserted, uninhabited, fell into decay. In 1855 the representative of the de Castro family returned to Portugal, and the following year the property was transferred to the English capitalist, Francis Cook, father of Sir Frederick Cook, who created the famous gardens so much admired to-day.

Monserrate

Outside the gates of Monserrate Park a woodland track mounts up through rocky sandy soil to a broad heath, like a bit of Scotch or Yorkshire moorland, rugged in parts with stony hillocks; and there seems no visible sign of the little Cork Monastery of the Capuchins we set out to visit, nothing but a great mass of enormous stones and boulders piled on an ascending mound to the left before the moor dips to the west. It was founded by desire of the great Viceroy of Penha Verde to the glory of Santa Cruz. His son D. Alvaro asked permission as the first reward for services rendered to the king, to build this monastery of the Cross in the Serra of Cintra, and its foundation dates, according to the inscription on the wall of the church, from 1560. In the heart of this rocky recess in the hill-side the little convent is concealed. Between two giant boulders, touching each other overhead, is a small wicket at the foot of steps leading up to a small terrace lined with stone seats, while in the centre is a hillock topped by the Cross. Rocks climb the hill at the side. More steps lead to an open-air refectory, the summer dining hall of the simple monks. Old, gnarled trees shoot forth their thickly leafed branches above the massive stone tables flanked with seats; at the side under the hill between the tables is an ancient fountain, the water pouring into a basin upon a pedestal of azulejos, which also cover the angles in blue, white and yellow designs; the mosaic background is worn away.

Up again to a covered terrace with four doors, all made of cork: two confessionals separated by a great cross, the church door and the entrance door where a bell is suspended from a vine. This opens into a passage between rocks; the gloom is intense, and the sudden sight of the plaster figure of a monk, cowled and bearded gives one a sudden shock just before emerging into a little garden.

Here are round flower beds, with hydrangeas in brilliant bloom, though it is a December day, and in the centre a fountain with an octagonal stone border. We look back upon the sloping roof of the monastery with its high tomb-shaped chimney, while above and at the side tower like huge cupolas the mighty rocks forming an imposing background, with the Sign of their Faith upreared on the topmost boulder. To the right against the brushwood of the hill a broad flight of steps leads up to a little chapel with a deep porch, where a little recess between rocks served once as a sacristy, and a tiny cell where the Cardinal Infante D. Henrique—afterwards D. Henrique the King —used to remain day and night, when he retired in days of penitence to this little mountain convent. The chapel and cell were built by his order. Through the wood behind the edifice are many paths and winding, rugged steps; at the end of one terrace is a hermitage, forming between two rocks a niche for the realistic, pathetic figure of the Christ on the Cross. A path twisting down to the right of this terrace leads to the cave in the ground hidden between rocks where St Honorius lived in stern penitence for thirty years, say some authorities; others say nine, and others twelve; one year would surely have been enough to tame the most reprobate soul. Close by is a fountain and a stone table, where D. Sebastião was in the habit of dining whenever he rode out to enjoy the shade of the trees and freshness of the springs. The view from the top terrace and the garden wall was exquisite. Immediately below was the little gardened dale, watered by the spring and tanks of the Convent. Through the deep overshadowing boughs of the scented pines of the slope, and above the rich, deep-coloured trees beyond, was seen the distant plain, with its clustering villages and patches and seams of vegetation; and beyond was sea to the

shimmering horizon, tranquil and blue as the Levant; to the north the warm-toned promontory of Peniche extended into the azure, clearly visible though miles away.

The interior of the Convent was curious to a degree; many of the cells were hewn out of the rock, and so contracted and short that they were more like sepulchres than rooms; the doors of cork were so small it was difficult to go through them. The Prior's cell, at the head of a very narrow stone stairs was dismal and austere, with one tiny outlook upon cell windows and a bit of roof with trees beyond, and a peep of the ocean and plain that revealed just enough to set imagination tingling for more. There were various little chapels built in the Convent, a small tribunal chamber circular at the end, and lined with tiled seats, the prison cell, and the *hospedaria*, or guest cells, which were larger and more airy. The winter refectory was a diminutive chamber, having for table an enormous slab of stone which D. Henrique the Cardinal ordered to be quarried from the Serra for this purpose. The whole of the tiny corridors were lined with cork. The Convent stands in its original, humble, austere aspect, alluring by its simplicity and extraordinary situation. D. Philippe II said that he had two celebrated things in his kingdom: the Escurial, renowned for its riches; and this tiny Convent, for its poverty. Days were when at the festival of the Invention of the Holy Cross a great pilgrimage was made to this spot to attend Mass in the little church and chapels; the services in Holy Week also attracted numbers from the vicinity, and many families even from Lisbon.

Following the road towards Collares, outside Monserrate, we soon come to some houses by the wayside and a fine old mansion with an imposing carriage entrance, all property of the ancient quinta of Piedade, belonging to the Duke de Cadaval. The plain little church by the

roadside, with its vestibule hung round with *votos*—small wax impressions of arms, legs, hands, feet, tresses of hair, and other curious objects, all representing requests for miraculous healing—is peculiarly venerated for its exemption from damage during the great earthquake. To this day special services are held on the anniversary day, November 1, attended by the country people around in great number. The gardens, ancient walls and buildings of the adjacent farm are full of interest.

Collares within short distance, situated on two small hills (or collinas) just above the plain, is of very ancient origin, the number of inscriptions which have been found there leaving no doubt that it was once peopled by the Romans. There are several legends connected with its foundation; one is of a fearsome ogre who was the scourge of the country, and lived in a subterranean cavern, but was killed on one of his sanguinary expeditions by no less a personage than Alcides. The people bound the corpse with strong chains (collares) and erected altars to the victor. The verdant and smiling valley spreading out below the town is called the Varzea, an equivalent for large Meadow; luxuriant orchards spread out everywhere, red, brown and gold foliage, showing a wealth of fruit, and particularly apples; and vines deck the whole region, for this is a noted wine district. The town straggles up the hill, with the old church, grey and weather-stained, standing out against the massed roofs and monumental chimneys. Gateways of olden days meet the eye, terraced gardens and pergolas; further up on a secluded praça, with a fountain hard by, are the remnants of the old Camera House, which was the Castle of Collares in years gone by. On a slope close to the upper town an old Convent roof is seen between the trees; it is that of Santa Anna of the Carmelites; in the church many tombs of the de Mello e

GENERAL VIEW OF CINTRA FROM THE PLAIN.

Castro family are to be seen, and among them that of the Viceroy, who was the first owner of Monserrate.

The easiest route to Collares to-day is by the electric tram-line which starts from the station on the hill at Cintra, winds down to the valley beneath the town, and skirts the Serra all the way to the Ocean. It is a richly-coloured country we pass through, giving the impression of a continuous orchard and vineyard. Richly wooded slopes one overlap the other; knolls green with verdure stand out against the higher slopes beyond, often peaked by a high Cross, or a little hermitage. Solitary farms are snuggled against the base of the hills and little flower-decked cottages; new buildings stand out staring with their crude colour at intervals, the sparkle of water is frequent. The river meandering between the route and the base of the mountain is called Gallamares; a few houses standing back in their gardens and orchards constitute the village. Further on we pass ruins of an old-castellated house, once belonging to the Condes de Soure. On the hill above we see the round towers of Monserrate, and near by is a road leading up to the quinta. At Collares the ancient church of S. Sebastião borders the road, and here the character of the land somewhat alters. The river is the same, but changes its name to *das Maçãs*, the River of Apples. It was navigable once as far as the stone bridge crossing the river on the Varzea below Collares, and as far as this the boats were wont to fetch the apples from the orchards bordering the banks, and this is supposed to have given the name to both river and the strand at the little estuary. From Collares to this strand, called Praia das Maçãs, we wind through a land of vines, strewing the sandy soil; they are planted in great patches, divided by woven hedges of reeds, giving the appearance of hurdled ground, doubtless to prevent the damaging drift of the sand during

high winds. A long, scattered forest of pines lines the valley, and battalions and clusters of stone pines rise over the whole district.

The name of Praia das Maças is its sweetest feature. The great waves of the ocean break through the raised arms of a narrow bay, forming the mouth of the river, with a certain impressive force—long, high waves of the lusty Atlantic, which hollow their straight lines into a concave curve of pellucid sea-green before scattering into high, white breakers, visible from the heights of Cintra. The spray is carried inland, veiling the scrub-strewn ridge of the opposite river bank, behind which rise the slopes of the Serra, stretching majestically eastward, and bearing proudly at the furthest point of the undulating, many-peaked ridge the far-away Castle of Pena. It is a landmark for miles around, always a pleasing complement of the wonderful vistas of verdant slopes and romantic glens revealed during that interesting drive from Cintra.

Praia das Maças, though frequented as early as the middle of last century as a watering place, is still in its babyhood, giving an impression of crude-roofed cottages, squalid huts, deserted new chalets all set among unkempt sand hills that have lost their native wildness through the sordid heaps of refuse that abound everywhere. The sea wall of the chief road was half washed away, and no efforts of repair at all visible. The attractions of the spot consist of the roar of the Atlantic breakers on the coast and the atmospheric slopes and outline of the great Serra, which continues towards the sea, terminating in the great Cabo da Roca, called by the English the Rock of Lisbon—probably because it is just after rounding this point that the mouth of the Tagus becomes visible and the ship glides into the broad estuary, which bears it on to the quays of Lisbon.

Good walkers can make their way either from the cliffs south of the River das Maças or from Collares to the coast, where an enormous rock called Pedra de Alvidrar descends by an inclined plane into the sea, so steep that it is almost perpendicular, and seems placed there by nature as a strong barrier to the fury of the waves. In the interior the penetration of the water makes a tremendous whirlpool, which is designated by the name of *Fojo* or fosse. Boys, and even men, of a type supposed to be Phœnician, living in an adjacent village called Almocegeme, to this day no sooner see strangers in the vicinity of this rock than they clamour to be allowed to descend it for the purpose of displaying their agility, of course for a recompensing backsheesh. It is as palpitating a spectacle as any spring from a trapeze, for the least slip on the part of the youngster would precipitate him into the sea beyond all chance of rescue.

The most western point of the peninsular is the extreme end of the Serra of Cintra, a little further south, where the mountain range ends in a high, slender mass of granite called by the Portuguese Caba da Roca (or Rock of Cintra, too), which is ordinarily mistaken for the word Rock, but really means distaff. It is interesting to find that the same word was formerly used in English for distaff, though as mentioned before, we have always called this point the Rock of Lisbon. The *quinhentistas*, or Portuguese writers of the sixteenth century, wove many quaint legends into their early history of the Promontory of the Moon. Some of them quote from more ancient chroniclers the theory that the Cape once stretched out from this ridge right across the sea to Madeira, and formed that island. They quote Ptolemy in speaking of an island called Londobris, that once stood in front of the promontory, an island to which the Lusita-

nians retired when they were finally beaten by the Romans. There they defended themselves so vigorously that all their opponents were stretched dead on the battlefield except one soldier, who, losing his shield, plunged into the waves and swam to the mainland.

The celebrated historian Damião de Goes, of the same era, relates a story that was told him personally by a writer of the Caza da India concerning this same Caba da Roca. A man was fishing with a rod on the rock, and threw each fish as he caught it into a little sand hollow behind him. Going back to examine his catch after a time he suddenly saw to his amazement a nude youth throwing his fish into the sea; in the belief that it was an ordinary bather who was playing a trick upon him he went to seize hold of him for stealing the fish, and the youth dived into the sea and appeared no more. There had been old legends before this of a Triton or a sea nymph who appeared in the death agony on the coast, uttering groans which were heard from a distance. This tale received such credence that it was considered worth while to convey details of the phenomenon to the Roman Emperor by a special embassy of responsible people. There were weird stories current too of a colony of mermen and mermaids who haunted the caves off the promontory of Peniche further up the coast at the time of the Roman invasion; stories of *mulheres marinhas*, or women of the sea, were very popular among the peasants until quite recently. Of sirens singing and floating in the Atlantic off the Peninsular coast, evidence is put by an old writer in the mouth of an English crusader, who came to fight against the Moors.* And does not the ancient *Sala da Galé e Sereias* (sirens) in the old Cintra Palace bear testimony to the popularity of such legends?

*Lisboa Antiga.

Serra of Cintra

A good carriage road now winds round the hill from Cintra, passing through scenery reminiscent of parts of Provence and Palestine, approaching the Caba da Roca in close proximity, and proceeding to Mont' Estoril and Cascaes.

CHAPTER XI

FROM the days of the early monarchy trees were forbidden to be cut in the forests covering the stony slopes of the hills behind Cintra. Over the upland moors, through thickets and shadowy pine and leafy hazel woods kings hunted the deer, wild boar and all kinds of small game in those royal preserves. Here D. Affonso IV, in the ardour of the chace, once spending a whole month in the forest, drew forth remonstrances from his ministers, one of them even venturing to say that if he occupied himself more with hunting than affairs of the State they must choose another king. He had the wisdom to profit by the hint. The shrubs and flora of the hills and gorges are of extensive variety; the myrtle, cistus, rosemary and mimosa are abundant, also the arbutus with its clustering lily-like blossom and beautiful strawberry fruit. Many rare flowers grow in wild exuberance, and among them a variety of ox-eyed daisy that botanists seek elsewhere in vain; by the brookside of the gorges is found the lovely blue lily (Lilium Agapanthus), and the crocus of the slopes, narcissus and many kind of iris which alone make the countryside a floral paradise in the early months of the year.

To-day many paths lead up to the height of the stony peaks, winding zigzag from point to point, or climbing the deep folds of the hills, wrapt in the verdure of a manifold foliage; and a good carriage road after broad deviations and many curves, making the ascent agreeable, conducts to the lower and upper gates of the gardens of the Palace of Pena on the highest crest of the Cintra hills. Where now stand the towers and high walls of this nineteenth-century royal residence, there once stood the Convento da Pena, which was originally a tiny hermitage of Nossa

THE PALACE OF PENA.

Senhora, who once appeared on the site according to the legend, and her image was worshipped there for many years under the title of Our Lady of the Rock (da Penha). The hermitage retains the memory of a visit paid to it by D. João II and his Queen in the fifteenth century, when for eleven days the royal couple and retinue dwelt in tents round the chapel, and then returned to the palace at Cintra. Many a time his successor, D. Manuel, mounted to the same spot, and from a window of the hermitage plunged his gaze into the far horizon of the sea, searching for the sails of the galleons which he had sent to the East. When the news of Vasco da Gama's approach was brought to him, he was at Cintra, and remembering later the strain of his outlook from the Pena height, and the relief and delight with which he welcomed the good news, he erected on the site of the humble fourteenth-century hermitage a monastery built of wood, causing at the same time the summit of the hill to be levelled to a broader plateau. Finding that his memorial was not likely to endure, he ordered a strongly built structure to take its place, fashioned with battlemented walls resembling a fortress, with vaulted corridors, cloisters paved with marble, a *pateo* for visitors and a broad terrace raised upon vaulted arches and buttresses, which then as to-day commanded an extensive horizon. A flight of broad steps led up to the chapel, which was richly decorated, lined with green and white tiles—some of the original still remain—and endowed among other rich gifts with a crown for the Senhora da Pena, made out of the first gold brought from India.

In 1743 the monastery was struck by lightning, which damaged the tower and created a destructive fire. Travellers of the early part of the nineteenth century speak of the deserted convent as being a perfect and singular

specimen of a monastic institution, unique in construction, and still imposing. D. Fernando of Coburg, the Royal Consort of D. Maria II, had a great liking for Cintra, and wished very much to purchase Monserrate to erect a summer residence on the lovely site, but failing to procure it for the price he was willing to give, his fancy swung round to the ruins of the Pena monastery, which he bought in 1838 for 700 milreis, including the land which is to-day converted into lovely gardens and park. The German architect who planned the new Palace took for model the mediæval baronial castles of his country, while retaining the characteristic features of the Manueline structure and its massive walls. After D. Fernando's death the State bought the palace for a royal residence, and it is a favourite spot of Queen D. Amelia, her predilection being attributed by the Portuguese to the tastes for country life acquired by her education in England.

Though this mixture of architecture is condemned, the whole palace presents an imposing aspect, and the walks on its noble terraces, and the views, especially from the gallery of the great dome covered with golden tiles, are of more than ordinary interest. You walk round and view as in a panorama Cape Espichel, the Arrabida, and the Tagus slipping inland between the low plains on either side for miles, the mountain ranges of Alemtejo and of Estremadura; in the far north the Berlenga Islands in the ocean off the point of Peniche, the great plain stretching to Mafra, and looking over the hill ridge of Cintra rises the high peak of Cruz Alta to view, surmounted by a colossal statue of Vasco da Gama. In the park one can while hours away attracted by one point of interest after the other; in one part there is quite a wood of camellia trees and bushes, a heavenly sight when in blossom, and several of the fountains are charming.

The ridge west of the palace site dips and then rises again to the walls and towers of the old Moorish alcazar, commonly called the Castle of the Moors, rising upon the summit of the gigantic boulders that terminate this peak of the Serra. Some of the masonry is still so solid that it is considered by many archæologists to have been built originally anterior to the Saracenic era. Two lines of work are visible, consisting of substantial curtains with rounded bastions, firm as the rocks on which they are based in some parts, while in others are breaches. Five towers there were in all, near the first being the traces of a door, which was once supposed to conceal the entrance to a secret tunnel, or way, through the rocks to the plain by the River do Mouro, below the village of Cintra. This is the way by which the Portuguese are supposed to have gained egress through the Porta da Traição to the fortress when they finally drove out the Moors. Repairs everywhere have placed the stone steps and terrace bordering the wall in such order that visitors can walk and climb from one end to the other and around. Within the second line of walls strongly constructed among the great rocks, is a large tank fifty feet long, seventeen wide, and four deep, with a vaulted roof, and the water cool and fresh, always remaining at the same height, whatever quantity is taken away for watering the plants and garden now laid out between the walls of the ancient fortress. This cistern is called the Bath of the Moors, and just beyond the gate to the left of it, on a somewhat lower platform, are the ruined walls of what is called the Mesquita dos Muros, or Moorish Mosque, which once served, too, as a chapel dedicated to S. Pedro; round the high altar runs an Arabic inscription, and the remains of Arabic wall painting which were spoken of quite a century ago. Near the Banho dos Mouros were remains of ruins that might have been

stables, with the roofs once supported by square pillars. One conjured up in connexion with these reminiscences—the bath, the mosque, the stabling—pictures of gaily caparisoned Arab steads, their turbaned riders, wending through the forest byways, gaining their strong quarter perched aloft like an eagle's eyrie, dismounting to withdraw to their little mosque to go through the genuflexions of the sunset prayer, and then refreshing themselves in the coolness of the vaulted Banho.

After the exodus of the Moors one more strange invasion of these massive walls took place. When the Castilians besieged Lisbon to enforce their King's claim to the throne against the Master of Aviz shut up in the capital, a body of their army under D. Henrique, Conde de Cêa gained possession of the Castle of the Moors. It was the great constable, Nuno Alvares Pereira, who with three hundred men forced a way in and expelled the Spaniards. The same glorious view is visible from these walls as from the palace, only here the eye also looks down directly on the town, with its villas and gardens, and the old palace couched on the lower hill, exercising on its whole surroundings by mere aspect alone the strong influence of tradition's glamour.

From the roadway outside the walls is seen the deep wooded, stony gorge which, threaded by a silvery stream, dips down from the Palace main entrance to the suburb of S. Pedro at the foot of the hill. A road skirts the further side of the valley, giving an interesting view of the woods below the Castle of the Moors, but the most beautiful walk is through the woods themselves and the great rocks overhung with mosses and creepers, by a winding path and well-made zigzag which at every turn tempt one to linger to revel in the sylvan display around, the savagery of the rocks, and the wide-reaching prospect over valley,

A ROAD IN CINTRA.

plain and hill. It is regretfully we pass through the high turnstile at the boundary of this royal domain; a steep lane leading to another crossing it at the foot brings the mother church of the district in view, Santa Maria, a plain, neglected little building. Houses and cottages are built on the hill-side at every possible angle, with steps leading from one to the other. At the end of the lane we turn and are confronted by a small, deserted convent with many windows, and at one side the plain Jesuit-built façade of a little church. Scattered up the hill-side are hermitages, and the very ancient convent of Trinidad, dating from the fourteenth century, had grounds which extended to the walls of the old Fortress-Castle. We follow the road past the rose-tinted, deserted convent below; it is skirted by an ancient wall on one side and the rocky hill-side on the other, and soon we come between houses again.

Straight below spreads out a broad square with a green stretching out to one side; here are mounds planted with ancient trees, and surrounded by the steps one associates with old market crosses. This village of S. Pedro had an alluring old-world aspect; several fine old residences looked down upon the square and roads branching off. To the right was a simple building, an ancient tavern which had two large figures roughly outlined, one on each side of the doorway; one figure was that of a peasant with his Phrygian cup, the other a typical John Bull merrily astride on a barrel, a bottle in his hand. Beneath was the date 1803. To what these alluded no one could tell me, but some bygone meaning must be attached to the rough drawing which, though probably renewed, must have originated through some episode or reminiscence connected with the date. A three is easily convertible into eight, and vice versa, in stages of repaint, so it seemed as if 1808, the year of the Convention, might have been the original figures.

A delightful road led away from S. Pedro lined by gardened houses, all closed, for it was winter-time, when the owners were in Lisbon. Scarlet poinsettia was growing luxuriantly above one high gateway; the camellias were in bloom before an old-fashioned, rose-coloured house with battlemented parapets. The street became an avenue lined with fine old trees; we looked back and saw the Palace of Pena high against the blue, and the village clustering at the base of the hill. We were on the ancient high road between Cintra and Lisbon, and the arches of an old aqueduct in the distance crossed the valley to the hill-side. One road branched off in that direction, the other passed between high walls bordering the grounds and gardens of the famous old quinta of Ramalhão. An archway spanned the road connecting the grounds on either side, and just before reaching it we saw to the right the high, worked-iron gates of the chief entrance. Magnificent foliage stretching across the roadway lent an added dignity to the secluded walls and imposing barrier. A broad drive, shaded by regular rows of ancient trees, led up to the façade of the house, just visible through the subdued light. To the right was a thickly wooded plantation.

This villa of Ramalhão was the real residence of William Beckford in 1787, the quinta lent to him for two months by Street de Arriaga, to whom, as well as to the Marquez de Marialva, he had come with letters of introduction; and from this mansion were dated all the curious and interesting letters which tell people more about the society in Portugal of that period than any other recorded memories. In 1822 Queen D. Carlotta Joaquina was sent there to reside for refusing to take the oath of fealty to the Constitution, and for plotting with D. Miguel to overthrow it. Many curious episodes contemporaneous with the agitated Portuguese history of the period are re-

lated to have occurred at Ramalhão during the Queen's enforced retirement. D. Carlos of Spain was there in 1832. His protest against the recognition of his niece, D. Isabel II, as Queen of Spain, was dated and signed from here. Portuguese writers agree, however, that no record of the history of Ramalhão exceeds in artistic, literary and historic interest the memories of Beckford, who, they say, was also a prince in good taste, in wealth, and in the grace with which he dispensed a generous hospitality.

A vaulted passage opens out to the left of the entrance, from which mounted a wide stone staircase with shallow steps, to the long series of spacious rooms opening one into the other, which were the Oriental salons of Beckford, decorated with the divans, soft curtains, drapery and mirrors that he associated with Eastern life. As there is no possibility of catching a glimpse of these, we pass under the archway and step out upon a long, broad terrace, where a long line of noble columns support a verandah which runs along the windows of the upper rooms. The gardens slope down from the terrace, which is again bordered with the box shrubbery; palms were growing luxuriantly, and a vast variety of flowering plants and shrubs. For this garden Beckford imported an English gardener, and was enchanted with the result of his efforts. " The vigour of the vegetation of this climate," he said, " is such that gardenias, jasmines and plants from the Cape of Good Hope, which I brought with me from England as cuttings, are already covered with beautiful flowers. The hollyhocks and varieties of Indian corn sown by my gardener have reached an amazing height, and already form avenues and fine thickets where the children are able to hold delightful games." One must bear in mind the fact that he was only there two months to realize the force of

these words as applied to the local luxuriance of vegetation.

Behind this long pillared façade of the palace was a spacious court, looked down upon by the windows of the three other wings. The whole edifice was simple in construction yet dignified, and, set in its beautiful gardens, woods and orange and lemon groves, gave the impression of a striking, noble past in its appearance. The position was fine, often commented upon by Beckford, and the view from the terrace looked beyond the plain right to the sea and broad estuary of the Tagus.

The walk by the road leading down and round to the station from Ramalhão is too far for the ordinary pedestrian; it is pleasanter to return through S. Pedro, mount the road to the right of the square, and dip over the hill, all the way between houses, passing delightful local colour on the way, to the road which runs just above the town of Cintra, below the leafy quinta of Saldanha. Close to the gates is a broad, faience-walled fountain; villas are lining the hills, all with historic names. Wherever you go in Cintra you pass old fidalgo residences, closed in with walls, and blazons sculptured over the gateways, for it is essentially a town of private properties, and only in the hotels can visitors find accommodation, unless they rent one of the furnished villas; and dull would be the life without an essential personal letter of introduction to some member or other of a society that is more than ordinarily exclusive. From the days of *hallalis* and royal hunts of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries Cintra has been practically the exclusive property of the nobility of Lisbon. On the slopes of the hills were erected mansions that were called palaces. In the eighteenth century rich merchants, chiefly foreigners, were allowed to share with the fidalgos of D. Maria's Court the plea-

LARGO DA RAINHA D AMELIA, CINTRA.

sure of this suburban summer resort of the capital, but its quintas have ever been zealously guarded from the prying intrusion of strangers. There has been some talk that a scheme was on foot to turn Cintra into a Portuguese Monaco by building a huge Casino, and a caravanserai of an hotel to suit a cosmopolitan imported colony of strangers. Cintra has shown small enterprise in responding to such an evolution, and long may its prestige depend upon the poetry of tradition encircling its old palace, the prestige of royalty and Beckford in Ramalhão, of the Marialvas in Seteais, of the numberless historic quintas from Penha Verde to the Villa Alegria, Pisões, Saldanha, and the ancient house of the Marquis de Pombal.

We drop down through one of the steep narrow alleys to the central square of the little town opposite the low squared building with an ancient clock tower. Instead of glass, iron bars of double rows spread in front of the windows, and through this grating heads of men within project, some with green caps, others with black, and below is a small crowd. Women are there with gay-coloured kerchiefs over their heads; one with a wee baby slung over her shoulder is talking to a man through a lower window. This is the usual style of prison seen in a Portuguese town; it is not so sinister as it looks, as it is only the place of confinement prior to the trial. After this takes place, the prisoners are removed to large prisons that are called penitentiaries, and of which the most marked difference from English gaols consists in the compulsory wearing of a light-textured mask concealing the prisoner's face when he is at work or out of his cell; otherwise these Portuguese penitentiaries are conducted on strictly humanitarian principles. Here in the country " lock-up " the prisoners' friends toss cigarettes up to them—perhaps the theft bringing him there has been mere orchard rob-

bing—and in the deep, useful bag cap let down through the bars, a relative will secrete bread, fruit and often money, and then throw it up again. It is a lively little square; weddings are frequent at the church, which stands close to the prison, and from the terrace behind overlooking the lovely ravine, with its gay-coloured houses slipping down to the depths, I have seen some of the most beautiful sunsets the Artist of the clouds has ever spread out on the broad canvas of the heavens.

Market day is noticeable by the inpouring of peasants from the villages around. Mules, donkeys, laden as they are in the East with the owner astride on the massed vegetables, or piled up panniers, amble quickly through the streets; pigs, sheep, goats, are driven in for sale. In olden days the fisher-folk, men and women, used to come in from Praia das Maças to Cintra (and go on to Lisbon) on foot to sell their fish. They came in a kind of trot, which took some time to get into, and was not easily interrupted, so that they got into the habit of singing out the names of their fish as they swung along the road without stopping unless they were called. It was considered a survival of the old Oriental Moorish way of quickly covering long distances. It was in Cintra that it first struck me that the curious woollen caps of the peasants, used by working men universally, must be a survival of the ancient Phrygian cap one sees in old engravings and on ancient bas-reliefs. The Phœnician colonies on the Lusitanian coast were numerous, and other Levantine and Greek settlements are chronicled by the earliest historians.

Once more we turn in at the hospitable door of our hotel facing the bright, sunlit praça of the centre of Cintra. That English is spoken there is inscribed upon the balcony of one of the finest dining-rooms in Lisbon or Cintra, with windows looking also to the west, over the

superb view of the plain and ocean. The landlady is English, and daughter of the gardener Burt, who laid out the wonderful gardens of Monserrate more than forty years ago. Many an interesting tale of those early days was told to us by Senhora Costa, who seemed to inherit her father's love of and taste for horticulture.

Always in view from Cintra as one looks north-east to the hill district of the Lines of Torres Vedras there looms bigly, though shadow-like, on the far horizon the form of a huge building, with two towers uprising from the centre of the long façade. It is the palace of Mafra, the most gigantic building in Portugal, and some say the largest and finest in Europe, but the idea of size confounds itself in some minds with the idea of beauty. However, a structure which contains no less than 4,500 doors, 880 rooms, two lofty towers, a majestic dome and two splendid terraces, must be regarded with respect and wonder, and hearsay of its colossal size alone is sufficient to attract many visitors to the village of Mafra. Some drive across the plain from Cintra, passing the quarries of Pedro Pinheiro on the way, from whence thousands of bullock teams in the days of the palace's construction drew the stones for building, some of the heaviest, largest blocks requiring thirty to forty yokes of bulls to convey them from the quarry to the village.The approach is not favourable from this side, and its comparative bareness gave rise to Beckford's remark that the country gave the impression of having been devastated by a giant, who lived in the vast palace which dwarfs all else in its vicinity. The drive from the station of Mafra, on the contrary, is quite charming, winding through wooded valleys, and between foot hills, fertile in vines, olives, pines and general cultivation, while at many bends of the road the Serra of Cintra is in view, blue and

luminous, with the town enamelled on the hill-side, and the clear horizon of the Atlantic beyond.

The foundation of this edifice is attributed to a vow made by D. João V, when he was anxious to secure an heir to the throne; it was to the effect of erecting a monastery for poor monks of the Arrabida, who had a small hospice in the village of Mafra. As King João had already been blessed with a daughter and four sons before he laid the first stone of his colossal enterprise, others attribute its erection to his great desire to become celebrated by perpetuating his glory in this durable, stupendous shape to future generations. When the work began, the art of stone carving had been forgotten in Portugal. A new school was formed at Mafra that developed during the thirteen years of its construction, and continuing at Ajuda, has produced the masters of to-day. " When you return to your homes," D. João is stated to have said to his artists and sculptors, " it will be enough for you to say you have worked in the building of Mafra to receive the reply, 'Here then is a great artist.' "

The church is in the centre of the long façade between the two towers. A gentle ascent, paved with the usual mosaic of black and white stones, leads up to the handsome peristyle formed with six Ionic columns, which, separating three arches, constitute the portico of the church. The whole interior shows a marvellous combination of different coloured marbles, superb bas-reliefs, and statues of Carrara marble, finely sculptured. The floor, the *zimborio*, the vaulted ceiling, are all inlaid with the same beautifully veined and polished marbles, the beautiful Corinthian columns are of marble, two high porticoes of black marble unite the lateral naves, and the sculptured flowers and foliage of finest finish are all executed in the marble. It is a perfect museum of marbles, and with

the exception of the statues, all are from Portuguese quarries: the white, blue, pink, yellow, brown and black marbles, veined and plain, all unite in the decoration and construction of what is pronounced by connoisseurs the most perfect and beautiful edifice of the Greco-Roman or Renaissance style erected in Portugal to the Christ of Rome. Mafra is worth visiting, if only for the sake of seeing this beautiful church alone. The palace and monastery are distinct, though often confounded together; in the latter the fine staircase of marble and the elliptical shaped Chapter House, with its marble tribune and curious, sonorous echo, are worthy of notice. The whole edifice is a perfect maze, in which the remaining points of interest are the sacristy, the *casa de lavatorio*, the refectory, the great kitchen, the mortuary chapel, the rooms of the palace and the important mechanism of the wonderful bells. From one corridor is seen a beautiful garden in the square below, laid out in the fashion of Versailles, the box borders in their intricacy of pattern, presenting a charming lace-like effect. The great library is the noblest *sala* of the building. The whole of the vaulted ceiling and walls is richly panelled in Louis Quinze style, and a carved balustrade forms a gallery round the room. Thirty thousand volumes, systematically arranged, the most precious behind glass, line the shelves. Some rare *elzéveres* and valuable illuminated MSS. are among them.

The Tapada and garden of the palace are delightful with their variety of trees and flowering shrubs, fountains and winding walks. There is a particular charm in the carillon of the noted Flemish bells, their melody vibrating in regular musical phrases through the air like the tones of a sonorous musical box.

CHAPTER XII

THE ancient city of Thomar, overlooked by its wonderful Convent of the Order of Christ upon the hill behind, is one of the most interesting spots in Portugal from an æsthetic, as well as from an historic point of view. It can be reached from Coimbra in three, or Lisbon in four hours, the nearest station to it, Payalvo, being situated on the east line of the two railroads which converge at Coimbra for the north. The route from the capital skirts the Tagus, sometimes near, sometimes at a distance, for the greater part of the way. Scattered olive orchards, quintas with their vineyards, diversify the view with long, marsh-like stretches broken up with salt pans, and the deep red or white sails of boats moving up some narrow channels in the flat lending an aspect almost Dutch to the picture as seen from the train.

The Valley de Santarem is a wooded, fertile hollow between hills, with houses here and there; vines spread to the plain of the Tagus, aloes are a frequent feature, and the cactus barrier; heath-like patches spread between the trees, and the banks have flowering cistus bushes as prolific as the wild rose. A long, narrow bridge spans the Tagus beneath the picturesque high site of the city of Santarem, which has figured in all the wars of the country. From the olive groves in the vicinity comes the finest oil in Portugal. In the distance, on a rock in the river, stands the old castle of Almourel, the subject of many a poetic legend, and considered one of the most unique, beautiful specimens of Gothic architecture in the Peninsula. Cork trees seem abundant everywhere, and we pass through a vast forest of them, the Matto de Miranda, with long vistas and stretches of heath and rolling ground reminiscent of the New Forest.

A STREET IN CINTRA.

Thomar

A beautiful panorama spreads to view at the last bend of the five miles' drive from Payalvo station to Thomar. Below is a verdant plain, fertile in fruit and olive trees as a garden, and in the midst winds a river. To the left, on the hill above, the towers and battlements of an ancient castle show up strongly against the blue. The white houses of the town are at the foot of the hill. Right below the road as we slowly descend are the plain, unmistakable buildings of a large convent with its church. It is that of the Franciscans, serving to-day as a barracks, bordering the greensward and avenues of the Alameda of the Varzea Grande or cultivated plain.

Further away across the river stands out a square tower, and close to it the brown façade of a church, in which an immense rose window is conspicuous from afar. This is the mother church of the district, S. Maria dos Olivaes, built in the twelfth century, upon ruins of a Benedictine monastery of Gothic times. Roman relics unearthed in the vicinity incline archæologists to the opinion that the noted Nabantia of the Romans and Goths was situated on that side of the river. A torrential inundation is supposed to have destroyed the town, which revived in the site where we now see Thomar when D. Affonso Henriques included the fertile plain in lands he gave to the sixth, most famous Grand Master of the Templars, D. Gualdim Paes, after the battle of Ourique. With the erection of the fine castle-fortress on the brow of the steep hill, a new town sprang up between the river and the hill base, taking the name of Thomar from the river, which was given in exchange that of Nabão after the ancient city. Artists, stone-cutters, builders, carpenters, settling there without number, to carry on the great constructive works, contributed to the rapid growth of Thomar, which soon received a charter, and became renowned as the head-

quarters of the powerful knights. S. Maria dos Olivaes, which was made the See of the Order, after its erection by Gualdim Paes, became later the mother of all the churches founded by the Order of Christ throughout the world. The surrounding soil has so accumulated through the ages that a broad, deep flight of steps now descends to the church, which is in the Gothic style, and interesting, apart from its antiquity, through being the burial-place of Gualdim Paes, and other famous knights of the illustrious Templars. The tower is said to have been erected to protect the builders at work from Moorish raiders. Another legend connects it with a subterranean passage said once to have existed between the castle on the hill and the church. Following the river south a little distance on the other side a pyramidal stone is to be seen commemorating the spot where the troops of D. João I and the great Constable Pereira united for the march to Aljubarrota.

At the end of the shady road leading from S. Maria to the town a deep arch connects the ancient buildings on either side. We turn to the left into the street, which opens on the bridge, and pass a Manueline door with the date 1560, and see in a niche of the same ruined edifice, overlooking the river, the figure of a saint, and on a stone in the wall below the symbol of old Nabantia, a bull, outlined. This is the extinct Convent of St Iria or Irene, concerning whom there is a pretty though pathetic legend which has been sung by poet and pictured by painter for long generations. When the Gothic Count de Castinaldo was Governor of Nabantia, Celio, Prior of the Benedictine monastery, had a beautiful niece named Irene, daughter of a noble family residing outside the city, who confided her to the care of two aunts in the Convent of S. Clara by the river. The girl's beauty, intelligence and devotion to the Christian faith made her beloved and renowned in the

whole district. Close to the Governor's palace stood the little chapel of S. Pedro—on the site of the cemetery now close to S. Maria dos Olivaes—where, on the feast of the saint's day, Britaldo, son of Castinaldo, saw Irene, and at once fell passionately in love with her. She had already made up her mind to become a nun, and refused to listen to any proposal that would compel her return to the outside world. Opposition but fed the young Count's ardour, and fearful lest another might grasp what he had failed to win—for those were days when passion, brooking no resistance, was often the prelude to forcible abduction—he caused her to be assassinated. Irene was in the habit of retiring to a little grotto in the river bank, where nothing but the murmuring water and songs of the birds intruded upon the ecstatic reveries of her devotions, and here at dawn, one fair October day of the year 653, she was surprised by the assassin, who threw her body into the river, and carried her blood-stained garments to Britaldo in proof of the accomplished death. The remainder of the legend concerns the finding of the body on the river bank at Santarem, which derived its name and patron saint from that source.

The stone bridge of Thomar is very ancient, the present structure dating from D. Manuel's reign, being only a renewal of the former one. It has six strong round arches, the foundations of every one showing their stone surface projecting diamond-shaped above the water on either side of the bridge. These are flanked by stout buttresses, with arched passages between to assist the flow of water when the river is in spate. The iron railings are of recent erection, taking the place of the thick walls which made the bridge too narrow for increased traffic. This interesting landmark of the past adds to the charm of the beautiful river, which is the chief source of the wealth of the

town. A broad, briskly-flowing weir stretching to the right of the bridge divides the stream, which is the mainspring of important factories on the banks, paper, corn, wool weaving, and extensive cotton mills, employing two thousand workpeople, putting elements in motion that promote the local well-being of one of the most industrious populations of Portugal, and feed the national markets. And in spite of the industrial use to which its waters are put the Nabão still remains a beautiful river. The huge, lichen-stained water-wheels do but add to the picturesque aspect of the sparkling stream and verdant banks. Private gardens deck the margin with tall, thick hedges of multi-hued roses. Weeping willows dip their deliciously green streamers to the limpid surface. The Public Gardens border the opposite bank, where avenues of acacias and other flowering trees perfume the whole atmosphere. Everywhere the freshness of the verdure is charming, while the near presence of factory chimneys and buildings is veiled by tall poplars, the leafy ash, mulberry, olive and a host of other trees. Six o'clock has struck, and over the bridge stream the factory hands in their scores, women and girls, their gay head-kerchiefs, yellow, rose, green, white, blending into the colours of a moving ribbon above the railings of the bridge.

We follow them across, looking down for a moment on a sandy stretch on the other side, where figures of women washing in groups by the river-side make another bright spot of animated colour. Down the broad road to the left stood once an ancient royal palace, to which came D. Duarte, in 1438, to avoid the plague raging in Lisbon, but he was seized with illness, and died in the Convent of Christ on the hill at the age of forty-seven. A little beyond this site, long ago converted into a factory, but still possessing an old gate topped by a cross, is the Rua dos

Arcos, where many of the old arches of a street of arcades are seen built into the walls of present-day houses. These arcades were shops ordered to be built by the same D. Duarte I, just outside the city, that he might rent them to the Jews, who were the chief shopkeepers of that epoch.

From the bridge the Rua de Serpa Pinto leads direct to the Praça of D. Manuel, passing on the way the chief hotel, the União Commercial, whose proprietor, Senhor Araujo, having a keen appreciation of the historic and artistic interests of his town, welcomes with a more than ordinary enthusiasm those travellers who have the discrimination to select Thomar for one of their resting-places. I use the word discrimination advisedly, for even Batalha itself is not a more striking and important expression of the ancient grandeur of Portugal than the Convent of Christ on the hill above the restful, quaint old town and its garden plain. It is not an exaggeration to call it a wonderful Convent, unique in the variety of its beautiful edifices, and as the embodiment of distinct epochs in the nation's history.

Two buildings facing each other at either end of the Praça at the foot of the hill were built by D. Manuel. One is the church of St John the Baptist, with its fine doorway, and a pointed tower which is considered the most beautiful on Portuguese soil. The sculptured pulpit is of refined workmanship, and the pictures of the *capella-mor* are attributed to Grão Vasco. Every one of them is set in a background of gold and white carved woodwork covering the walls and ceiling, but the dim light makes it difficult to judge of their real value. The other Manueline edifice is the Town Hall, or Paço do Concelho, long and plainly outlined, but possessing a decided Moorish aspect, with the three high arches of its entrance and the vaulted arcades of both stories to the rear.

Now we are at the foot of the historic hill which is crowned by " the most national, characteristic and patriotic of Portuguese architectural works, one of the most splendid and rich models bequeathed by the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries." To the left of the Paço do Concelho a calçada climbs in a broad zigzag up the steep ascent to the old fortifications of the Templars, which have defied the attacks of time for seven centuries. Bastions crown the walls, and before the principal tower the remains of an ancient barbican are visible. We pass beneath the noted gateway into a gardened space, and leaving the ruined castle on the left look straight where the powerful Roman-built walls and massive buttresses of the Templars' chapel raise their battlements against the azure. The edifice is polygon in form, and a bell-tower of later date rises above, but closely built upon it, so as to appear part of the same structure. On mounting the steps to the terrace before the entrance we see the inscription engraven on a stone in the wall to the right. The translation runs after this manner:

" In the year 1168, in the reign of Affonso, King of Portugal, Galdino, Master of the Portuguese Knights Templars, began with his brethren on the 1st day of March to build the Castle called Thomar, which when finished was offered by the King and God to the Knights Templars. In 1228, on the 3rd day of July, the King of Morocco came with 400,000 cavalry and 500,000 footmen to besiege the castle for six days, and destroyed all that he found outside the walls. God delivered the Castle, its Master and brethren from his hands. The same King returned to his country with innumerable loss of men and beasts."

This siege of Thomar Castle, one of the most celebrated in the annals of the struggles between the Chris-

EVENING, CINTRA.

tians and the Moors, took place in the last years of the heroic founder. The inhabitants carried all their possessions up the hill and fought the pagans outside the castle walls. After the destroyers' flight the town revived rapidly, for in a century's time the number of its population exceeded 20,000 souls.

A mystic sanctuary was that first strong chapel of the warrior monks. Beneath the cupola originally crowning the edifice a Byzantine arcade was erected concentric with the polygon exterior but octagon in form, composing in its entirety what was called the Charola, or great recess for figures of saints, surrounding the high altar, which was erected beneath the east arch, according to the rites of the ancient Free Masons, supposed to have been practised by the Templars. It was a sanctuary corresponding to the mirghab of the Orient. The chapel was used chiefly during times of siege, for at other times the knights lived without the walls, and performed their orisons in the mother church of S. Maria. It is well to call to mind that churches in those days were the nucleus of the social life of the district in which they were erected.

Under King Diniz the power of the Templars, with their vast wealth, was transmuted into the new Order of Christ. Prince Henry the Navigator, one of its most distinguished Grand Masters, adapted the Templars' chapel to public worship, and added to the convent two cloisters, uniting his own dwelling, now in ruins, with the church. One of these, called the Cloister of the Cemiterio, is pure Gothic, the pointed arches raising themselves above handsome capitals, which are noted for the beauty of their sculptured foliage. The epitaphs and names on the pavement over the graves of heroic knights of Christ are undecipherable, but three tombs of the sixteenth century stand back in the arches of the walls. Through a glazed

aperture in one of these is seen the skeleton of Balthasar de Faria, counsellor of the four kings, D. João III, D. Sebastião, D. Henrique and Spanish Philip, Ambassador to Rome, and one of the chief promoters of the establishment of the Inquisition in Portugal. Dissolved into dust are the costly robes of interment, only the mummified, hideous form remains in what is considered miraculous preservation; perhaps, suggests a Portuguese writer, that it might be the flouted cynosure of inquisitive eyes in expiation for sins committed in life. It is a relief to turn to the lovely gardens of these cloisters, where flowers and shrubs are enclosed in deep octagonal barriers of ancient azulejos. Through a window is seen the second cloister of two galleries, now in ruins, but still showing its substantial, yet beautiful architecture.

With lapse of years considerable alterations and additions were made to suit the new necessities of the increased number of knight-monks and the monastic troops attached to the Order of Christ. The simplicity of the Templars' chapel was modified, the clustered columns and arches of the Charola being worked upon in silver and tinted arabesques, the walls painted with allegorical figures, the niches filled with gilded and coloured statues of saints, all demonstrating the strong artistic influence of the East, while presenting a dazzling effect now toned by the mellow brush of Time. D. João I, as well as his son, Prince Henry, contributed to the changes in the monastery, but the grand restoration was due to D. Manuel, who as Duke of Beja, before his accession to the throne, was Grand Master of the Order, and a great lover of the Convento de Christo.

A massive pointed arch opened out the west face of the ancient chapel, and there arose on the hill crest a splendid structure in the regular lines of a parallelogram, consisting

of the body of the new church, the choir and the famous Chapter House. The Charola remained the High Altar, its solemn aspect enhanced by three magnificent Gothic canopies, while recessed on the walls of the polygon were pictures, painted when art was at its zenith, by the famous school called Gothic-Portuguese, of which Grão Vasco was the noted representative. Only four of these really valuable paintings now remain. After hearing from many sources that the French were responsible for the loss of the others, it came as a shock to be told by Senhor Pinheiro, a resident in the town, that two of the missing paintings were to be found in a London gallery, where he had seen them himself, and marked them in the catalogue as pictures from the Convent of Thomar. The wood-carvings of the choir and stalls of the monks were superb, according to historical records and ancient engravings, rivalling the most famous of European cathedrals, but of all the magnificence not a trace remains. Only a dark stain on the stone floor witnesses to a fire which was fed with costly fuel of this ornamentation by soldiers of the French invading army, though Veira Guimarães, in his learned and highly interesting work on the Order of Christ, magnanimously attributes the loss to ignorance and national rapine rather than to the foreigner.

The south exterior is marked by elaborately carved, pinnacled buttresses, with two fine windows between, sunk in a diminishing series of pointed arches, and decorated with dainty coral tracery and niches for statues. The famous portal, one of the most characteristic of the Manueline works of art of the period, is beneath an arch, carried to the height of the church. Beneath the pendant, lace-like ornamentation of the arch, is carved the armillary sphere, entwined with decorative mouldings of flower and foliage drooping to a graceful pedestal, which sup-

ports a statue of the Virgin and Child within a setting of carved trunks of the evergreen oak, and two elegant pilasters, and surrounded by no less than ten other statues in richly manipulated niches.

The west façade is considered the most symbolic expression of the apogee of Portugal's glory. The wealth of the sculptured decoration of the celebrated window is indescribable. " The artist has engraved there an epic poem of our history," writes J. M. Sousa, the historian. " It is the epic of a great people. Camões wrote it in verse, the artist traced it on the hard stone in striking and regular lines, in symbolic figures expressive of sublime, elevated thought; the one with the pen, the other with the sculptor's tools, were inspired by the identical sentiment and idea of showing to a future generation the glories of his epoch." From the figure of a man, whose bending shoulders appear to support the weight of the stupendous decoration, mount up on each side of the window trunks and foliage of the tree of life, stems of palm trees, coral, seaweed and shells from the newly discovered worlds, cables rings and anchors of ships, all in amalgamation, yet clearly defined masses, right up to the Cross of Christ at the apex, with the spheres of D. Manuel on either side. This allegorical poem in sculptured stone is crowned by a lovely rose window, with a deep-sunk setting of carved sails, lightly inflated by ropes, suggesting the galleons of Vasco da Gama. The tower-like buttresses with their high pinnacles seeming to frame the picture are similarly decorated, and bear on their face four statues whose escutcheons declare them to be Affonso Henriques, Gualdim Paes, D. Diniz and D. Manuel. A gigantic stone cable is slung round the left tower, while the right is clasped by a broad band and buckle, probably a symbol of the Order of the Garter, possessed by D. Manuel.

The Cloister of S. Barbara is contiguous to the west façade of the church; it is small, but of good architecture, in the Renaissance style, probably the work of D. Manuel. It is in communication with the Hospedaria, or Guests' Cloister, and the handsome Cloister of the Philips, which is often called the Cloister of João III. After the Golden Age of the apogee of maritime discovery D. João III, the Pious, reformed the Order of Christ, transforming the knights into real monks, and their palace into a vast monastery. The cloisters bearing his name, built on to the walls of the Chapter House, were commenced by Queen Catherine in memory of the ill-fated D. Sebastião, and finished during the time of the Spanish intruders. The work is considered by connoisseurs to be the most imposing and beautiful existing in Portugal in the Greco-Roman style. Raczynski calls it magnificent. The grandeur and rigour of the lines are seen in the picture of the Chapter House, which includes a portion of these cloisters. The architect was Diogo de Tarralva. From the terrace above these cloisters—Terraço da Cêra, so called through being the drying ground for the candles and wax-lights made in the monastery—the upper part of the Chapter House is seen to perfection, also a magnificent panorama of the country around, and every point of interest in the vicinity, including the 228 steps of the long, white pilgrimage ascent to the Chapel of our Lady of Pity on a near hill.

In addition to the cloisters already mentioned there were others connecting with the immense corridors of the monastery, the refectory, the kitchen. Above the Claustro do Mixo there were three halls, called the Salas of the Cortes: of the clergy, nobility and the people. It was in Thomar the Cortes was convoked for the proclamation of the first Philip, the Intruder, when he

was right loyally entertained by the brothers. All the Philips had a particular partiality for the Convent of Christ, and it was at that epoch that the beautiful city of Thomar had to submit to the horrible spectacle of an auto-da-fé, not within the walls of the monastery but at the old pelourinho, at the end of the Rua da Graça. Near the kitchen of the monastery are some low, sinister rooms, badly lighted with windows, defended with great bars of iron, which are supposed to have been the prisons of the Inquisition.

Before passing out of the truly enchanted site of so many crowded interests I went again into the precincts of Gualdim Paes' splendid old fortress castle, saw the ruined bareness of the palace of Prince Henry, and mounted to a balcony or *mirante* of the alcaçova. The brown and white roofs of the town spread out below, the Paço do Conselho was exactly beneath the hill. The winding river could be traced through the plain, the richly treed avenues, the silvery olive groves, all presented an idyllic picture of sylvan serenity and remoteness from worldly strife that will often recur to mind, together with the suave, kindly effect that this environment has produced on the disposition of the Thomarense.

Two stations on the route to Lisbon bear names which are identified with the historic Lines of Torres Vedras, Alhandra and Alverca. At the time of the Convention of Cintra it was patent to Wellington that the only way of defending Portugal was by means of the hills near the capital. The constructions of defence were taken in hand swiftly and secretly, forming two lines of fortification, one of them extending from the mouth of the river Sizandro, near Torres Vedras, to the back of Sobral, and on to the Tagus by Alhandra, the other also coming from the coast, covering the great palace-monastery of Mafra, the

THE CONVENT OF CHRIST, THOMAR.

town of Monchique, thence to Bucellas, and to the Tagus, where both lines almost met at Alverca. The forts, redoubts and batteries, numbered in all one hundred and thirty. Infinite pains was bestowed on the lines of fortification to procure a favourable field of action. Communication was rendered facile by a system of well-engineered roads, which shortened the distance between each corps and point by at least one mile, and by having these communications commanded by defensive works only possible to capture by help of artillery, the enemy was not able to use them. The commanding hill of Monte Junto was in front of the lines, " the ramifications of which," says Major Jones, who is also accounted an excellent authority by Portuguese officers of to-day, " extending to the very works render the enemy's movements in front of the line tedious and difficult, and give to a body of troops posted within a superiority of movement, rendering them equal to twice the number without."

Torres Vedras gave its name to these famous lines against the French invasion through possessing the strong fort of S. Vicente on one hill above the town, a fine redoubt, and the Castle on another, and the fort of the Força, to-day in ruins, on a third. The origin of the ancient town is unknown, but it had an existence in the Roman times, for they named it, Turras Viteres. It was famous in the Gothic and Moorish epochs, the castle as *praça da guerra* being considered impregnable. To-day it is a mere shell, and has no military classification. Kings in bygone years were wont to make of Torres Vedras a residence but of their palace no vestige remains. The Cortes was convoked here on more than one occasion. Various battles have taken place there, the latest and most sanguinary being in the civil war of 1846, when the town surrendered to the great Saldanha. The

Restoration movement of 1640 found early support here.

A fine, double-tiered aqueduct attracts notice upon approaching Torres Vedras; it winds through the valley for nearly two miles, bringing its water to the old fountain dos Canos, a really beautiful little structure of Gothic architecture, with five faces separated by columns. The date of erection is 1560, and there is another of 1831, indicating the period of restoration. There is a new fountain now considered very superior by the populace. One of the old churches boasts of a handsome Manueline portal, and in passing through the narrow streets of the town it is interesting to note here and there an old carved doorway or window, and many traces of ancient stones and legends. As usual in Portuguese towns of to-day there is a pretty public garden, and fine boulevards with flowering trees. There are medicinal springs within a mile or so of the town, and important baths called the Cucos, which are visited by rheumatic and gouty sufferers in great numbers during the summer time. There is a pleasant hotel there under the same capable management as that called the Natividade, near the station of Torres Vedras.

The fertile environs of vineyards and orchards soon tail off into less cultivated regions as we travel north. The rich red soil pales into sandy yellow, scattered with small pine trees and brushwood, concentrating at intervals into thick plantations. The white broom and cistus bushes are in bloom, and as in Alemtejo the pink and yellow balsam is ubiquitous. Here and there are clearings planted with vines, where peasants are busy weeding and hoeing after the rains. Fine, wooded stretches of poplars and ash trees line the country roads, and windmill upon windmill stand out, as around Torres Vedras, on all the hills.

The city of Obidos is the next point of interest, for the

first combat between the French and Anglo-Portuguese troops was fought almost beneath its walls in the month of August, 1808. Wellesley had landed near the Mondego, and advanced as far as Leiria. Junot, still in occupation of Lisbon, sent Delaborde to check the British advance. After trying to find a position at Batalha, Delaborde withdrew to Obidos, where he took his stand on high ground in the middle of the valley. Driven from there his next defence was made at Roliça,which closes in the long valley further south. After a fierce engagement, in which the English, though victorious, lost an unnecessary number of men through the impetuous charge of the main body without waiting for the flanking columns to come up, the French office was forced to retreat to Lisbon.

Apart from the Anglo-historical interest of this district Obidos has a cachet peculiarly its own as one of the few completely walled cities still existing in the Peninsula. On the west the ramparts, with their turreted angles, stretch along the brow of a steep, arid slope, like those of a miniature Jerusalem. The south wall climbs the ridge of a lofty crag, which is crowned by a mediæval castle, strong and imposing, attributed to the reign of D. Diniz, and from here looking north to the houses of Caldas far away, the view is magnificent. Ancient convents of curious build are below in the well-watered plain, which is called the Varzea da Rainha, probably after Queen Catharine, wife of D. João III, who built the aqueduct of the city. The little river Arnoia bathes the foot of the hill. The town is entered by two pointed archways in the walls, and is a veritable museum of old architecture, few buildings being less than two centuries old, some of the sixteenth century, and others more ancient still. A quaint hexagon-shaped church is among these, inclining one to the opinion that Obidos Castle may at one time have been a

stronghold of the Templars. The work of a famous woman painter of the seventeenth century is seen in the churches of Obidos. Her name was Josepha d'Ayala, but she is better known as Josepha d'Obidos, for she lived in the plain close by in the Domaine da Capelleira. Though she painted many religious subjects, it was through her portraits she became renowned. After discovering these details it was interesting to read in Murphy of a portrait he admired at Alcobaça painted by a lady named Josepha, worth all the other pictures he saw there.

CHAPTER XIII

SEQUESTERED in a lovely valley, watered by two small rivers—the Alcoa and Baça—between many hills, stands the little town of Alcobaça, which owes its very existence to the great Cistercian monastery in its midst, founded at the early date of 1153 or 1154. The researches of Senhor Vieira Natividade in the documents of the Mosteiro of Alcobaça, and his archæological investigations of the vicinity have revealed the remains of Roman civilization in the monuments and epigraphs of Alfeizarão, the mosaics of Povoa de Cos, in the tombs of Vallado, and other relics. He is also of opinion that the name Alcobaça—what vistas of poetic and historic interest open out at its mere sound—is a corruption easily intelligible of Helcobatiæ, the name of a Roman town near ancient Callipo, the modern Leiria. On a small hill at the back of the large praça, opposite the cathedral, are still vestiges of what once was an Arab castle, and other opinions give it that the Arab colony, which settled in and cultivated the fertile dale for many years prior to the rule of the monks, called their town Al cobaxis, from whence is derived Alcobaça. It may be well to repeat here that in the far-away age of the early monarchy, when a king of Portugal was on the verge of a battle, he would make a vow to found a monastery to ensure success in his undertaking, and in advance would go as far as to endow the phantom edifice with all the land in view from the summit of a mountain. Another would expiate a crime in the same manner. It was essential, too, in those days, to make oneself a monk, or to be willing to be the slave of monks. Affonso Henriques, with devotion more sincere than enlightened, professed the highest admiration for the noted St Bernard, whose influence was such as to place

him on a level with the most powerful princes, although he was simply the Abbot of Clairvaux. Before the conquest of Santarem Affonso Henriques made the vow in crossing the hill called Molianos to-day, that, if victorious he would endow St Bernard with all the fine territory in sight as far as the sea, which can be seen blending its blue rim with the horizon from that height. Diplomacy tinctured the vow, for in its fulfilment lay the propitiation of the Saint, who was thus persuaded to use his influence with the Pope to sanction Affonso's title of first King of Portugal.

The King chose the site of the new monastery and cathedral, and himself laid the first stone. The Clairvaux monks came to Alcobaça poor and humble; they initiated agriculture, laid out vineyards, planted olive trees; as they prospered and expended in possessions and power the environs grew, until finally the wealth of these monks became renowned. The Order became extinct in Portugal in 1833, when the decree went forth that religious orders were useless to the State and not necessary to religion. In July of that same year the brothers of Alcobaça abandoned the monastery. The village still flourished, notwithstanding, large and small industries doing well there and in the environs. They have kept up with the times, and great factory chimneys rise here and there in the forests of greenery, while the rivers here, as in Thomar, lend their aid to the industry of man.

The great façade of the cathedral rises in the centre of the monastery. It is a restoration in the Jesuit style, preserving, fortunately, the dignified, beautiful Gothic portal, while above is an immense rose window which, if we are to credit Beckford, was once filled with rare and exquisitely coloured glass, destroyed, according to tradition, by the French. A spacious, elevated terrace, ap-

proached by three wide staircases, and decorated with carved pinnacles of freestone at the angles of its cruciform shape, stretches out before the entrance.

The solemnity of the Gothic interior with the majestic ranks of lofty, square columns and the superb spring of the high, over-arching vault, breathes its calming influence into the heart immediately we enter the grand old temple. Far away the glory over the high altar still throws out its gigantic rays from a blue, starred sphere for centre, but the amazing lustre which provoked the term " magnificent " from Murphy more than a century ago, has long since dulled into insignificance. The charola of the *capella-mor* is an innovation in the Greco-Roman style, added by the express desire of the monks of the eighteenth century. Though elegant and finished for its style of architecture, the contrast with the stately simplicity of the Gothic naves is displeasing. With the exception of this, however, the chapels of the principal nave, and the pavement, the original character of the whole structure has received but small modification. The early pavement was formed of a charming mosaic of vari-coloured azulejos.* The organ and loft against the right side of the nave show some good wood-carving, executed by a brother of the monastery. The beautiful screen of carved wood which once enclosed the ancient choir, occupying a large space on both sides of the church, was burnt when the French entered Alcobaça in 1811. Behind the charola a fine Manueline door leads into the sacristy, which has a circular annex—the sanctuary—at the end, lined with scores of carved and painted busts of saints, of no artistic value, but curious through possessing, every one of them, a bared hollow on the breast, once serving as shrine for rare jewels and relics, but long ago despoiled of their treasures. Adjoining the

* M. Vieira Natividade, *Notas Historicas.*

sacristy is the old garden of the myrtles, now transformed into a quiet cemetery, with a flight of time-worn steps ascending to the Chapel of Nossa Senhora Desterro, built in 1690. The spiral Manueline pillars of the entrance, the splendid pictorial azulejos of the interior and some of the sculpture are all worthy of observation.

We return to the north transept and enter the royal Pantheon of the kings of old, known as the *Sala dos Tumulos*. The fine Gothic interior, with its subdued, devotional light, inspires a sentiment of melancholy blended with admiration, which is enhanced in front of the two superb tombs of D. Pedro I and Ignez de Castro. In their delicate and exquisite carving, depicting scenes in the lives and tragic history of these immortal lovers and their children, there seems to have entered the same soul of poetry breathed in the stanzas of Camões, which enshrine to all time the same story of love. A sketch of the episode may be acceptable to those who do not yet know the details.

D. Pedro, son and successor of Affonso IV, while married to Dona Constanza, who had first of all been the neglected wife of the King of Castile, became strongly enamoured of Ignez de Castro, one of the princess's maids of honour. Constanza died in 1340, of the chagrin, it is said, caused by Pedro's faithlessness. As soon as the prince became a widower, he sealed his devotion to Ignez by a secret marriage, divulging his intention of ultimately making her his queen. Affonso, the aged King, proposed a new royal union to his son, and when this idea was rejected enemies of Ignez accused her of influencing Pedro against his father, in order to assert the rights of her children against young Fernando, the son of Constance and Pedro. Affonso resolved to get rid of Ignez, and his evil advisers—noblemen of note—persuaded him to go with them to

Coimbra, where Ignez lived with her little family. Her tears and beauty disarmed the anger of the king, but the noblemen, gaining his consent later, again sought the dwelling of Ignez, and strangled her in the presence of her maids. D. Pedro, who was out hunting, returned to find her dead. At once he raised the standard of revolt, vowing a terrible vengeance on the assassins, and aided by the brothers of Ignez laid siege to Porto. His mother's pleading induced a reconciliation with his father, and he nursed his revenge until, two years later, when at the death of Affonso, he himself became king. After witnessing the tortures and death of the guilty men, the sequel to his first royal command, he assembled the Cortes, and testified before them, through witnesses, the validity of his marriage, to which a papal Bull had already granted the necessary dispensation. D. Pedro then caused the body of his wife to be exhumed, dressed in royal robes, crowned and paid homage to by all the lords and ladies of the court, who came to kiss her hand while the King, implacable and pale as death, stood motionless by the side of his still beloved Ignez. This awful ceremony completed, she was taken to Alcobaça to be reinterred in the exquisite marble tomb we view to-day. The whole of the fifty-two miles from Coimbra the road was lined with people holding lighted tapers. The fidalgos and gentry of Portugal attended the funeral, the men in long, black cloaks, the ladies in white mourning veils.

There seems something almost human in these wonderful caskets which conceal the remains of "the most adored of women and the most unhappy of sovereigns." One finds an analogy in the story of Fair Rosamund, though it was not a woman's jealousy but a father's thwarted desire that was the initial cause of the tragedy. There in grand, simple lines, suggesting the Roman in-

fluence in Gothic art, the figures surrounded by kneeling angels, lie prone on their noble tombs, placed foot to foot by order of D. Pedro, so runs the legend, that the lovers awakening at the trumpet call of the Resurrection may at once see each other face to face.

The *Sala dos Reis*—Hall of the Kings—is entered on the left of the church near the entrance. It is a great square hall, surrounded by life-size statues of the kings of Portugal, the work of the potters of the monastery. In an alcove at the end is seen a group representing the coronation of Affonso Henriques. The walls are decorated with azulejos by Juncal, showing scenes in the life of St Bernard, and the founder of the great Abbey. An arched passage to the left of the great steps of the entrance leads into the beautiful Cloisters of Silence, also called after D. Diniz, by whose order they were designed and built in two years' time by the architect, Domingo Dominguez. It is one of the most admired of the fourteenth century, being a perfect example of pure Gothic with rose circles perforating every third arch of the arcades. The upper ambulatory was added when D. Affonso, son of D. Manuel, was Abbot of Alcobaça. At the same time Jean de Castilho—the great architect of the Manueline restorations at Thomar—built the sacristy and its original splendid vault, and a cloister with double arcades of dignified lines called after the Cardinal D. Affonso, with broad, gardened terraces and a channel of water running through it. The Chapter House, opening off the Cloisters of D. Diniz, through arches of pure Gothic, which, with their exquisite columns, are a delight to the eye, is in process of repair, as indeed the whole of the cloisters, but the palm-like curves of the groined vaulting are preserved in their entire grace.

The whole of the long wing to the left of the church, with its cloisters and long corridors, is now a barracks. We

THE CLOISTERS OF DOM DINIZ, ALCOBAÇA.

enter it from the north, through what is called the door of the kitchen, an imposing, ancient façade, topped by a statue of D. Affonso Henriques. The refectory is now the theatre of Alcobaça, the historical kitchen is in active use by the soldier cooks. It is an enormous vaulted hall, lined throughout with clean white tiles; the huge chimneys rising in the centre with low stoves beneath were also white-faced. It is legendary that an entire ox could be roasted at once in the cavern of the enormous fireplace in the wall to the left, and I can quite believe it. The sound of murmuring water in the ear comes from a brisk runlet, which passing beneath the paved floor, emerges through eight taps into brown marble tanks, sunk beneath the level at one end of the vast hall.

The library hall on the upper story, flagged with marble, was once the most famous of the land. The rarest works were housed there in manuscript and printed matter. In the sacking of the monastery in 1833, the most important disappeared, and now, alas, the walls are bare, their fame is dead never to be revived. The impression left on the mind of the whole edifice, including the noble cathedral, is one of a grand simplicity, deserving the epithet bestowed upon it by one of Portugal's great writers, Pinheiro Chagas, of a " Lion of stone "—*Leão de pedra.*

In the village itself there is much that is picturesque, particularly on a Sunday market-day, when hundreds of peasants pour into the praça fronting the monastery, spreading out their piles of vegetables, fruit, pottery and merchandise of all kinds, forming a gay, kaleidoscopic picture under the thick foliage of the acacia avenues, which remains unbroken until the day is half over. Through the open stable doors, as I pass down the street, are visible rows and rows of donkeys, quietly stalled, while their owners do business under the trees. The majority of

travellers pass through Alcobaça too hurriedly to appreciate the local atmosphere, and few are aware of the rich prehistoric and archæological grounds of the near vicinity, no less than twenty neolithic caves existing in close proximity within one walk alone of the town, while of the Luso-Romano period the whole district has been, and still is, a rare treasure-trove. Of these facts I can quote no better exponent than the scientific investigator * quoted early in the chapter, whose works are erudite studies on the geology and ethnography of the territory of Alcobaça.

The drive to Aljubarrota winds up and round a series of hills through landscape of varied, changing and increasing beauty, reaching the culminating point on the height, where Alcobaça and its vast *monument*—as the Portuguese and French say—is seen far below in its nest of green and enfolding hills, and the coast-plain to the west, with its pine forests lying on its surface like cloud shadows, the silvery strand of Nazareth, and the blend of sea and sky make a second picture of rare atmospheric beauty. We pass through the hamlet of Aljubarrota, which looks strangely poverty-stricken in comparison with the fertile country, keeping a large eye on the flat, long valley to the right overlooked by a range of hills. In and near this valley, resembling a moorland tract of Dartmoor, was fought the fierce battle which made Aljubarrota celebrated, and firmly established João, the Master of Aviz, on the throne of Portugal. The Castilian army and its king, D. João I, rival claimant to the throne, marching from Leiria to Alcobaça, was met here by D. João I of Portugal, and attacked with such vigour that in a few hours the Castilians, completely routed, fled in terrible confusion. Great spoils were left on the battlefield, a portable altar among them, which, though still preserved, is almost mere

* M. Vieira Natividade.

bare wood, worm-eaten and mouldering. Two huge caldrons of copper were given to the monks of Alcobaça, where one is still existent in the *Sala dos Reis*. Three heroines of this fierce day of fighting have handed their names to posterity, Joanna Fernandes, Maria de Sousa, and the famous baker's wife, Anna Brites, whose iron oven-shovel is shown in the village as the one with which she killed no less than seven Spanish soldiers. The saying, " As full of the devil as the bakeress of Aljubarrota " is proverbial to this day. To Maria de Sousa tradition gives the credit of saving the life of D. João I, when attacked by two Castilian fidalgos, an honour ascribed in stone at Batalha to Martim Gonçalves de Maçada. The motive of her presence in the thick of the fray is put down to the fury of patriotic ardour possessing every Portuguese soul of the vicinity, as well as the ranks of the army.

The wonderful air of that drive to Batalha, impregnated strongly with the ozone from afar and the resinous odour of the continuous pine woods, is worthy of mention. Anticipation was keen as we began to descend from the high ground, for according to all we had heard and read we were approaching Portugal's grandest document, sculptured in stone, of the brilliant victory of Aljubarrota—her Battle Abbey, embodied in the wonderful Gothic cathedral, S. Maria da Victoria. At dawn of the noted battle day D. João I, Master of Aviz, who had camped in the vicinity, celebrated Mass with his troops in a little chapel. He made the accustomed vow of sovereigns before a battle, and declared that, if victorious, he would speed his lance through the air, and wherever it fell a great monastery should rise for the praise and glory of God. No one who has once seen this fulfilment of D. João I's vow seems ever to forget the impression received of that exquisite building as it appears through and above the avenue of

trees which leads down to the magnificent west façade.

The whole of Batalha Abbey is a vision of beauty, to which has been given the noblest of forms. Architects were giants in those days, and every builder and cutter in stone seems to have been an artist. The style is Gothic in its most poetic and ærial development, with flying buttresses, spires, towers, pyramids, lace-like parapets and ornamentations cutting the air in enchanting and infinite variety. No better style of architecture could have served to crystallize the devout and ardent soul of patriotism which inspired the heroes of Aljubarrota, or to symbolize the immortal aspirations of those who died for king and country on the battlefield. Louis de Souza, the accepted historian of Batalha, relates that the King, anxious for the great perfection of his monastery, invited renowned architects and artists of other countries to Portugal. The year after the battle D. João I, securing an alliance with John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster—the Treaty of Windsor was in 1386—who came with an English fleet to Oporto, was given his daughter, Philippa, in marriage. In view of this intimate relation between the two countries, artists and masons are presumed to have come from England to help in the building of Batalha, and in certain similarities it bears with York Minster the conjecture appears to have a basis of fact. Murphy speaks of royal archives which state that the architect of Batalha church was Stephen Stephenson, a native of England. Luiz de Souza is strangely reticent on the point; but Affonso Domingues, according to the accepted Portuguese opinion, was architect of the church, the Founder's Chapel, the original Cloisters of D. João I and the famous Chapter House.

A walk round the walls, where at every step one is thrilled with sheer delight of contemplation, shows that the beauty of the upper part of the structure springs up

from the noble stability of a massive, strong form, with many fine ogival windows of chaste outline and gracefully chiselled perforations for the vari-coloured glass. The west entrance, unequalled by any other Gothic portal in Europe, is decorated with a hundred figures in high relief. The window above is of exquisite workmanship. The openwork parapet crowning the façade, which looks so lace-like with its fleur-de-lis border from the pavement below, is at least seven feet high when viewed from the roof terraces, a feature considered unique in Batalha Abbey. The interior is severe but grandly beautiful, narrow as are all cathedrals of Portugal, but with a noble proportion in the division of the nave and aisles. The pristine dignity of the high altar is here unspoilt, and in at least two windows there appears to be a glass of antique date. Facing the altar at the foot of the steps two marble figures, hand in hand repose on a splendid tomb; these represent the king, Duarte I, who died at Thomar, and his wife Leonor. In one of the chapels of the transept there is an altar of fine mosaic work, and the fifteenth-century tomb of massive form, of Lopo Dias de Souza, a noted Master of the Order of Christ, and one of D. João I's devoted companions in arms. He died in 1435. Above the altar of Jesus in the left transept are three good paintings attributed to Grão Vasco, and on either side below are two pictures, showing the excellent work of the woman painter of Obidos, Josepha d'Ayala.

The Founder's chapel, a beautiful extension of the west front, is entered by an iron grille near the principal entrance. Through the windows of a gracious octagonal lantern, which is supported by eight stately pillars, the light falls softly upon the imposing tomb of D. João I and his English wife. Their life-size effigies carved in marble lie regally upon it, hand clasped in hand, the King in suit

of armour, the Queen in flowing robes, their crowned heads resting each beneath an intricately carved canopy of the Gothic style. The King's device, *Por bem*, is repeated on a narrow frieze heading one side of the tomb; on the other run the words, *Il me plait*, the motto of Queen Philippa; at the head are the insignia and device of the Order of the Garter.

Ranged along the south wall of this spacious square chapel are the recessed sarcophagi of the talented sons of this royal pair, all men of distinction in their respective rôles; the eldest, however, D. Duarte I, the king whose tomb we saw in the chancel without. The first to the right is that of D. Pedro Duke of Coimbra, a man of letters, a musician and an enthusiastic lover of travel, giving great assistance to his brother, the Navigator. His motto, *Désir*, is in curious correspondence with the striving spirit of his versatile gifts. Prince Henry lies next to him, with the self-chosen device of, *Talent de bien faire*, testifying to the tenacity of the lucid brain and great spirit which was the main source of Portugal's maritime discoveries and successes. D. João, Master of the Order of S. Thiago (St James) and Constable of the kingdom, follows with, *Jeay bien raison*. The fourth tomb is of D. Fernando, who united the two devices of his parents into *Le bien me plait;* and here we pause thoughtfully, for this is the Holy Prince, the *Infanto Santo*, revered as a saint by the Portuguese, who was taken prisoner and reserved as a hostage by the Moors. He was led by his captors from village to village, stoned and insulted, and died in irons at Fez five years later, while his brother King Duarte was making every effort to lead a fresh crusade against the Moors for his rescue.

The grand cloisters of D. João I to the north of the church are every whit as marvellous in beauty of design

and execution as fame has always depicted them, though the work is of two different periods. The handiwork of the Manueline artist is seen in the elaborate tracery filling every one of the arches like a decorative screen, all of different designs, and in every one showing the armillary sphere. In one of the angles a handsome Gothic fountain, with its surrounding pillars, projects into the garden, which is a maze of box-bordering and flowers. The terraced roof of the noble, vaulted arcades bears the perforated Gothic parapet and floreated pyramids which border the tower and every roof of the whole edifice. The Manueline work below in the cloisters, the Gothic church rising high above, the one in its early, less extravagant style, the other at the developed stage where Christian art created the most beautiful of its cathedrals, compose in their close proximity a picture of such exquisite lines and harmony as to mingle in the joy of contemplation that bitter-sweet sentiment experienced by finite beings in the presence of any creation of art or nature that seems to symbolize infinity.

The perfect vaulting of the chapter house, which is entered from the cloisters, is considered a masterpiece of architecture, though there are connoisseurs who consider the vaulting of the great nave at Belem a still finer achievement. It is traditional that the roof of the chapter house fell twice after taking away the supports, killing many people, and perhaps the difficulty connected with its construction has helped to increase its fame. It was the King's wish that there should be no columns except the clustered pillars in the walls from which spring the wonderful curves of the ribs and their veins, which all meet at the apex round a decorative boss. The famous architect, Affonso Domingues, declared himself ready to rebuild the third time. Nearly blind himself, he entrusted

the secrets of his art to his chief builders, and himself mounted the scaffolding to feel if the joints of the work were executed according to his methods. When the keystone was fixed, he told the King he had made a vow to remain below the dome for three consecutive days and nights as soon as the workmen had begun to withdraw the supports. This time the workmanship was perfect; not a single stone yielded the width of a line. Under one of the cornices in the far corner a small turbaned figure with a ruler in hand is carved; it is that of the brave architect. The entrance of the chapter house, with its ornamental border, is certainly handsome, but not to be compared with the simple, lovely dignity of the chapter house arches at Alcobaça. The cloisters of D. Affonso V is the name given to the humble but chaste Gothic arcades which enclose a secluded flower garden, while above are the cells of the Dominican monks, who never attained the opulent status of their Cistercian brethren over the hill. The Refectory is now a museum of many interesting relics, and several broken tombs destroyed in the French invasion, for here, as at Alcobaça, wilful vandalism worked dismal havoc.

At the east end of the cathedral the strange sight of huge, unfinished columns seen from a distance, gives the impression of ancient ruins, but close at hand the excessive elaboration of the work as far it has been brought, and the decorative exterior of the whole structure, show us at once that we are looking at the noted "Capellas Imperfeitas," or unfinished chapels of D. Manuel, the Fortunate, in all apparently but the completion of this unique and astounding building. On the plans of the edifice of Batalha the words *Ol cle* have been translated as, "superabit omne," and it is interesting to note that it is built in the form of a key, the L and O superimposed, a fashion

imitated by D. Manuel in the church at Thomar. From Thomar, D. Manuel seems to have borrowed the idea of the mosque-like rotunda of Gualdim Paes, for the Capella Imperfeitas is a vast rotunda which, if completed, would have served as the head of the key, as the Templars' church was of the Manueline edifice at Thomar. For years, nay centuries, the Capellas Imperfeitas were named the Mausoleum of D. Manuel, the idea being that it was destined by him for a royal pantheon. There are others who say that it was meant for a huge bell-tower, built in the Arabic style, to supply a deficiency in the cathedral, for the small campanile held only a little bell for the monks' use. Others say again that it was to be typical of the east, not only in its decoration, but its mystic dedication to Hermes, and astrological appellations of the seven chapels, an intermixture of occult with religious practices attributed to the Templars, whose traditions all passed over to the Order of Christ, of which it will be remembered D. Manuel was a distinguished Grand Master.

We enter the chapels through a small door east of the cathedrals, and are at once confronted by a magnificent entrance of a Saracenic type that was certainly designed by no architect of Gothic. The whole of the deep, receding arch is decorated with mouldings set closely together, and carved to imitate cables or chains, with extraordinary variety of floreated detail as minutely and delicately as if the material worked upon had been wood and not stone. It reminds one of rich Indian decorative art which was intensely admired by the heroic argonauts of Portugal, and imbued with its spirit many of the Manueline carvers in stone. High over the portal are the words, supposed to be Greek, *pante taray* while interspaced at frequent intervals in the four outer mouldings on either side below are two others, *tanyas Erey*. These words

have been translated into *depressa por toda a parte descobre regiãos:* the desire of the Portuguese soul of that great age to discover new regions, being engraved by the architect on the stone of this famous work. Some readers of the letters declare that *Tanyas Erey* is to be translated into *Tanaz ferey*, in allusion to D. Manuel's tenacious spirit by which he brought the discoveries of the golden east to success. The suggestion that the words form an epigram signifying, Art and Lines—*Arte e Linyas* in old Portuguese—certainly seems appropriate to the serried lines of the arch. To those who incline to the Mausoleum theory of the building *tan jazerei*—I, also, shall lie here—is a significant reading. It is all conjecture, however, mere conjecture. Mystery meets us in the way on the very threshold of the mystic sanctuary.

The interior is octagonal; the seven chapels are recessed beneath magnificently worked arches between the gigantic carved columns. All the arches and that of the great portal are decorated with a lace-like, pendant border. The carving in some of the chapels is so minute and dainty that it might have been worked by silversmiths. Leonor, widow of D. João II, took deep interest in the construction; her device of the pelican piercing its breast is over one chapel, and within is carved the fisherman's net, which symbolizes her son's sad fate in the same way as we noticed also in the Lisbon church, Madre de Deus. When she died, it is said that D. Manuel, in his eagerness to complete Belem, withdrew the workmen from these chapels; at any rate the work seems to have been suspended in 1509, and not resumed by the same architect, for he died in 1515, the date inscribed on his tombstone inside the west entrance of the cathedral. An Italian architect, whose identity is contested, was ordered to carry on the building, and a glance towards the head of the portal shows his work in a

THE ABBEY OF BATALHA.

small Renaissance window, good for its style, but thoroughly alien to the rest of the stupendous, extravagant conception of the first architect, Mattheus Fernandes. The story goes that D. Manuel took a Spanish relative to view the chapels, and being told frankly that the window was out of character with the original design, he became out of love with the whole structure, and would not carry on the work. If completed it would, by its size and massive shape, have blocked out all the light from the east end of the Cathedral. There the unfinished chapels stand, domed like an ancient temple of old by the azure of heaven, haunted by song birds, a wonder to all who visit them, and one more memorial of the age when Portugal engraved all the glories and enthusiasms of her Oriental exploits in the stones of magnificent buildings.

It is mournful to reflect in again looking at the whole beautiful abbey, perfect in its lines, and showing the mellow hue of antique ivory given by lapse of centuries to its marble-like stone, that all this poetry and grace of form is isolated from a world that would duly appreciate them. One wonders, too, why cities of note have not developed round these two grand old edifices of Alcobaça and Batalha—the soil and district supported them in the Roman times—and why the railway has not passed near enough to bring these " glories " of Portugal in touch with her sons and daughters. Batalha is surrounded by a little hamlet, on which the poverty of the ancient Dominicans seems to have left its imprint. It is revealed at every turn, in the ruined parish church with its fine Manueline door, and the old cross and pediment facing it, in many decaying houses, and the general stagnation only stirred by the arrival of the daily diligence—often empty—and the occasional carriages bringing tourists who alight for an hour or two, and then drive on Leiria or to Alcobaça. One June

morning, however, the deserted village entirely changed its aspect. It was the feast day of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and hundreds of peasants of the vicinity flocked into the streets to attend Mass in the Cathedral. It was a sight worth remembering to see those stately aisles, and in fact the whole interior, crowded with kneeling worshippers, men as numerous as the women, all showing in this commemoration of an ancient festival the survival of the devout spirit sedulously cultivated in the masses during the palmy days of monkish rule. For hours the hum of voices lingered round the precincts of the Abbey, picturesque groups remained under the trees, on the pavement fronting the west door, or by the railings.

CHAPTER XIV

THE drive through the beautiful pastoral country lying between Batalha and Leiria, with its vineyards, orchards, springs, green fields and corn tracts, interspersed with verdure of leafy poplars, cork trees and many other varieties, prepares one for the picturesque situation of the town of Leiria. It lies, like Thomar, at the foot of a high hill, which is crowned by the massive walls, towers and ruined battlements of a splendid mediæval castle, and it spreads out—like Thomar—on the banks of a beautiful river. The valley of the Liz is renowned for its sylvan charms, and the river after skirting the hill at the other end of the town, topped by the curious Church of the Incarnation, passes between the houses in a deep bed, swirling round natural rocks and pouring over a weir, to flow in a swift stream to the centre of the town. Here it leaves a sandy beach to one side, where women stand washing knee-deep in the water, and flows in tranquil amplitude between beautiful avenues of tall, leafy trees, which run along the banks for quite threequarters of a mile. It was easy to understand why poets had been inspired to sing its praise, and where Rodriguez Lobo, native of Leiria, known as the Portuguese Theocritus, and ranking next to Camões and Sa de Miranda, had gained inspiration for his muse which, though considered to lack the spontaneity of his model, sings with a harmony and purity of style that gives him first rank among his compeers. His great historical poem on the life of the great Constable shows less of this vein than, for instance, his *Travelling Shepherd*, a pastoral romance in verse and prose of a type that was once very popular in Portugal.

The name of D. Diniz is intimately associated with the earlier history of Leiria as a Portuguese city. The building

of the great castle is attributed to him. He was the Farmer King, known as the Father of His Country, who called the labourers the nerves of the State, and protected them with all the power of a wise administration, which encouraged agriculture and commerce. The father of the Portuguese muses was another of his names, and perhaps the beauty of this lovely valley fostered his love and cultivation of letters, and inspired him in the verse-making in which he tried to imitate the troubadours of Provence. He found a remedy for checking the damage done to vegetation by the wind-blown sand from the north and west coast. This was the plantation of the Pinhal Real, the immense pine forest which can be seen from so many points clothing the land bordering the littoral like enormous cloud shadows. It must not be forgotten that Leiria was the Calippo of the Romans, the ancient city completely buried in the sandy soil a little distance away, still only investigated in a small way. Though some splendid mosaics were found there, the work of excavation has been entirely abandoned. Such a strong position as that commanding hill over the plain was not likely to have been overlooked by the Moors, who made it one of their chief fortresses.

It was a perfect Sabbath afternoon the day we mounted to the castle ruins, visiting on the way the Misericordia, a highly valued institution of the city, and the great, restored Sé, with no special architectural feature except its height and lofty columns. The road winds easily to the site of the Leiria of the early monarchy within the fortified enclosure, still very evident on the lower western spur of the castle hill. Here to the left of a large disused mansion, a Portuguese *palacio*, is the ruined church of S. Pedro, of great archæological value, on account of its antiquity. It dates from the twelfth century, after the retaking of the castle by D. Affonso Henriques during the last Moorish

invasion. The pure Romanesque style shows it to be a contemporary of the Romanesque buildings of Coimbra. The original sculptury of the capitals, and especially the cornice decorating the exterior of the abside, prove the fantastic imagination of the artists of the period. After serving as a theatre, the disused temple, a gem in itself, is being used as a storehouse, but local archæologists are today urging a restoration.

By easy steps and a climbing path the castle precincts are soon reached, and immediately upon entering, stones with Roman inscriptions and marks are seen in the massive walls. To D. João I the building of the second palace of the later Gothic period is attributed, still showing the elegance of structure in the ruined halls, courts, pillars, ogival windows and arches, and in the little church, beautiful even in its desecrated dismantled condition. The additions made by D. Manuel are easily traced. The whole maze of ruins is eloquent of the period when Portuguese kings made Leiria a favourite residence; and its precedence of Coimbra as a seat of learning until the end of the fifteenth century is evident by the distinction of being the first city in the Peninsula, and the fourth in Europe which possessed a printing press. In the year 1466 the Coplas of D. Pedro, Duke of Coimbra, to whose literary tastes allusion has been made, were published here; they are very rare, only three or four copies existing now. The panoramic views from every side of those time-worn, lichen and moss-grown ramparts were superb, providing an æsthetic feast which the townsfolk seemed thoroughly to appreciate, judging from the number of students, soldiers and family groups strolling in the enclosure, or seated in the broken embrasures, on the greensward and accessible high points of the ruins, all enjoying the favourite outing of their Day of Rest, while from the verdure of the Ala-

meda below floated upwards the strains of the military band playing in the music kiosk, which is seen even in the small towns and some villages of Portugal.

On another hill east of the town, facing the castle, stands a white building, conspicuous by its high façade, topped by a bell tower, and its high portal flanked by an arcaded porch, which also extends along the north and south walls. The long *Sacra Scala* climbing the ascent, spanned in one place by an imposing arch, shows that the lofty church is held in peculiar veneration. The site is one connected with the oldest traditions of Leiria, and the story of this church dedicated to Nossa Senhora da Encarnação, related by Senhor Larcher in his historical memoir of this patron saint of Leiria, has distinct interest for British ears. When, two years after the battle of Aljubarrota D. João I brought his English bride, Philippa, to Leiria, being particularly devoted to the cult of our Lady of the Incarnation, she inquired if there were an altar or church dedicated to Her and the Archangel Gabriel anywhere in the vicinity. Once there had been, was the reply, on a hill near the city, but no one knew if any vestiges still remained as the dense thicket extending from the Fonte Grande over the whole of the St Augustine *bairro* to the hilltop was infested with serpents and other venomous beasts. The Queen ordered a road to be cut through the thicket to the summit, and here were found the ruins of a hermitage with the vaulted interior of the high altar, and an image of the Angel Gabriel intact. In a little grotto behind, when the spot was cleared, they found a small and beautiful image of the Virgin. It was of white stone, the drapery well carved, the hair, face and hands coloured after the fashion of antique images. This is the same image which, to this day, is held in highest veneration by the whole province, one to whom countless

miracles, told in detail, are attributed; and in feature, expression and general attitude, a sweet and touching representation of the Virgin Mother of Christ, even when decked in the richly worked, jewelled robes and sumptuous coronet of later endowments.

The Franciscan deputed by Queen Philippa to rebuild the new temple, confined himself to erecting a small one on the foundations of the original edifice, which dated from the sixth or seventh century. Gradually the brushwood crept again over the road until only the smallest footpath gave access to the hill called the *Monte do Anjo* up to the sixteenth century. The first Bishop of Leiria, created by D. João III, bought the land in order to open out a road and enlarge the chapel in 1554. Thirty years later the miracles began, which spread the fame of Nossa Senhora da Encarnação far and near. Endless pilgrimages were made to the spot, and the people's offerings, supplemented by valuable donations from the nobility, and D. Manuel and his wife, another Philippa, contributed to the erection of the present building. At one time its rich decorations were renowned, but during the three French invasions—1807 to 1810—this noted church, as well as the whole city, was terribly pillaged; the images were mutilated, the decorations were destroyed, piled on the stone floor, and set on fire. The interior of today is the result of various restorations of the past century.

From the terrace behind the church is a restful, charming view of the fertile valley of the Liz, its windings easily traced by the poplars and shrubs bordering the banks. From this point it can be observed how the river divides into two streams, which again unite before skirting the east and north base of the Hill of the Angel. The divided current is considered popularly to delineate the shape of the lily—its later name, Liz*—so that the river itself may

* The ancient name was Hierena.

be transformed into a flower before adorning " the pedestal of the Flower of Flowers."

As regards local colour Leiria is one of the most picturesque, artistic places in Portugal. The markets which take place on Sunday, Tuesday and often on Friday and Saturday, are bewildering in their pictorial effects of brilliant colour; the gaiety of the crowded praças and streets, the figures moving under the trees, all set in the dazzling light and pure atmosphere that give special beauty, should be seen by every one within reach of the little town. The country people have a distinct costume of their own, varying in detail only, according to their special village. The short, very full skirt is of dark blue or black ordinarily, with a deep hem of red, that varies in tone from pale terra-cotta to the brightest Turkey red. With this a coloured blouse, white, green, pink or again red, to suit individual fancy. The brilliant kerchief, frequently of amber colour, floating over the shoulder, is clipped over the head by the small black oval hat, and one end, often caught up and tucked into the brim just as an Arab tucks his keffeyeh into the agal circling his head. The reds and terra-cottas of the broad band on the skirts are the same as the varying hues of the tiled roofs of the houses, thus repeating another picturesque note in the varying pictures. The women's gait is free and well-balanced; their dark eyes set in the warm, sun-kissed skin, glow beneath the vivid colours of their screening head shawls. Donkeys, mules, oxen, all pass by with their riders and drivers, one group more interesting than the other, and this busy scene only ends at nightfall, for the Fonte Grande, one of the finest Gothic fountains I have seen anywhere, is the great watering place for the beasts. The love of colour is not quite so manifest in the men, except in the colour of their shirts, which range from a bright

THE CASTLE HILL, LEIRIA.

magenta through the whole gamut of the prism; their broad sombreros, or woollen, tasselled caps, waist jackets, and tight-fitting breeches, completing the costumes.

In travelling north we noticed the greater frequency of the ox teams, and the prevalence of the ancient wheel which authorities state is the same in shape and construction as the Romans used. Their high-pitched, creaking song—not unmusical in the far distance—was a constant accompaniment to one's dreams, for in country places like Alcobaça and Batalha it seemed to hover in the air the whole night through. To some the sound is excruciating, but to me there was a something tragic in the melancholy, sustained cry. It seemed to symbolize a lingering, wailing lament for the bucolic life of the Georgics, for the music of hurrying rills, the charms of sylvan dells, the shudder of mountain ravines, for the days when the Romans were in the land and the ancient Lusitanians tended their vines, ploughed their land, trod the wine press, and reaped their harvests then as now to the penetrating song of the ox-cart wheel of Latin husbandmen.

It seemed fitting to pass on to Coimbra, which, with the establishment of its University in 1537, soon superseded the anterior claim of Leiria as the chief seat of learning. The environs of Coimbra—*os saudosos campos do Mondego*, to use an expression of Camões—through which we pass on both sides of the lovely river before reaching the city itself open out vistas between tall poplars and the pliant foliage of willows of the massed white walls of houses roofed with red, piled up on the hill-side, with the tower of the University on the highest point. It must be a dull, torpid soul that feels no thrill at these first glimpses of the Heidelberg of Portugal, the beloved of poets, the theatre for so many memorable events, the city where nearly all the kings of the first dynasty were born, held

their court, and died, the city before whose walls the fury of the Moors spent itself so often in sanguinary conflict, the city from whence those early Templars and the other brave soldiers of Affonso Henriques went forth to take Leiria and Santarem from the infidels. Eleven times the Cortes assembled here. Episodes of love, dramatic tragedies, told in verse and prose, are linked to this city and its vicinity. Here was seen that terrible spectacle of the coronation of a corpse, of one who after being dead was yet made a queen. And here it was in the old church of S. Cruz that D. Manuel at a later date invested the mouldering body of D. Affonso Henriques with the pomp of royalty when removing it into a splendid tomb.

Below the ancient city, with but the road and leafy Alameda between, lies the river Mondego, placid and even sluggish, showing sandy banks and uncovered stones in summer time, but with the first rains of winter transformed into a headstrong current that often floods the bordering lowlands. Verdant meadows, vines and orchards stretch out beyond, with lines of white houses at the foot of a low ridge, made imposing by a long, large monastery on its crest. Wooded hills, with distant blue summits showing above, overlapping in gracious curve, close in the distant stretches of the tranquil river. In a broad, steep depression at the other end of the city rising from the river bank spreads the luxuriant tropical vegetation of Coimbra's Botanical Gardens, considered by some the finest in Portugal.

Though D. João III was the king who removed the seat of the University from Lisbon to Coimbra, it was also through his fanaticism in first encouraging the Jesuits' interference in education that its intellectual movement was rendered stagnant for quite two centuries. At the time when the Jesuits were expelled, Coimbra had dropped

into a state of nullity that had destroyed its renown, and momentarily obliterated the respect due to its antiquity. Its literary and scientific rebirth was entirely due to the energy and powerful influence of the Marquis de Pombal. He himself came to Coimbra to inaugurate the new Statutes of 1772, which had been drawn up by a special Commission of the country's most learned, responsible men, and which even to-day are regarded the embodiment of wisdom. It is suggestive, as well as quaintly humorous, to note that when these reforms increased the burden of the National Exchequer, Pombal created a new tax upon the making of *eaux-de-vie*, of wines and vinegars, to which was given the name of Literary Subsidy. The great fêtes, lasting for three days, constituted the last ovation to the Marquis. The ceremony of inauguration took place in the Hall *dos Capellos;* the professors in their robes walked there in solemn procession from the bishop's palace, where the Marquis was entertained, the Rector, the Dean and the hero of the day bringing up the rear. After the reading of the Statutes the procession went to the chapel to listen to a *Te Deum.*

Such a scene as this can be realized upon entering the big, gardened quadrangle, overlooked by the chief buildings of the University. Opposite the entrance are the library, chapel, and the characteristic tower in the angle dominating the city from whatever point it may be observed. It was built by D. João V, and one of its bells is the noted *Cabra*, which rings every day at nightfall, evening and the hour of the morning classes, to remind the students of the duty of study. The chapel dates from the reign of D. Manuel, though alterations later have only left intact the handsome portal, the windows and the vaulted roofs of the transepts. The old custom still survives of the annual profession of the Catholic Faith, ac-

cording to the Bull of Pius IV in 1564, and of masses for the soul of D. João III. The imposing entrance to the left of the chapel opens into the sumptuous library, which in its ultra-elaborate decoration reflects the ostentation and hollow mentality of the epoch of D. João V, whose full-length portrait hangs on the wall of the third big hall. The great tables stretched out on either side, in the excess of their rich carvings, are similar records of the period. One speculates involuntarily as to the reason of the marked difference of character between this library and the one at Mafra, both emanating from the command of the same king. The number of volumes is about 143,000; in addition to those lining the walls, I was told of countless numbers that are literally stacked in subterranean depositaries. A glimpse of the rare manuscripts, early editions and valuable autograph documents carefully hoarded under glass in a smaller room should not be omitted by any visitor to the library.

The building to the right of the gate of entrance, with the deep-tiled roof, is the Senate House. A flight of broad steps mount up from each side to a long, pillared verandah, called the Via Latina, where groups of students are hanging about the parapet, or strolling up and down. They dress in a clerical-looking black frock-coat, buttoned to the throat, and over the shoulders a gown or rather black cloak—which all wear with the natural ease of the southern races—or soon tuck up under and over their arm when speed demands the disappearance of impeding drapery. They use no head-gear whatever. The Coimbra student, as I saw him during my few days' stay in the ancient city, was a slim, dark, alert stripling, with a good head of hair and a bright, good-humoured face, oftener than not illumined with a keen intelligence. They live in the town, chiefly the Upper Town, wherever they can get housed, for many have the desire for a University degree, with a

minimum of cash wherewith to attain it. Four or five, sometimes more, will often club together and take a house or a flat; this they call living in a Republic.

The best view of the Senate House, or *Sala dos Capellos*, is from above, through one of the windows of the outside galleries. The painting of the roof dates from 1635; the general effect of the decorations, the portraits of the kings, the academic insignia, gives a characteristic and traditional impression of its past history. The class rooms, seven in number, can be viewed in a similar way from overlooking corridors. An examination was in process in one hall. The senior professor was in the chair of honour; before a table on one side sat two examiners; on the upper floor of the hall was the student before another table covered with papers, while the benches of the lower floor were lined with students, who formed an audience. It is only the final, higher examinations that are conducted in this manner. This practical demonstration of a final examination made me realize more easily the origin of the University strike of this past spring. The pretext put forward from the beginning for the general protest was the unfair result—according to the audience of students—of an examination. The man they championed was going in for his doctor's degree, and was considered one of their shining lights. The republican views he held are supposed to have weighed in the balance against his success, for politics intermingle with everything in Portugal. There were wheels within wheels, impossible for any outsider to understand, but the present outcome of it all is that, after closing the University for a certain time, the King has now thrown its gates open again. The students have not gained all they demanded, namely, a wholesale reform of old abuses, but the agitation may have opened a way for later developments in the right direction.

The episcopal palace near by is a rare type of the Portuguese seignorial dwellings of the sixteenth century, and it is to be hoped that the arcade and gallery of the court, the outer staircase ascending to the little entrance tower, and the decorative windows, porch and doors, will not be allowed to fall hopelessly into decay. The Printing Offices of the University can be entered from the building beyond the long wing, called the royal palace, but an ordinary visitor must wend his way round by the old cathedral, and find his way in by the other public entrance. When the Marquis de Pombal reformed the University, he put to profitable use the typographical material of the Jesuits. For this purpose an act of terrible vandalism was perpetrated, or allowed to be continued. Knowing the way in which the Jesuits ruined so many buildings from the artistic point of view, one is inclined to put the blame on them and not the Marquis, otherwise one would doubt the all-round wisdom of a reformer who, in this particular instance, could outrival the philistinism of a Cromwell. The cloisters of the Cathedral were transformed at one time or the other into workshops for the Press, cut up into small rooms, that were used later on as mere outhouses for fowls and stabling purposes, and allowed to remain in a shocking state. A gateway opens from the entrance in the narrow street by the cathedral, and here one is confronted by an extraordinary sight. Half of the beautiful cloisters, showing almost the same exquisite design as the cloisters of D. Diniz at Alcobaça, are to be seen; the other half is in process of disinterment from plaster twelve inches thick, where the ogival arches are hidden in the white wall, and pierced by plain, ugly windows; the floor of the cloisters were buried beneath eighteen inches of earth and stone. Thanks to the artist-queen of Portugal, Dona Amelia, this woeful state of affairs is being remedied, and it was

told me in Coimbra that the refinding of these beautiful cloisters is being conducted at her initiative, at her expense.

The Sé Velha (old cathedral) is the most impressive Romanesque structure of Portugal. The west façade, with its deeply-recessed porch and a window of the same style above, with a perforated parapet in the strong central tower, and flanked by two lower battlemented towers, creates an impression of calm, dignified grandeur and solidity. Early in the eighteenth-century so-called restorations covered the interior with white plaster, even the carved capitals—as fertile in invention as the sculptury mentioned in S. Pedro of Leiria—were hidden with decorations of stucco. As this happened before the time of the Marquis de Pombal, one is more than ever inclined to attribute the destruction of the cloisters also to this period. Through the efforts of Bishop Conde of Coimbra, a restoration, reverent and honest, has taken place in the aged building, a restoration that is really a resurrection of the original temple; all the plaster and disfiguring elements are removed, and by degrees the whole interior is becoming an open book to archæologists, artists and all students of the early ages of their national existence.

The new Cathedral is chiefly worth consideration for its wonderful collection of church plate, consisting of pieces of great value, and artistic, gathered together from suppressed monasteries of the diocese, as well as those appertaining to the Chapter and bishopric, some of them dating as far back as the twelfth century. At the foot of the hill the church of S. Cruz demands a visit; it is all that remains sacred to the vast monastery which belonged to the St Augustine Brotherhood. The strong, long building across the road, annexed to the ancient tower, is now a barracks, and the other parts of the monastery, extending

behind the church, are also devoted to secular use. The entrance is sunk several feet below the street, and presents the curious spectacle of a second, very inferior portal, standing some yards in front of the original, supported by iron bars fixed into the church front. The half-concealed portal still shows the skill of the sculptors employed by D. Manuel in the rebuilding of the church, when it was given the name of *Portal da Majestade*. The chief decorations of the interior are on the lines of the seventeenth century. The pulpit, however, is a rare piece of carving, perhaps unequalled in Portuguese churches; in the Chapel of the Sacramento there is some good and interesting wood-carving of the fourteenth century. In the sacristy there are pictures of the fifteenth-century painters. In the Sanctuario are three which receive high praise: the *Ecce-Homo*, the *Calvary* and the *Day of Pentecost* which is signed Vellascus and is supposed to be the same picture which was formerly in a chapel near the Porta Fidalgo, painted says one art authority "so it appears by the hand of another Apelles."

The beautiful carving of the stalls in the choir is a unique specimen of Gothic wood-carving, every small figure heading the divisions showing a rare fertility of artistic invention, while the under rests of the movable seats are also carved. The chancel is graced with the two splendid tombs bearing the recumbent effigies of D. Affonso Henriques, and D. Sancho, his son. In the Cloisters of Silence showing the early Manueline style are many inscriptions of interest, and in another part of the enclosure is a curious sanctuary called the " Reliquario," a circular interior lined with curious pyramidal shrines and busts which contains thousands of relics of saints. Here, too, are a couple of pictures which call for attention: portraits, which may be apostolic heads, attributed to Grão Vasco.

COIMBRA AND THE RIVER MONDEGO.

The ancient Pateo da Inquisação was close to the Monastery of Santo Cruz; the whole of the lower slope to the left was filled with religious houses; the entrance to the Tribunal was off the square to the right. The entire area is now transformed, only some windows remaining to recall the hideous past.

Across the river beyond the low-lying meadows is the lovely Quinta das Lagrimas, where behind a fine modern villa the gardens spread out in lovely variety of flower and fruit to a retired spot overhung by tall cypress trees, where from the recessed hill-side bubbles forth a sparkling spring which flows through a narrow channel into a broad, cool tank. This is the Fonte dos Amores, the traditional site immortally enshrined in poetry as the spot where the beautiful Ignez de Castro was put to death by the assassin's hand, and on a stone across the flowing rill are engraven the words in which Camões describes the tragedy in one of his finest stanzas. Whether it be the spot or not where the lovers were wont to meet before the pungent tragedy, its charm speaks to the heart, and sentiment triumphs over crude statement of fact. With Bocage, whose most touching lyric was on the death of the " linda Ignez," we echo:

Toldam-se os ares,
Murcham-se as flores;
Morrei, Amores,
Que Ignez, morreu.

On the way to the Quinta das Lagrimas—the garden of tears—we pass the ruins of the Church of the old Santa Clara, where Ignez de Castro was interred before that solemn translation to the cathedral of Alcobaça. This ruin is all that remains of the great Convent erected by Isabel, wife of D. Diniz, canonized after death and known as the Holy Queen. Devastating floods of the Mondego under-

mined the buildings, rendering them one by one uninhabitable, and finally destroying them. Here in 1479 Joanna, heiress to the throne of Castile, but victim to political intrigue, was compelled to take the veil; repudiated, forgotten, the unfortunate Infanta—the Excellent Senhora—ended her days in the cloisters.

D. João IV built the big white convent on the hill to replace the old, vanishing one below, the whole, huge edifice begun in the seventeenth century taking thirty years to erect. The long, massive convent is now a factory, but the church is still hallowed through containing the two tombs of the Holy Queen Isabel; one of finely worked stone with a recumbent effigy ordered to be made by herself, and her sepulchre until the year 1677; the other of silver, an object of great veneration to which her embalmed body was removed. The first tomb is in the lower choir; the second in the choir above.

CHAPTER XV

BUSSACO is a name familiar to all English ears as that of the hill ridge connected with the fiercest conflict in the Peninsular War fought on Portuguese soil. It is known to some travellers as the Rigi of Portugal, to others as the " Cintra of the North," comparisons being made often in its favour when alluding to the original Cintra. To those who have visited both spots comparison is only possible of the two Serras as a whole, for Bussaco is a hill noted for its beautiful forest and not a town, while Cintra is a highly picturesque town noted for its unique setting among the verdure and fantastic-shaped rocks of the Serra of the same name. In a word comparison is invidious, for both Bussaco and Cintra possess a special individuality and charm of their own.

The Serra of Bussaco is one of the most important and picturesque ramifications of the Mountains of the Estrella, beginning near the confluence of the two rivers, Alva and Mondego, and extending for about fifteen miles, when its straight bare ridge—the iron ridge of military fame—ends in a steep slope above the little town of Luso on the north-east. It is the Serra of the Alcoba of the ancients. The woods celebrated of Bussaco—Matta do Bussaco—spread up from Luso over the north-east slope of the hill enclosed like a vast park within high walls six miles in circumference. It is difficult to realize that this majestic forest, called to-day the Wonder of Portugal, occupies a space on the Serra that was once known as the Desert of Bussaco, a pine-strewn, rocky wilderness with fine natural possibilities, resorted to by hermits of the early Christian era. In the sixteenth century the rigours of asceticism were reintroduced to Portugal by the Carmelite brothers, who in the desire to institute " desertos," which were isolated

dwellings of penitence and absolute silence, were given the wild, tree-clad slope of Bussaco in which to erect a monastery and the essential solitary hermitages.

Here they erected their little convent, the only example in the country where sincerity and modesty reflected the poverty and unpretentiousness of the friars of our Lady of Carmel. Here they built the great encircling wall which excluded the outer world very effectually by two Papal Bulls engraved in marble on the principal entrance of the quaint gates of Coimbra, prohibiting under pain of excommunication the entering of women into the enclosure or monastery, and all spoliation of the woods which had become the chief care of the monks. The whole enclosure became consecrated ground venerated throughout the whole locality and land, attaining in the continued seclusion of centuries the halo of mysticism encircling the sacred groves of the ancients. In truth the whole forest seems impregnated with the same mystic atmosphere that to this day envelops the once sacred woods of Mount Carmel, the habitation of the great prophet, Elijah, whom the Carmelite brotherhood declared to be its founder when establishing their first monastery on the revered promontory overlooking the blue Levant. Superior virtues soon became attributed to a sojourn within that high circle of the walls; the afflicted sought the spot to find consolation, the sick found relief from their sufferings in the salubrity of the balsamic air, in the purity of the crystal springs, in the shadow of its lofty cedars: it is a popular faith, which maintains its tradition even to-day, encircling the locality and all appertaining to it.

It was these Carmelite brothers who up to 1834 lived in the *deserto* of Bussaco, erecting and preserving the little chapels and hermitages scattered through the grounds, creating the fountains, the Via Sacra, numberless paths,

but above all cultivating the forests, converting the wilderness into a garden which has been an arboretum for all the rare trees and plants brought home by the great navigators of past centuries: gigantic cedars—not of Lebanon as popularly supposed, but from forests once flourishing in the Azores—sturdy chestnuts, plane trees, the araucaria, poplars, pines, hazel trees, cypress-glauca or Lusitanian cypress, all interlacing their branches like good friends imbibing their forces from the same perennial source. There are rare exotic plants of many varieties, and specimens of forestry now non-existent that once covered the hills and valleys of Portugal. No one who has threaded his way through the capricious paths and green vaulted alleys of this glorious wood will ever forget their charm, their surprises, their infinite variety. At one corner a chapel, here a hermitage or a grotto, a fountain or a cascade, all secreted in thick foliage, through which glide golden rays of sunlight creating a fairy-like atmosphere which lays all under a spell of enchantment, turning the silvery prattle of running water into the whispers of wood nymphs, and the dark shadows of the trunks cast across the path and foliage into phantoms of the past still haunting their old domain. New generations of saplings have created a young virgin forest intermingled with the giants of older growth. Luxuriant vegetation overspreads the banks and spaces between the trees: myrtle and arbutus bushes, white broom, golden gorse, flowering cistus, purple-clumped heather and mosses thick and high as ferns, with countless other plants.

In the green heart of this regal forest stands a palace built in the pure Manueline style of the Tower of Belem and the Jeronymite Monastery some twenty years ago. It is a curious fact that the royal residences of Portugal are all in the south, and it is stated that this beautiful castle

was designed by the Government as a national gift to the Crown Prince, D. Carlos—the present King—to supply the lack in the north. Whatever was the intention, whether fulfilled at one time or not, the purpose of its erection was diverted to the nation's general advantage, for the palace was converted into an hotel worthy of its environment, where the climatic advantages of its position, the sweet mountain air and pure waters lend themselves to the old traditions of the forest's health-giving properties.

The convent—all that remains of it unfortunately—stands in the shadow of this original hotel which was intended for a king's palace, the stately white tower crowned with the armillary sphere rising high behind the modest dwelling of the monks. Steps lead up to a little square terrace with a Cross in the centre, and the sides lined with stone seats overshadowed by waving foliage. Such a modest little entrance leads within through three small arches, which like the low walls of the façade are faced like all the hermitages with a rude mosaic of broken bits of lava and pottery. The interior of the closed cloisters is lined with cork, the cell doors and the arched ceiling are of cork; on the walls are cork frames of panels from which the painting has all but vanished. The little church is cruciform; an altar in the choir is dedicated to our Lady of Mount Carmel; there is a characteristic stamp of poverty in the whole of the decorations, though there are two well-worked, expressive busts of St Peter and Mary Magdalene that are much admired and considered to belong to the Renaissance period. The famous avenue of cedars is just beyond the convent, leading up to the gates of Coimbra between low, mossy walls with several chapels and the Fonte da Samaritana breaking the straight lines. Mounting some steps by the fountain we come to the Pretorium, one of the buildings marking the windings of the Via Sacra. A

circular court is entered by a door; in the midst is the column of stone, and in a little over-arched gallery above stand the remnants of two figures, Christ being shown to the multitude by Pilate. It would be impossible to describe the many chapels marking the twenty stations of the Cross erected by the painstaking monks. The tiny shrines are now empty and dismantled, but wherever the evidence of a tiled altar remained, bars of wood or iron hinder the profane intrusion of man or beast. Up mossy steps, winding paths and steep ascents the Via Dolorosa creeps its solitary way through sylvan glades and sombre pines to its culminating point on the Cruz Alta, the stony, highest point of Bussaco, surmounted by a cross of stone raised upon a pedestal of several grades. The panorama around takes one's breath away and after drinking in the general superb effect of ocean, sky, plain and hill ranges we descend a little way down the mountain slope to a cluster of hermitages round the little Chapel of the Sepulchre, at the back of which runs a tiny terrace with a parapet.

The forest lies at our feet; an undulating velvety, many-hued, green carpet of dense tree-tops, with the palace rising regally from its midst. Beyond the Matta, looking to the east and north-east, I seem to be looking at that beautiful hill region of the Lebanon seen from the heights of Brumana and Bet-Meri, looking across to Ras-el-Metn and the rolling ranges beyond. These are the steep heights of the Serras da Estella and the Caramula with their deep valleys, olive slopes and torrents all veiled in atmospheric purple and blue. Westward the country spreads out to the corn-hued line of the Atlantic strand with the undulations of the Sussex Weald seen from the high Downs, the shadows of the maritime pines alternating with the tender green of the meadows, and ripening grain tracts, while little red and white villages enamel the whole plain. The

atmosphere is essentially Lusitanian, an ethereal, transparent flood of light pouring down from a radiant sun in a sky eternally blue. Nature seems to have been everything to those silent monks of Carmel, a living compensation for their rigorous lives. If ever such a vocation was enviable, it must have been in the sheltered sanctity of these woods. It is to be hoped that all the touching relics of the natural owners of this royal domain will be left ever unviolated; that no profane nor modern desire for ostentation will banish the existence of the tiny cork monastery, whose interior should bid every intruder pause and ponder over the aspirations of that true humility which seeks its consummation by way of a Via Sacra through the pilgrimage of life to the Cruz Alta of the eternal verities. The outward symbols of such a consecration of life standing in the shadow of the Forest of Bussaco bring thoughts like these to mind.

Outside the Gate of the Queen a little way up the hill stands a chapel which served as a hospital for the many wounded in the Battle of Bussaco, its grounds for a burial place; a memorial chapel to the fallen on both sides has taken its place, and here many interesting relics are to be seen. Valuable engravings alluding to the local conflict and other scenes in the war are there, also a large plan of the positions taken up by the opposing armies on the day of preparation for the fight. The anniversary of the battle is kept by a religious festival to which thousands of country-folk flock, the battery at the monument erected to the fallen fires salutes, and the military band plays.

The third invasion of Portugal had only just begun. Massena had been sent to conquer Portugal and drive out the English; of the grand surprise prepared by the Lines of Torres Vedras he knew nothing. He crossed the frontier on July 24, 1810, repelled the English division under

THE MONASTERY OF BUSSACO.

Crawford on the banks of the Coa, and attacked Almeida which yielded on August 31. On September 16 Massena marched slowly forward pushing the Luso-Anglo army before him. In obedience to an order of the Regency the people burned their houses, destroyed their fields and crops, making a desert for the enemy to pass through; an heroic example of abnegation followed at a later date by the Russians. Massena's object was to turn Wellington's flank and surprise Coimbra; he lost two days through the bad roads, and then decided to gain the Royal Coast route by way of Bussaco and thus reach the same gaol. Bussaco was occupied by Wellington in command of the allied forces (26,000 Portuguese and 24,000 English), his line being eight miles long.

On September 26 the French army (70,000 to 80,000 men) was united at the foot of the Serra of Bussaco, while on the heights dominating the forest and extending to the other side was stationed the enemy they meant to attack. After a superficial survey of the position, Massena decided that the position of Bussaco was the key to the road to Lisbon and resolved to take it the following day in spite of the objections of Ney and Junot; Reynier supported his decisions. The memorable 27th day of September broke gloomily; the deep valley and crags of the mountain were veiled in fog. Through the twilight of dawn the French light troops tried to steal up the wooded hollow of the gorge below the outposts of the light divisions of Portuguese and a German brigade. At six o'clock to the cries of " Vive l'empereur " five columns of attack were in motion climbing the serra intrepidly. Fortune seemed at first to favour the " lapins " of Napoleon. In spite of the action of six guns playing along the ascent with grape the French were close to the summit in half an hour. Forcing back the light division, breaking

the 8th Portuguese regiment they gained the highest point of the crest and took up a position between the clustering rocks while those in their rear resolutely and daringly turned to the right to work along the summit of the whole ridge.

Wellington opened two guns upon their flank, musketry confronted them at close quarters; a vigorous charge of the 8th Portuguese, seconded by the 88th and 45th English, was directed upon them. This charge is vaunted particularly by Portuguese historians, for their 8th regiment consisted of recruits who would not yield an inch, but with blood streaming down their faces received their baptism of fire. The soldiers of the French army, exhausted from the superhuman efforts of that terrible ascent could not resist the threefold attack. " Both parties," says Napier, " went mingling together down the mountain side with a mighty clamour and confusion, their track strewn with the dead and dying to the bottom of the valley." The other French columns ascending by different routes gained the summit by herculean efforts; though swept with artillery bullets, fired upon incessantly, they pressed on undaunted, unchecked. But the fame of the " iron ridge " has not descended without due foundation to posterity. None of them could gain a post there. As the French shouted victory, on came the charge over the brow of the hill of 1,800 British bayonets. Though every Frenchman raised his musket and none missed fire, the head of their column was thrown back, the line of flight was marked by fearful carnage.

By two o'clock the issue of this fierce, hot struggle was practically decided in favour of the allies. Through the length and breadth of those lovely woods and the slopes outside both armies were seeking their wounded, dying and dead. The French army began to retire on the night of the

28th, and their movement being perceived by Wellington he abandoned Bussaco precipitately in the direction of Lisbon. Some thrilling thought of that blood-stained day, the 27th of September, 1810, must enter the minds of all who visit Bussaco; in tribute to the heroic dead of those allied forces which held so grimly the brow of that granite ridge none should omit a pilgrimage to the battlefield obelisk erected to their memory.

Oporto, strange to say, was the only place I visited in Portugal which failed to attain the ideal formed in advance. True, the general view, which greets the traveller from the railway bridge spanning the river by a gigantic arch, is picturesque in the extreme. Deep below lies the winding Douro, calm, even sluggish, while climbing the further bank are the red-roofed houses of the city, clustering in verdure, and reminiscent in many parts of the ancient fishing town of Whitby. But this is an important town, second in rank to Lisbon, and rivalling the capital in loud and persistent competition. Naturally one expects more, and is accordingly disillusioned. Still the glamour of history holds its own, and we start to investigate the interior of the town again anticipating great things; but the electric cars are drones in comparison with the alert activity of Lisbon; the speedy covering of the ground is only effectuated through the distances being smaller and the concentration of points of interest. The busiest square, close to the station, and like the Rocio of Lisbon bearing the name of the Praça of D. Pedro, is also covered with a similar mosaic of waves, and is practically the centre of the city. Two steep streets climb up from either side. One is the Street dos Clerigos, which, though described by earlier travellers as presenting a wonderful display of native colour-taste in the goods spread out on the pavements before the shops, assumed a quiet garb for the weeks of our

stay, though the market near the head of the street presented lively scenes, native women in the usual country garb with their coloured shawls, sitting in the quaint booths, surrounded by their wares, or threading the busy ways, carrying baskets and trays on their heads.

At the head of this street towers the lofty Torre dos Clerigos, visible for miles around, not renowned so much for its architecture as for the magnificent panorama which repays the trouble of ascent. Beyond this church spreads out the beautiful Campo dos Martyres, showing in its well-laid-out plantation of palm trees and other exotic plants the love for horticulture innate in all Portuguese though suppressed for a number of years. The Rua das Flores descends towards the river from the east side of the Praça de D. Pedro, and here are to be found the old-fashioned jewellers' shops in which the gold and silver filigree ornaments worn by the country people of the district on festive days can be bought; and forming gifts particularly Portuguese for the home-bound traveller to take back with him.

A little further down on the right of the same street is the Misericordia Hospital, noted for its pictures which connoisseurs agree in declaring very mediocre with the exception of two. One of the approved is a portrait of a monk painted by Glamma in the eighteenth century. The other is a large panel-painting in which are presented the founder of the Misericordia, D. Manuel and his Queen, and members of their family kneeling in the foreground in front of a fountain which is filled with the ruby stream issuing from the side of the Christ whose realistic, pathetic figure hangs upon the Cross above. On either side stand figures of the Mother Mary and the disciple whom Jesus loved. In the background is a beautiful landscape, mellow and tender, its details of the plough, horses, flock of geese and the sheep, all characteristic of Flemish origin. In the

same picture are many historical portraits in the groups painted beyond the font. The artist is asserted to be Jan van Eyck, but whether his execution or not, the work is decidedly by a Flemish artist. Some attribute the painting to Grão Vasco. Further down is one of the busiest and most attractive spots in Oporto; the Praça da Ribeira close on the river-side, where boats are continually coming and going; vegetable boats laden with produce for the markets unload here, and stay side by side in long rows with their half-furled sails flapping idly to and fro, their prows curving high in the air like the fishing boats of Ovar. To and fro hurry the women, pitcher or basket on the head, men carrying fish, bullock teams leisurely, laboriously plodding through the busy scenes, laden with wood in process of unloading from a vessel in port, while a score of others are standing empty waiting their turn. The tent-like blue or red umbrella spreads picturesquely over many a stall piled with fruit or vegetables; children are ubiquitous putting a finger in every one's particular pie. The curious roofs of the city spread up the hill, and houses of every shape seem piled one over the other as on the steep slopes of Lisbon. A wonderful double bridge spans the river hard by, of stronger form than the railway bridge, with a road connecting the lower banks and a high one crossing from cliff to cliff.

On the other side of the river west of the bridge of D. Luis stretches out the suburb called Villa Nova da Gaya where the wine merchants for many years back have stored their wine in great depositaries called lodges. Wine and Oporto—English merchants and port wine—two subjects always connected with this vine country and great wine-exporting city of the North. "What makes Oporto specially interesting," writes a Frenchman before the great Peninsular War, "are the wines of its environment, of

which the greatest quantity is exported to England." At various stages of the nation's history the intermixture of English management in this great industry has produced tremendous friction and discontent. The Treaty of Methuen, which early in the eighteenth century mortally struck the commerce, agriculture and navigation of Portugal in favour of Great Britain, according to the Portuguese point of view, was the original motive which finally led to the creation of the famous Wine Company of the Upper Douro by the Marquis de Pombal. He knew the limitations of this treaty, and tried by every means to force the agriculture of the country to a higher level. This treaty had encouraged the culture of the vine especially in the Alto Douro; he exacted the uprooting of the vines in certain districts and insisted that grain should be sown instead; naturally the proprietors objected and resisted this arbitrary measure, and were punished severely. There are political economists who commend this high dealing, stating that vines are cultivated in Portugal on rich soils instead of corn only because they yield quick returns with a minimum of labour; they say from one province alone with agriculture in a flourishing condition Portugal could raise enough corn for her whole population.

The Wine Company of the Alto-Douro was a monopoly created by Pombal owing to representations made to him by vine growers in the vicinity of Oporto, professedly to improve the wines. The sub-reason related to the greater prosperity of British wine merchants, in whose hands was the chief trade. By degrees this Company regained chief influence, assuming under one pretext and the other the entire management of the vine district on the banks of the Upper Douro. They selected their own wine all through this district, fixing the price themselves; they took over the sale of all wines to the retail sales-people, taverns and so

forth; they inspected the vintage for export, approved and rejected at will, and then bought back the remainder at their own price; they forbade the distillation of brandy by other cultivators. In a word it was a Trust Company of the eighteenth century. Though Queen Maria I curbed many of its encroachments, it was not till the new government of D. Pedro IV that this despotic Company was abolished and the wine of the Douro was reduced to its natural cost. The Vinicula question, however, is always to the front, and is as far from being decided to-day as ever it was. That vine-growing is by no means the profitable industry it ought to be is shown by the price of the ordinary wine of the country—a penny to three halfpence a quart, and less when bought in a wholesale way.

On the further side of the bridge of D. Luis is the transformed convent of the Pilar, the point below which Wellington succeeded in crossing the river in 1809. Marshal Soult was in Oporto after storming the city attended by fearful slaughter of the inoffensive inhabitants by his troops. Wellington into whose command on this second French invasion the allied forces were given, marched northwards against Soult. Seventeen thousand British soldiers and twenty-four guns set out from Coimbra under his personal command. The advance French line recoiled upon the Douro and crossed the river bringing all the boats over to the right bank. An English column had advanced up the great inlet of Ovar in boats, and Soult imagining they had disembarked from the sea kept sole attention fixed on the lower part of the river expecting to see the empty ships. Guard of the upper reach was neglected, and without any suspicion on the French side, on May 12, 1809, the British troops were secretly concentrated behind the rocky height we see close to the bridge facing the city. An immediate passage

was necessary; the river was three hundred yards wide, the current strong and deep; ten thousand veterans of Italian and Austrian campaigns held the northern bank.

Wellesley reconnoitred and noticed a large, unfinished building—the famous Seminary—isolated and easily reached from the river; it commanded everything around except one knoll. The upper river was hidden by a bend and the projecting promontory from the lower river, and Wellesley promptly resolved to make the passage there. Through the daring feat of one of his officers three large barges were brought from the opposite bank with the brave abetment of the Prior of Amarante and a barber who had crossed secretly in a small boat the previous night. One barge crossed safely over with an officer and twenty-five men, who were swiftly concealed in the walls of the Seminary. All remaining still, a second lot passed over. During the passage of the third the alarm spread through Oporto, drums beat to arms, from the high streets leading down upon the Seminary French troops rushed wildly down. The battery of eighteen guns already fixed by the English on the opposite cliff of the Pilar swept the approach on each side; an attack could only be made from the front. The opposite bank was swarming with British red jackets,who quickly crossed in the great boats brought over by the inhabitants. Shouts of rejoicing and signals conveyed the good news that the French had retired from the lower town. The passage of the Douro was an accomplished feat. The allies were in Oporto, and the army of Soult in full retreat, the officers leaving even the dinners they were about to sit down to when the surprise occurred.

In 1832 Oporto withstood a siege of eleven months. D. Pedro IV, ex-emperor of Brazil, having resigned the throne of Portugal in favour of his daughter D. Maria II, set sail for the home country to enforce her claims. Oporto

had rebelled against D. Miguel, and knowing that the city secretly favoured the new constitutional government inaugurated in his Charter to the people, D. Pedro landed there and resisted the besieging troops of D. Miguel. The provisioning of the city, though difficult at one crisis, was accomplished by sea and river. Both parties seemed to play a waiting game. One thing is certain, that without British aid D. Pedro could not have held Oporto half the time; his ultimate occupation of Lisbon was the result of the capture of the fleet of D. Miguel by Admiral Napier off the Cape of St Vincent. D. Miguel made one final attack on Oporto, and failing set out for Lisbon. D. Pedro was there before him, having set out by sea, and was welcomed by the inhabitants with enthusiasm; they were sick of the arbitrary rule of D. Miguel. Thus it was that the issue of the siege of Oporto, in favour of D. Pedro, the Liberating King, led to the practical establishment of a Constitutional Monarchy in Portugal.

The Cathedral of Oporto has been restored out of its original shape, but still much of the old Romanesque remains to rest the eye and suggest a past when the ancient edifice rivalled any of the pre-Gothic cathedrals of the land. The cloisters are of a later date, small but chaste in simple Gothic; the pictorial blue and white tiles are similar to those seen in the old Sé of Lisbon. Close to the magnificent new Bolsa or Exchange with fine staircase and ornate ballroom erected on the site of an old Franciscan monastery stands the Church of San Francisco, one of the Gothic edifices of the country, whose fine interior is almost covered with gilded wood-carving of the eighteenth century, not the well-executed work of earlier wood-cutters. Another church worth visiting is in the north of the city, easily reached by the electric car. It is a little temple in the Rua de Cedafeita reputed to be the oldest in

Portugal, but this is contested by archæologists. Mr Oswald Crawford, who knew every inch of his Oporto, says that its claim to antiquity is not supported by a single stone.

Oporto has some interesting suburbs. At the mouth of the river lies S. João de Foz, a pretty bathing place which has on its strand many fishing boats of quaint, picturesque shape. The road leading from the castle between the river and high cliffs to the city is lined with plane trees and very charming. Mattosinhos is close to Leixões which is the harbour for Oporto, the bar of the Douro defying the entrance of large ships even in calm weather. At Mattosinhos there is a noted shrine of the Virgin, which contains a miracle-working image, and is annually the subject of a large and exceedingly festive romaria, no less than 30,000 pilgrims visiting the spot.

The Romaria, which attracts the most pilgrims, many of them as in Italy camping out for days together, is that made to Braga formerly the capital of the north-western part of the Iberian Peninsula, and still of ecclesiastical importance. Braga is called the Mecca of Portugal, for two miles away from the ancient city rises the famous Holy Staircase built into the hill-side which bears on its summit the church of Bom Jesus do Monte, to which all good Catholics of Portugal—and there are many—make a pilgrimage at least once in their lives. Whitsuntide is the great gathering season of the Romaria, but the festival of St Peter and St John is also one that attracts hundreds to the spot. The charm and beauty of the site are sufficient of themselves to repay the trouble of a three hours' railway journey from Oporto, and the view from the highest point of the hill is one of the most ravishing of all Portugal.

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